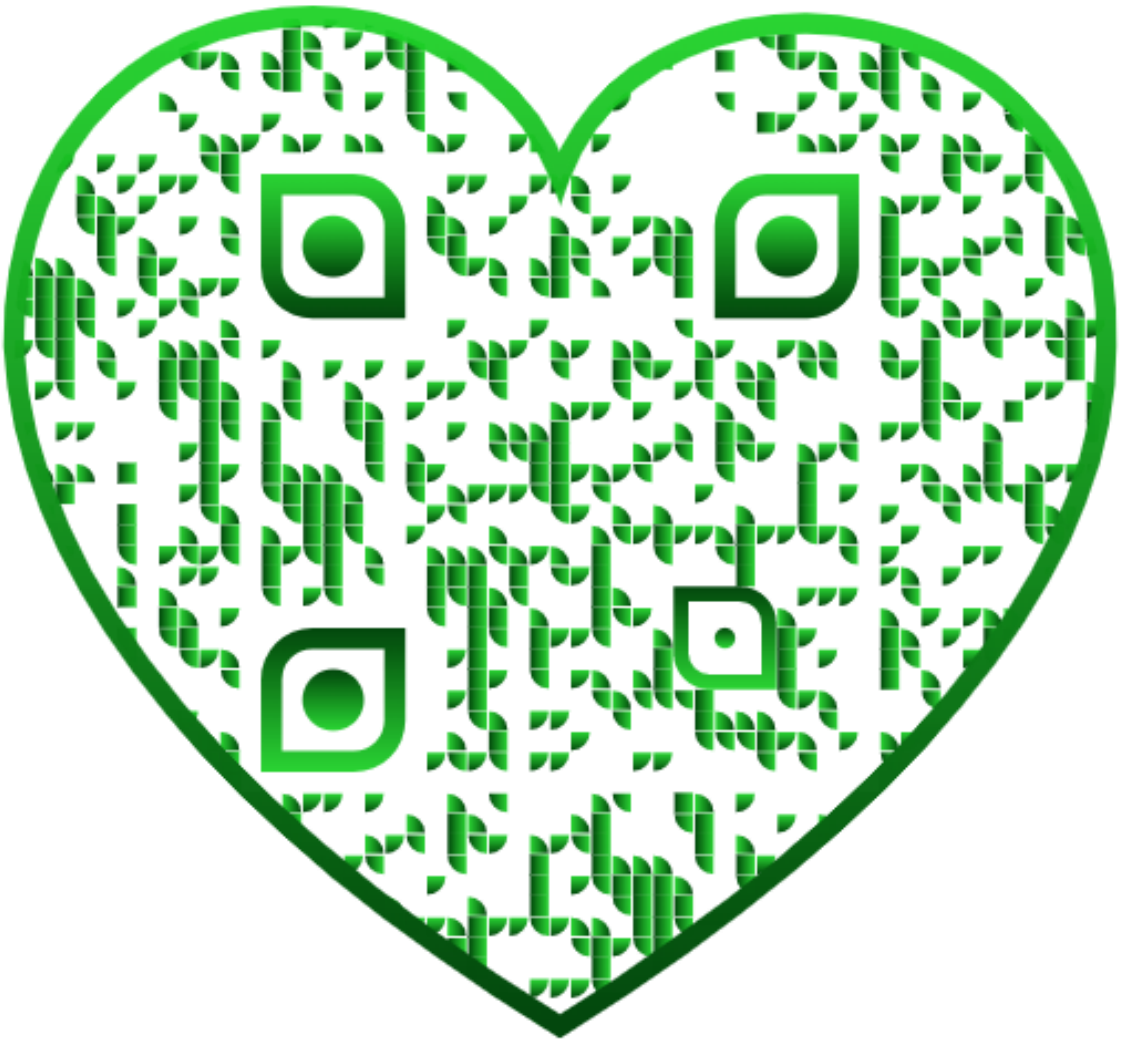
Teachings of the Himalayan Masters

Their Secret Knowledge and Practices

HAWKING • CANTRELL • CHELLINGS



Teachings of the Himalayan Masters

Their Secret Knowledge and Practices

- 2020 Edition -

— **A Presentation of Wisdom Masters Press** —

Production Editor & Contributor: Heather Cantrell, M.Litt.

Contributor & Editorial Assistant: Amber Chellings, M.Phil.

Contributor & Content Coordinator: Jenna Wolfe, Ph.D.

This volume is protected under the laws of the United States of America, the Republic of Nepal, and the bylaws of the Central Tibetan Administration. Copyright © 2018. Wisdom Masters Press. Additional copyrights under the Berne Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. All rights reserved worldwide, including the right of reproduction, transmission, copying, storage, in whole or in part, in any format, digital or print. Reviewers may quote up to three-hundred words consecutive or otherwise with proper credit provided. Manuscript copies available for Library, University, and Museum collections. 2020 English language edition, V1.0. 77,285 words.

Library-Cataloging-In-Publication-Data
Author/Contributors: M.G. Hawking,
Heather Cantrell M.Litt., Amber Chellings M.Phil.
Content Supervisor: Jenna Wolfe Ph.D.
Production Editor: Heather Cantrell M.Litt.
Graphics & Formatting: Kimberly Radcliff
Title: Teachings of the Himalayan Masters :
Their Secret Knowledge and Practices
Publisher: Wisdom Masters Press U.S.A. 2020
URL: http://wisdommasterspress.com/newsletterformatV1.html
Identifiers: e-book, digital format : ASIN B00YD9XEQG
Subjects: Ancient Legends | Exploration Adventure | Shambhala | Himalayan Masters | Lost Knowledge | Ancient Wisdom | Psychical Studies | Egyptian Masters | Zhang Zhung Traditions | Paranormal Abilities | Quantum Consciousness | Extrasensory Perception | Psychokinesis | PSI | Body, Mind, Spirit

M.G. Hawking Books

‘ *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* ’ Book Series

In The Valley of Supreme Masters - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power*

In The Valley of Supreme Masters - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite*

In The Valley of Supreme Masters - Books One & Two - *The Full Series*

Companion Volumes

Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins

True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'

A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed

Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica, 55 Million B.C.

Mysticism in Nepal and Tibet, The Journals of M.G. Hawking

Interview with an Oracle, Profound Revelations about Our World

Teachings of the Himalayan Masters, Their Secret Knowledge and Practices

The Illumination, An Enlightenment Story of the Magic of Life and The Light

Down the Rabbit Hole, A Mystical Adventure (for Children & Middle Grade)

Join our community mailing list here to receive free books, discounts, and other news. Current book deals can be seen in our newsletter . Thank you.

Table of Contents

Epigraph

- Section I: Prologue -

Introduction from the Author

Preface

About this Special Edition

Regarding Translations

- Section II: The Teachings -

The Nature of the Masters

The True Nature of Reality

The Quality of Physical Things as Symbols

The Scope of Power and Knowledge

Fundamental Understandings

Advanced Foundational Recognitions

An Experience of Illumination

Gathering and Controlling Energy

Powers of Healing

Visualization Practice and Procedure

Master Visualization

- Section III: Reflections -

Insights on Our World Civilization

Thoughts on the *Teachings of the Himalayan Masters*

The Role of Physics and Metaphysics in Understanding Non-Ordinary Events

Afterward to U.S. Edition

- Section IV: Source Material Anthology -

Anthology Introduction

True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'

Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins

A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed , circa 1370 B.C.

Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica, 55 Million B.C.

Excerpts from Book One - *In The Valley of Supreme Masters - A Chronicle of Power*

- Section V: Supplemental Material -

[About the Author and Contributors]

[About Wisdom Masters Press]

[M.G. Hawking's Books - List and Descriptions]

[Reference Guide - Individuals Appearing in the Series]

"Everyone, no matter how equipped, creates all of their physical, emotional, and mental experience of life through the principles of consciousness, yet most all of those individuals are entirely unaware of such power, far less that they exercise it continuously. All the events and circumstance in their lives are of their own creation, but that creation occurs in an unrealized manner, by way of their primary beliefs and expectations regarding life and by way of their decisions—the choices based upon their basic beliefs ." —Master Kenji of the *Himalayan* village of *Siddhalaya*

"Beliefs of the nature of life and the world give rise to repetitive patterns of thought and consistent pictures in the inner eye of the mind; because those patterns of thought and inner images create the nature of life and the world each person encounters, each person perceives endless proofs that their views of life and the world are accurate and so inalterable. Their beliefs created their life, yet they imagine that life created their beliefs. The horse pulling the chariot becomes to them the chariot pulling the horse. This inversion can be impenetrable ." —Masteress *Kalika-Khenmetaten*

Introduction from the Author

Welcome. The wisdom, knowledge and practices presented in this book arise directly from the esoteric teachings of profoundly enlightened individuals. If studied with patience and care these teachings can, if fully integrated into your core belief system, allow you to acquire abilities that most people would

say are unbelievable or even impossible. Yet nothing explained in this volume is supernormal or beyond the ability of a properly equipped individual. These abilities are not miracles. Quite the contrary. They do not require any capacities that are not inherent in the human species as a whole, if those capacities are properly recognized and developed.

My encounters with the individuals whose knowledge is revealed in this book occurred in a very remote part of our world. Sweeping in an immense arc across South Asia is the *Great Himalayan Range* , an uninterrupted 1,500 mile long crescent of mountains with over 110 peaks rising to elevations of 25,000 feet or more. Extending from Kashmir's 26,600 foot *Naga Parbat* through Tibet's 25,445 foot *Namcha Barwa* , the enormous frozen fortress of the *Himalaya* cradles the most isolated areas of Earth's landmass; yawning gorges as deep as 16,000 feet and ice peaks towering nearly six miles high shelter remote, lushly forested valleys. For thousands of years, the largely inaccessible and unexplored inner portion of this vast wilderness has been known in esoteric literature as the *Great White Island* , and has inspired countless stories and legends that it conceals the dwelling place of a hidden society of masters possessed of great wisdom and power.

Years ago, in a largely unexplored area of the *Himalayas* , surrounded by blue-white glaciers and mountains so high as to appear nearly overhead, I chanced upon a valley nestled deep in the magnificent wilderness. In that isolated valley I encountered a small village called *Siddhalaya* . Soon after arriving I realized, a bit like Columbus or Marco Polo, that I had discovered a world stranger and far more profound than I could ever have imagined. In *Siddhalaya* I had the privilege of meeting and spending time with a number of extraordinary men and women—quite unpretentiously introduced to me as "masters" and "adepts"—possessed of knowledge and power virtually unknown to the Western world, power that the West's ordinary, conventional, consensual world view is unfortunately unequipped and certainly unwilling to recognize. In this volume, you will meet many of these remarkable people.

My experiences and adventures in *Siddhalaya* inspired me to write a book series chronicling my time in that amazing location, based upon the extensive journals I kept during those years. The material presented in this book is drawn directly from writings of and conversations with true masters and adepts. Fragments of their knowledge have at various times through the millennia appeared in esoteric literature, in the more profound Eastern

philosophies, and in the occult wisdom traditions of various ages. This is to be expected—the knowledge that conveys true power has an primordial origin, thought to have originally been transported to ancient Egypt from an antediluvian, mid-Atlantic civilization of pre-history, long disappeared from our world. In modern times, splinters of this knowledge have resurfaced in various presentations, although unfortunately absent both the most fundamental elements as well as the most advanced elements of the wisdom system of the supreme masters.

The knowledge of the *Himalayan* masters is all inclusive and offers the illumination and guidance necessary to create a superlative life, but of which very few have an ample appreciation or truly enlightened comprehension. If fully understood and utilized, it can wholly transform one's experience of this world in every positive way imaginable.

Preface

It has long been my practice to keep journals and field notes, composed primarily of notable experiences and their implications, whether known, inexactly known, or purely speculative. The value of this practice became abundantly clear during my time in *Siddhalaya* . This book is based on selections from those writings—recorded over a period of sixty-two months, primarily in Nepal—as gratefully enhanced and amended by the recollections of my companions. The reader is reminded that this is not a novel—these entries were written as personal remembrances of events, logged either at the time of their occurrence or as shortly thereafter as was possible.

The events I herein endeavor to describe I do with the greatest care, yet I realize that one must have experienced them to fully comprehend them, and that is that. Nonetheless, I believe that many of my experiences and the observations drawn therefrom can be of great value to others. I do not consider myself special in this regard, except by virtue of a very purposeful pursuit of the extraordinary. What one intends with sincerity and knowing, one experiences. As the reader will discover, I have in this life encountered much that may be considered extraordinary, and I was permitted to bring a selection of those experiences to light.

This book is presented in fourteen primary sections, each of which presents a

discourse of one or more of the masters as relevant to the relatively broad scope of each specific chapter's subject matter. Some of the discourses are wide-ranging and cover material that could be included in more than one section. This overlap is inevitable, so the discourses have been placed in the section that seems most appropriate. Especially important portions of certain discourses may be included in more than one chapter.

With profound gratitude, all of us involved in producing this book acknowledge the immense debt owed to the remarkable inhabitants of the village of *Siddhalaya* , along with many others I met during my travels. A special thanks to: *Himalayan* Master R.K — *Himalayan* Master Amrita — *Himalayan* Masteress Lemia — *B'on* High Shaman Master Kenji — *Zhang Zhung* Shamanic Masteress Mani — Lama Karpa of *Siddhalaya* — Lama Dhanaga of *Siddhalaya* — the Egyptian Adept *Kalika-Khenmetaten* — and the *Ri-iha-mo* "celestials" Aani, Proci, and Marit. These individuals have provided us with a great treasure, an inheritance of the infinite riches of ancient knowledge. The author, contributors, and all who read this volume are indebted to these remarkable people for having made this book possible.

With the deepest appreciation, I wish to thank the researchers and specialists of the numerous institutes, universities, libraries, and museums who so graciously provided us with irreplaceable encouragement, support, and assistance. And I must specifically acknowledge and thank a few of the superlative minds, past and present, whose knowledge and insights contributed essential background, perspective and insights to this volume: Albert Einstein, Nobel Laureate — Max Planck, Nobel Laureate, originator of Quantum Mechanics — Niels Bohr, Nobel Laureate, co-creator of the Copenhagen Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics — Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate, architect of the Schrödinger equation — Richard Feynman, Nobel Laureate, originator of Sum-Over-Histories — Eugene Wigner, Nobel Laureate — Wolfgang Pauli, Nobel Laureate — Harold Urey, Nobel Laureate — Neil deGrasse Tyson, Ph.D. — Michio Kaku, Ph.D. — Carl Sagan, Ph.D. — the legendary John Wheeler, Ph.D. — and Professor Stephen Hawking, Ph.D., Director, Cambridge Centre for Theoretical Cosmology.

We ask that the reader take each chapter slowly. The material, owing to its nature, possesses a depth that will take on a life of its own. I know that some readers, in their delight, will dash through the material in the imperative of discovery, but this is not the best approach. Take your time with this book,

allow yourself to become accustomed to the concepts and absorb them slowly. The rewards can be enormous.

About this Special Edition

From the Publisher: We thank our wonderful readers for their requests for a reorganized and enlarged version of our original book exploring the knowledge and wisdom of the masters and adepts, *Mystic Wisdom of the Masters* . Our team at Wisdom Masters Press worked very hard to produce this special volume. We hope it will answer those requests for a book that is organized with topical sections rather than by the presentations of specific individuals, and with an expanded selection of material.

Regarding Sources: This volume, *Teachings of the Himalayan Masters* , contains previously unpublished material. In addition, certain sections are necessarily drawn from books in the series, *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* , Books One and Two, and the companion volumes to that series. However, this volume is designed to be a stand-alone exposition; i.e., familiarity with the book series is not required.

Regarding Reference Citations: For readers who find that they would like to explore the complete background of any specific experience or conversation found in this book, a reference citation to the source material is provided where appropriate. Excerpts from several of those books can be found in Section IV, 'Source Material Anthology.'

Availability: Owing to the value of the material in these books, our goal is to offer the knowledge they contain to as many hearts and minds as possible. To that end, please note that once every 90 days Amazon's policies permit us to offer one of our books free in the Amazon Store for two or three days. We do this as often as we can to assist our devoted readers and their family and friends, making it possible to obtain some of the books from Wisdom Masters Press at no cost. To be alerted to free book offers, please join our community mailing list here . Currently free books, discounts, new releases, and other updates can be seen in our newsletter . Additionally, we provide manuscript copies for qualified Research Centers, and for Museum, Library, and University Collections.

Regarding Translations

The following translations are both as accurate and as close to literal as a great deal of work could accomplish. The idea was of course to transmit the knowledge presented, in all its depth and varied nuances, as precisely as possible. Nevertheless, as with any translation from languages of very different origins, challenges abound. When a violin repeats what a piano has just played, it cannot make the same sounds, it can only approximate the same chords. It can, however, make relatively recognizable the same pattern of notes, the same air. As language too is an instrument, the process of rendering from one language to another language is far better conceived as a transposition than a translation, for translation implies a word-for-word equivalency that absolutely does not exist across language boundaries any more than piano sounds exist in the violin.

Moreover, the concept of word-for-word equivalents is false to the nature of high philosophic expression, which consists not so much of words but of word-complexes, elaborate structures involving, among other things, symbolisms, analogies, denotations, connotations, relations, juxtapositions, and echoes of the tradition from which the speaker is relating. It is troublesome in common expressions and exceedingly difficult in philosophic elucidation to juggle such a complex across the barrier of widely differing languages. I am therefore deeply grateful for the assistance provided by both the masters and my companions in completing this project as accurately as possible.

- Section II: The Teachings -

NOTE: A link to a handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in this book appears at appropriate points in the following chapters, and is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and sections of this volume are included following the guide. In each section of this book, a space between lines indicates the end of one narrative and a jump to the next.

Some geographical references have of necessity been altered to camouflage actual locations. Author’s and Editor’s Notes have been inserted where

necessary to clarify complex translations and elucidate material that may not be well-known to the lay reader.

The Nature of the Masters

To recognize the wisdom inherent in the knowledge system of the *Himalayan* masters, it is important to first have some background regarding their true nature. Each of the masters quoted in this volume will be referenced at the end of this chapter, along with other individuals that appear in the various sections.

Master Amrita peers at me with bright eyes. “You have asked what it is to be a master. We feel that the answers to that question may open many doors for you, yet the answers exist, as always, on many levels, from the gross to the very subtle. So, we shall start with the simple and, over time, proceed to the profound. Yes?”

I nod.

He smiles and draws a deep breath. “A master is an adept who is also a teacher, one who teaches essence, the means by which one may perceive, embrace and express great awareness. At this time there are many more adepts than you might imagine, but few masters—teachers—for reasons you will soon learn. There have been many master teachers in the past, most known to a very few, and a very few known to most, such as Osiris, Krishna, Buddha, and others. All have been called many things, few of which have any true meaning. I tell you now, and listen well, that there are no holy men, no saints, no saviors and no gods among masters, only men who are adepts. The rest are only names that others, in their simple ignorance and their superstition, and through their incomplete perceptions and irrational beliefs, attach to such people, and in so doing turn them into deities and idols, thus losing much or all of what could have been gained from their wisdom and teaching.”

Master Amrita again inhales deeply and faces the sky. “We will return to this subject, for it is one that you will want to understand. But now, we will think of this: What is an adept, a *Siddha* ? An interesting question, is it not? Most simply put—demystified, you might say—an adept is simply one who has broken the boundaries of ordinary perception and thereby functions in a

vastly expanded reality. Adepts experience themselves and the entire nature of reality in a way inexpressibly different than what the ordinary masses believe possible. It is society and culture that predetermine what you perceive of life, what you believe yourself to be, what powers you believe yourself to have, and what you are able to accomplish. What you are exposed to and what you are taught, from a very early age through your entire life, largely defines and determines perception, and that conditioning ordinarily excludes all but a tiny reflection of the true reality and the true nature of your inherent power. The reality of the masses is a consensual, communal reality. It is a pinhole through which they perceive only an infinitesimal portion of the Real."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 12)

Editor's Note: The term *Siddha* refers to perfected masters, or adepts, who have achieved a high degree of physical as well as spiritual perfection or enlightenment. *Siddha* additionally refers to one who has attained *Siddhis* , paranormal capabilities. According to the text of the *Svetasvatara-Upanishad* , the *Siddhas* , or adepts, are the *Nirmanakayas* , or 'spirits'—in the sense of an individual or conscious spirit—of the great sages from higher planes than our own, who voluntarily incarnate or remain in physical bodies in order to help the human race in its upward progress, thus their innate knowledge, wisdom, and power. —*Svetasvatara-Upanishad* II.2, thought to have been composed between the 6th and 5th century B.C.

* * *

Lama Karpa is the High Lama of the remote *Himalayan* village of *Siddhalaya* . The lamas Karpa and Dhanaga had requested my assistance in recovering three manuscripts, one originating in Nepal one-thousand-two-hundred years ago, the others originating in ancient Egypt over three-thousand-three-hundred years ago, written by a supreme female master. I was to be accompanied by Sari, a young lady born and raised in *Siddhalaya* . I had become very fond of Sari, and my concern was the danger of the quest, something I wished to discuss with Lama Karpa.

Karpa is in his garden, humming and working away, oblivious to my approach, or so I think. No sooner do I walk closer than he speaks. "Hand me that box of mulch, would you?"

I do, and next thing I know, I'm hoeing right next to him. "Lama Karpa, are you certain that you want Sari and I to go to this village . . ."

"*Zhongasi* ," he says.

"Right, *Zhongasi* , and pick-up the documents? I don't mind going, in fact, it's an honor. But why not send someone else with me, like Jampla, or maybe Kenji?"

"Kenji!" he exclaims in disbelief.

"Sure. You can do without a caretaker for four or five days, can't you?"

The high lama looks at me like I am crazy. "You do not understand. Kenji is not what he appears to be, he is . . . he is what you might call a builder; he creates environments then cares for them, maintains them. He does what he sees fit, I can tell you that, but he will not go on such a journey, I assure you. His responsibilities are greater than you can imagine, and do not include such pursuits." Now Karpa hesitates, hoeing vaguely near his plants. "You may ask him, of course, but he will decline."

"All right," I say, "then what about the Master Amrita? I like him very much, we have talked quite a bit, perhaps he could go with me. After all, I suppose that if he went there would be no doubt our mission would be successful."

Lama Karpa stops hoeing and stares at me again. "My boy, you do not know what you are asking. Masters are out of all proportion the busiest people in the world. It would be well for you to attempt to understand as much as you can of the true nature of the adepts with whom you meet in this valley, not merely to satisfy your curiosity, but in order that you may realize something of what they are. You must recognize that they are individuals just as we are, varying among themselves just as we vary, although at so much higher a level. Immense wisdom and power stand forth in each of them. They are by no means all alike, and each takes on different work. This work they perform is not easy to comprehend, yet you must recognize that their activity is tremendous. The number of adepts who return to physical bodies in order to help the evolution of the world is but small; the number who also teach on the physical level is even smaller. Amrita has responsibilities such as you cannot even remotely imagine, so much so that your very question is outlandish. The adepts utilize this valley as a sanctuary, so to say, where they may reside on a level close to the physical, in an environment beneficial to them. They may indeed visit you, and talk with you, but that does not mean that you may expect them to perform tasks at your request, or mine."

Fine. I am left with no choice, so I explain my concern about the soldiers and the bandits and my perception of the danger to Sari, in as great a detail as I feel is appropriate.

Lama Karpa works the ground with his hoe, slowly and methodically. He glances at me with a knowing smile. “You feel protective, my boy, and that is as it should be. Sari, as you have obviously discovered, is a very special woman. You are attracted not only to her beauty, but by a charm that is exceedingly rare in one so young. That charm is deeply enticing, I know. It is the greatest one of all, the simplicity that departs with knowledge but returns with wisdom.”

Karpa levels the ground around several newly planted shoots. “You must not underestimate her, or make decisions for her. You will eventually find that she is much more than you now know. Wait to make your decision. Gather more knowledge. Meditate on the matter. You will reach the right decision. You must understand that we would never put Sari in jeopardy. Now go. I believe Kenji was asking for you at the gompa. One never knows what he may do, and this season he has determined to appear in and superintend the leelas (plays). Though you may not know, I suspect he has enlisted you to assist. He has taken quite a liking to you, I should add. And you must realize that when he gets the idea in his mind that someone is supposed to be somewhere, it is very much better not to keep him waiting.” Lama Karpa looks serious. “Really it is.”

“Okay,” I say.

Karpa is not satisfied. “I cannot overstress this, since I have personal experience of it. To keep Kenji waiting is to risk what for you would be very disorienting confusion.”

“Confusion?” I ask.

“Well, yes. In the sense that you would find it confusing to suddenly find yourself in a place where you had not intentionally transported yourself.”

That would be confusing alright. As I turn to depart, Lama Karpa calls. “Wait,” he says. Thinking that this may be something more regarding my concerns about Sari and the trip, I stand expectantly.

Karpa stares at the ground for a few moments, as if trying to make a decision, then lets his hoe drop. “Michael, there is something I feel I must discuss with you. I ask that you tell no one of what I am about to say. Will you agree?”

“Certainly lama,” I reply.

“About Kenji. I have never before seen him take interest in a mortal, that is, someone who still believes, in any sense, that consciousness possesses a beginning or an ending. I really do not know what to make of it, or if I should make anything of it at all, yet I am the lama here and feel a responsibility in this. Kenji adores and so pays great attention to children, as you have perhaps observed, but rarely has any interest in others and certainly has no need of anyone, even the adepts. What I wish you to understand . . . were you to indulge your wildest imaginings concerning who or what Kenji really is, you could not possibly come close to the reality of it. Regardless of your studies and growing knowledge, it is far beyond your ability to grasp. I do not even truly comprehend such things, nor do the adepts. It is simply not something that falls to us to understand.”

Karpa stares skyward. “Kenji . . . it can be said that he is the living part of what seems a myth, even to the adepts. He is power itself. He is not a teacher, this you must understand, such is not his role. More than this I am prevented from saying. The point is that you must be mindful of the entity you know as Kenji. What you see of him is only one slight aspect of his totality. I am not saying that your relationship to him is dangerous, or that it is not valuable; I cannot say any such thing. Certainly he would never intentionally harm you. You may perhaps benefit greatly from his knowledge; there is undeniably that possibility. In a sense, I am not sure what I am trying to tell you, aside from advising you to be aware that he is not specifically a teacher; he belongs to power and he wields power, very great power. Now, you should go; and say nothing of this. It is very important that you say nothing of this to anyone.”

Not a problem, but I have to ask, “The living part of a myth?”

Lama Karpa only nods, then picks up his hoe, turns from me and begins to work. He is clearly reluctant to say more. I thank the high lama and leave him to his gardening. Yet nothing has been resolved. However, some very interesting things have been expressed. Sari is more than I know, he says. But what is that supposed to mean? And why does he dodge my questions about the danger of the trip? And what is this about Kenji? I wonder if the lama is not indulging in a bit of high color in his description—what there was of it—of Kenji and his “power,” whatever that may be. It is all too mysterious—this seems to be a persistent problem here.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 11)

Masters and Other Individuals Appearing in this Volume -

Lama Karpa - The High Lama of *Siddhalaya* , Master from the Adeptic Wisdom Tradition

Lama Dhanaga - Lama of *Siddhalaya* , mentor, teacher

Master R.K. - Adept from the ancient esoteric Egyptian Mystic Wisdom Tradition

Master Amrita, the "tall one" - Adept from the *Himalayan* Mystic Tradition

Masteress Lemia, Lemia, 'Mia - High Adept, Sari's mentor

Kenji - A man surrounded by mystery, Adept, High Shaman and much more

Kalika-Khenmetaten , Kalika - Supreme Egyptian Adept, who authored *The Golden Crown* and *The Crown of Light* some three-thousand-three hundred years ago

Aani - *Ri-iha-mo* , mountain "goddess," celestial being in *Himalayan* legend

Proci - *Ri-iha-mo* , mountain "goddess," celestial being in *Himalayan* legend

Marit - *Ri-iha-mo* , mountain "goddess," celestial being in *Himalayan* legend

Sari - An extraordinary young lady, mentored by Lemia in the Adeptic Wisdom Tradition

Mani - *B'on* "sorceress," trained in the ancient arts of *B'on* magic. Mani was born in Tibet, and raised and mentored in a *B'on* monastery by an abbot known to be a true *B'on* master of great power, one of the very few remaining teachers of the ancient *Zhang Zhung* arts of the '*Four Portals* ' magic or "sorcery"

Padma Sambhava - the great adept's Adept, one of a group of eighty-four great adepts, author of some of the most significant spiritual texts in history

The True Nature of Reality

"*The world is a construct of our mind's sensations, perceptions, memories. It is convenient to regard it as existing objectively on its own. But it certainly does not* ." —Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate and winner of the Max

Planck Medal

Soon after my initial arrival in *Siddhalaya* , I set out to explore the magnificent valley surrounding the small village. This account is from my journals of that day:

At first light I will undertake a circumnavigation of the lake. Although it seems an easy task after the nearly two fortnight trek from Pokhara to this remote spot, I will start as early as possible to allow ample time. Yesterday I carved a sturdy stave of oak as a walking stick, and to ward off whatever may need such stout discouragement. This valley teems with wildlife, a result of both its exceeding remoteness and the Lama Karpa's prohibition of all killing. A good part of the valley is heavily forested, the jealously guarded home of leopards and other such individualists with a Rousseauian contempt for civilization and, possibly, its inhabitants. Admittedly, I have long desired to see a yeti in these endless mountains, and perhaps, as I am assured by several villagers, there are occasional examples of this legendary creature in this very valley. It is hours until dawn; I try to sleep, but am too excited. Crickets chirp, an owl hoots; over my home, on the other side of the earth, the sun burns.

I leave my camp as the sun ignites the tips of the peaks and walk in a snow-filled dream, whiteness whirling in the early dawn breeze. Shortly, I realize that this is not just ice, wind-blown from the peaks, but wet snow, falling profusely. As the light illuminates the sky, I see enormous, jet-black clouds building rapidly. The multiple peaks of the great *Dhaulagiri* massif protrude well into the atmospheric level where vast currents of air circulate, referred to by meteorologists as jet streams. In such mountains, storms of immense measure and severity can arise with virtually no warning, as many mountain climbers, living and otherwise, will sincerely attest.

In most of the high villages of the *Himalaya* , the inhabitants, not unwisely, largely retire to lower quarters in winter. *Siddhalaya* is quite different, I have been told, allegedly owing to the "mythical nature" of the village and people. It is more likely, I think, that the very long distances and high altitudes involved in such a seasonal exodus, the arduous travel conditions and the inexplicable mild winters in his valley, all encourage the residents to stay. The winter snows altogether eliminate ingress and egress over the passes, thus the valley is utterly isolated. The adepts and lamas come and go as they please, I am assured, but no one else. For several months, all

food and firewood necessary for winter use must be drawn from storage, as none can enter the valley anew. Recently harvested grain and vegetables, grown in small fields to the north of the valley, lie out drying; colorful buckwheat, barley, maize, peas, hemp, and millet are arrayed in orderly rows. Heavy snow, especially with high winds, could damage these supplies, a result with potentially serious consequences.

I dismiss my lake journey and make my way along the stone paths to the home of Sherpa Jampla and his wife Chiricu, who is Sari's older sister. This couple has accepted me so openly and warmly that I have come to consider them as good friends. I knock briskly and Chiricu answers, looking quite fetching wearing nothing but many strings of beads. She smiles charmingly, and I communicate my news, or try. She seems unimpressed with my interpretation of the situation, but Jampla, listening from their bed, has a different reaction. He jumps up and together we stare at the sky

Jampla smiles, oddly enough, yet sums up the situation neatly. "We must call on *Siddha* ." (According to the mythology of the *Svetasvatara-Upanishad* , the *Siddhas* , or adepts, are the *Nirmanakayas* , or 'spirits'—in the sense of an individual or conscious spirit—of the great sages from higher planes than our own, who voluntarily incarnate or remain in physical bodies in order to help the human race in its upward progress, thus their innate knowledge, wisdom, and power.)

This sounds intriguing. I follow as Jampla heads toward the lake. Early mist swirls thickly over the water, now shiny black-onyx, opaque as the clouds. An icy haze sweeps east to west; pine needles dance black against snow white and mist gray. Jampla descends the steps, motioning me to stop. He stands by the water; he chants, but so softly I cannot make out what he is intoning. Not a half-minute later, another figure appears along the misty lake shore, very tall, perhaps six-four or six-five, garbed in white. Jampla bows, they talk for a moment; I feel it is safe to approach. The tall one is a strikingly handsome man with strangely luminous blue eyes; they seem to glow as if lit from within.

"Jampla tells me you are concerned by the approaching storm," the tall one says. "Is this true?" Without awaiting an answer, he and Jampla grin broadly at one another, as if sharing some private amusement. Before I can explain, the tall one lifts a slender hand and points toward the towering clouds. "So, would you now, if you knew you could, turn away the storm?"

I nod. "Yes, of course."

“And how would you go about it?” he asks.

“Actually, I’m not aware that such a thing is possible.”

“It is for some. Here, sit down, I will explain.”

I sit, as does Jampla.

“Now,” the tall one says, “where should I begin?” He thinks for a moment. “The prime element is this: The content of your consciousness awareness becomes the content of your experience—is what manifests as your outer reality. The inner manifests as the outer. That is the great understanding. That is the only rule. Consciousness creates everything except consciousness.”

This is a idea held by even competitive mythologies. I nod.

“Now tell me, just what is a storm?”

“A heat engine,” I reply, “convection, moisture, huge amounts of energy.”

“So it appears. Energy and water, which is matter, and so only energy as well. Is this not true?”

I nod, wondering where this is headed.

“And what is energy?” he asks.

This is an excellent question, with an answer that exists on many levels, the deepest of which physicists have been striving to understand for decades. I can only think of the nineteenth-century definition that we now recognize as fundamentally superficial. “Energy represents the work a physical system is capable of in changing from an existing state to another specified state.”

He looks disappointed. “Energy is simply consciousness objectified. This is a key understanding. All that exists is consciousness; consciousness is the only real. All else is merely an appearance, the result of your particular format of consciousness, that is, subject-object consciousness. You are consciously aware; yet to be aware you must be aware *of* something; to be aware, you must perceive something other than self, other than your own self. The self is the subjective aspect of consciousness. That of which you are aware is the objective aspect, the objects of your awareness. Yet both subject and object are the very same, they are only perceived as separate and distinct within subject-object consciousness. So, in a practical sense, you could think of energy as the manifestation of a certain stratum of consciousness in this realm of space and time that we call physical reality. However, this is not consciousness as you normally think of it, it is consciousness transformed into an object. You must understand that all being and all existence is

consciousness; the highest levels of awareness, the unmanifest energy from which all matter and interactions arise, and all the manifest matter around us. And that embraces, I would point out, that storm."

"I see," I respond.

He gazes at me for a moment. "Your acquiescence would suggest that you have either little idea of what I just said, or that you have studied the wisdom traditions of the East. Since you are in this valley, absence of such knowledge seems unlikely."

"I have some knowledge of the traditions."

"Well, we shall see. Now, as all that exists is consciousness, we may be certain that consciousness can only be aware of consciousness, on whatever level it exists. Ultimately, all consciousness is precisely the same in that it is of the same source and substance, differing only in its organization, but that may or may not be perceptible depending on the extent of awareness of the perceiver. Matter is energy, and energy is an expression of consciousness, thus all energy is ordered and organized by higher expressions of consciousness than itself. Again, in practical application, you may proceed by thinking of energy and matter as relatively lower expressions of pure consciousness, and of an individualized, organized consciousness as a relatively higher expression, like you or I or Jampla. Hence, our consciousness can command the matter-energy of the storm, as that energy only represents a different form of consciousness."

I nod, expecting more. The tall one only smiles. The clouds are growing, now immense towering things, black with water, thousands of tons of it. Gusts of wind sweep the lake, buffeting us with spray.

The tall one studies me for a moment. "Well, what are you waiting for?" he asks.

"You were going to explain how the storm could be turned away."

"I have," he says emphatically.

"I don't understand. You were explaining the nature of energy as consciousness, but that doesn't explain how to turn the storm away."

He grins. "Oh, but it does. You do not believe you can; there is the problem."

"No, I don't believe I can," I reply. "It's not possible."

"Your belief is incorrect, you are missing something important. Beliefs about the nature of life and the world give rise to repetitive patterns of thought and consistent images in the inner eye of the mind; those exact

patterns of thought and inner images create all the experiences you encounter in life. Be aware that this explains why each person perceives endless proofs that their views of life and the world are accurate. Their beliefs create their life; yet they imagine that life creates their beliefs. This can be difficult to overcome."

I am fanned by a whirlwind of thoughts, quite unexpected.

He watches me carefully. "So, to start you must feel at one with the storm. This feeling is the emotional experience of unity, and the recognition of unity may be engendered by the experience of love. You must be one with the storm, for to feel separate is to render yourself powerless. You cannot influence something that you believe yourself to be utterly separate from, can you?"

"I suppose not," I reply.

"Certainly not. Now, you must see the beauty of the storm, see the magnificence, the power, the energy, the awesome wonder of it all. Blend with its energy, then there is no longer you here and the storm there; there is no longer a here and a there, there is only a unity of energy, a unity in your consciousness within which the storm is subsumed, where your consciousness expands to encompass the storm. Then the intent of your thoughts and images will manifest in the storm. When you know with absolute certainty that you can do this, you may accomplish whatever you desire. You may turn the storm away, dissipate the storm, turn it into something else, whatever you wish. Be at one with the storm and it will be at one with you. Do you see? This can be done through emotion, by feeling what you call love. Love can do no harm to love; it is impossible—love has no opposite. There is only love—unity—or the lack of awareness of love—separation—which is an illusion, but an effective one if you believe it, and must therefore live with the powerlessness that goes with such a false belief. Now, go ahead."

He is either right, I think, or one of the more charming and articulate of mountain lunatics. So, I suppose, all things considered it's worth a try. I study the storm, its size, beauty, power; then think of it moving away to the east. I close my eyes and visualize the storm moving away, with, as best I can, a feeling of love. Slowly—very slowly—I begin to feel a sensation of identity with my visualization, with the vastness of the storm, the power and purpose of its existence. I've always loved the beauty, power and strength of storms and, at length, I begin to feel rather warm toward this one. At last I open my

eyes. The storm is still there but hasn't gotten any closer, I think.

"Not very fast, eh?" the tall one observes with a grin. "Perhaps you will allow me."

I watch as he rises, glances at the storm, then turns and walks up the stone steps. I shift to watch him, expecting something extraordinary to happen. At the top he stops, but simply turns back and winks, then walks off, disappearing into the swirling mist. I turn back to ask Jampla what is going on, but he is staring up at the sky, a grin on his face. I look up and nearly fall over. The storm, the entire huge complex of enormous towering clouds and their thousands of tons of water, is gone, completely gone. All that remains is clear sky slowly growing lighter with the coming morning. When I find my voice, I ask, "Who was that?"

Jampla is grinning hugely. "We call him Master Amrita. It is Sanskrit, it means immortal."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 3)

* * *

To the northwest of *Siddhalaya* lies an uncharted wilderness, a wild valley some twenty-five miles in length, running between and beneath a vast ridge of the *Dhaulagiri* massif and the flank of an unnamed mountain, a towering peak rising over twenty-thousand feet into the northern sky. I feel irresistibly drawn to this pristine wilderness, with its wild bright rivers and ineffable beauty. I have been tempted by this valley since arriving here, and this is an excellent afternoon to explore.

I ascend into the valley's mouth, glad to be hiking. The sun appears, the skies are shifting, the peaks of *Dhaulagiri* shimmer like vast ghosts. Overhead, pale snow-pigeons spin on the deep blue. How silent they are!—like tiny ghosts of the air. Traversing the valley to its east rim, I cross streams tumbling down their steep ravines; streaking swifts dart over the water in pursuit of flickering insects. Soon I come to a yawning breach in the wall cliff, a break of several hundred feet; out of it pours a shadowed stream and farther up I spot proud tips of fir and spruce and pine, all living together.

No sooner do I turn up this alluring canyon than I notice, sitting on a boulder to my left, the adept that Jampla calls Master Amrita, and I call the tall one. He greets me with a smile.

"Been turning any storms?" he asks.

“It’s very nice to see you, and no, no storms lately.”

He feigns a look of disappointment, then his face rebounds into a fabulous grin. “I understand that you have been inquiring into the nature of mastery?”

I think for a moment. “I asked that of the Master R.K.”

“Still interested?” he asks.

“Of course.”

“Then we have need of a conversation. Are you game?”

“I certainly am.”

“Then come,” he directs. “You have chosen a very nice canyon. We shall walk a while.”

He takes off at a brisk pace. Extraordinarily athletic, he bounds over rocks and fallen limbs with ease and grace. I am hard pressed to keep up. We walk briskly, almost sprint, for perhaps twenty minutes. When I come to a broad, swift stream, he is already on the other side. I look up and down the bank, but cannot see where he crossed.

“Walk across right here,” he says, pointing to the water between us. I nod, take off my boots and socks, and wade through the water. Direct glacial run-off, it is scalding cold; my feet are numb by the time I reach midstream.

He looks at me with an amused grin. “There is an easier way to do that, as you will learn.”

With that he is off, and after hurriedly replacing my boots, I follow. Up the bank we go, then turn and ascend a steep hill through fir and pine forest. He bounds ahead, in an excellent impression of a mountain goat. I am getting tired and wondering where we are going. Does he, I wonder, have some special place in mind? Just as the thought crosses my mind, Master Amrita turns. “Just a little further, we are almost there.”

We crest the hill and break out of the forest into a small clearing, a beautiful natural amphitheater carpeted in thin grass overlaid with brilliant wildflowers. Above us the tremendous projection of *Dhaulagiri’s* main peak rises from the highest clouds; it appears, looms, then disappears in the drifting clouds. Peaks tower in all quadrants. Pines surround the clearing; someone has cut a quarter-section lengthwise from an old log to serve as a bench, roughly hewn but quite comfortable.

Clearly not one for idle talk, Master Amrita begins as I am still digging notebook and pencil out of my day pack. “You have the ability to remain sensible in the face of events that tend to provoke all kinds of odd behaviors

in ordinary individuals." He stares at me for a moment, then breaks into his wonderful grin. "So, I am going to tell you many things, few of which are generally understood, and we will see how you hold up. What do you think of that?"

"Sounds great," I say, preparing to take notes.

He watches my preparations with raised eyebrows. "Some of what I say may not be appropriate for others." Staring intently, he continues, "Why not put away the writing implements and for now only listen; perhaps write later, eh?"

"These notes are for my own study, Master Amrita. I would like to take them while you speak."

He gazes silently. I think perhaps I have spoken inappropriately, then he says, "Excellent."

"Why is that excellent?" I ask.

"In an hour's time you will know. Now, it is important for you to understand that it is society and culture that predetermine what you perceive of life, what you believe yourself to be, what powers you believe yourself to have, and what you are able to accomplish. What you are exposed to and what you are taught, from a very early age through your entire life, largely defines and determines perception, and that conditioning ordinarily excludes all but a tiny reflection of the true reality and the true nature of your inherent power. The reality of the masses is a consensual, communal reality. It is a pinhole through which they perceive only an infinitesimal portion of the Real."

"As in the philosophy of Shankara, and Kant," I point out.

"Yes, of course." Master Amrita stands and stretches. "As always, such great insights are ignored by the ordinary. Forgivably, I suppose, as the illusion of relative physical reality and certain fixed, deterministic laws is a convincing one to those who have not attained greater insight. And, at the time of Shankara, and even your Kant, their insights seemed quite mystical. Adepts had known such things for centuries beyond count, but this sort of insight is very difficult to communicate to those who have not experienced higher levels of awareness, and are as yet unwilling to believe that anyone else can either. But now the world has the advantage by empirical evidence of the truth of these insights as demonstrated in the findings of your scientists."

"I've been thinking about that lately."

"I can imagine. Your thoughts?"

“A primary revelation of physics is that there is no real foundation for what we call physical reality, it merely tapers off into nothingness. Kant was right, there is really no such thing as an ‘object,’ no ‘thing-in-itself.’ Objects are composed of what we call matter, and matter is energy, ultimately the energy of scalar fields of the false vacuum. Objects have no actual objective existence, they exist only as constructs in the process of conscious perception. Even time and space are only constructs of our perception. The thinking is that all of these constructs are only a framework that we use to correlate our experience of reality.”

“Reality?”

“Yes, the reality around us.”

“Mmmm,” Amrita intones. “As you will increasingly recognize, reality is a subject more vast than may be initially imagined or appreciated. Anyone who attempts to define reality sets foot on a very slippery slope, as mystics have long known and your physicists have learned.”

“I don’t think that reality is indefinable. It’s what we perceive around us, wouldn’t you say?”

“That is just it; reality is a matter of perception and nothing else, perception arising from consciousness. The tapestry of space-time and its contents are woven from threads of consciousness. Space and time are not actualities, they are perceptions, a framework in which a world can be experienced as a linear series of things and events. Space and time are only an illusionary theater in the infiniteness of the Absolute; the stage, the lights, the scenery, the props; they are nothing more than phantasmic symbols we create to correlate and cognize what we experience. Ordinary consciousness perceives the threads as individual and separate; only in the higher orders of reality does one begin to perceive the threads as integral parts of an infinite tapestry of unity.

“The intuitive among your scientists are uncovering knowledge that could be said to be spiritual in content, in particular when investigating the phenomenon called nonlocal. The deeper they probe, the greater the likelihood that more and more will recognize this. And, as you have begun to experience, through understanding and applying certain principles of consciousness, energy may be commanded to create a truly extraordinary range of perceived and experienced reality. But, to reach this recognition and realization, that is, the making real of such abilities, one must first break the illusory boundaries of perception, there to realize a vastly expanded

conscious awareness, one that goes far beyond an ordinary awareness of self and physical reality."

Master Amrita sits next to me, watching as I finish notations. "There is much to say of this, but today I wish to make a special point. You see, this commanding of energy, this subtle and magnificent awareness and expression of your true identity and power, creates effects that can be quite difficult for the ignorant to understand. They display an exaggerated tendency to interpret any such effect as a miracle—a supernatural event, whatever that is—and so think that anyone that can perform one of these so-called miracles is a supernatural being. Thus the terms they apply to masters—saints, saviors, holy this and holy that, relatives of gods, or even gods, if you can imagine that. And, in so doing, they separate themselves from any possibility of ever attaining the knowledge or level of conscious awareness wherein they are able to do these things for themselves, or know why not."

"I'm not sure I understand."

"You will, of that you may be certain. And as you gain understanding, you will realize why adepts live away from the common people; we work in different ways on different levels; only a few instruct on a personal physical level. And, as history so well demonstrates, such attempts do not always go well. Some masters use their natural ability to manipulate perception and energy to reinforce their message, and help where it is appropriate. This can be effective, and certainly attracts attention, but in the long term is as often as not counterproductive. Personally, I discourage manipulation of the illusion of physical reality in the presence of those who will be confused or overly impressed by the demonstration of such natural power. The effect of the manifestation of such powers upon an ordinary person whose understanding is not sufficiently prepared is obvious: He or she will regard them as supernatural or miraculous. When a person regards a power as supernatural, the result is the growth of superstition instead of progress toward the essentially rational outlook which is so vitally important to real personal progress. In such cases, the demonstration of power produces just the reverse effect of that desired. Superstition is a fatal barrier to higher awareness and the creative power that comes with it. Divinity, for the superstitious, is either an object in which to place irrational confidence, or one to be feared. The result is a widening, not a closing, of the gap between the manifest (physical, emotional, mental) self and the true Self of that person. Few effects could be worse than that. I feel that it is something of a rule that before someone may

witness a demonstration of natural power he must first be well familiarized with the principles that enable him to comprehend it within a rational outlook. He should be at a point where he can see such powers as being within the range of his own latent capacities, once the true nature of his inner Self is recognized. If this is the case, then a demonstration becomes a powerful tool in awakening a person to his potential. Most, however, exist in a state of ignorance, hypnotized by the illusions of space-time and duality, rendered powerless by what they believe to be true and cannot see to be false; confusing them further is simply not good practice."

"I see your point, I think. Amrita, I'm curious about your earlier remark. Why, when I told you I preferred to take notes while we talked, did you say it was excellent?"

"Because it was refreshingly pragmatic."

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"Just what we have been discussing." Amrita sighs. "I will explain another way. The locus (focal point) of your awareness, within what you might call the overall continuum of consciousness, determines the extent of what you recognize of your true Self and therefore what you recognize as being possible, and therefore what you can actually achieve. It is really as simple as that. If you consider this continuum as a kind of ladder, all masters and adepts at one time stood exactly where you now stand. Even the greatest Arhats and Chohans were once in the same state of awareness as you, and those who stand far below you. By great individual effort and discipline, they steadily rose to higher levels of knowledge, thus higher levels of consciousness, and as a result to higher levels of self-realization, expression and creative ability. These attainments are part of the great journey that we are all on—all, mind you, whether they realize it or not. Hence all masters and adepts deserve great respect; yet it serves no constructive purpose to hold them in awe, or in grand reverence, or worship; that only dehumanizes them, putting them, and their accomplishments, seemingly out of reach. Often people do this purposely, for to believe that a master is supernatural, or of the supernatural, and therefore vastly superior to them—capable of things that are utterly and forever beyond them—relieves that person of the responsibility of expending effort in their own behalf, for their own growth, and to achieve their own attainments. Any and all adequately intelligent individuals, with effort and in time, and with sufficient focus and intent, can achieve what any master or adept is able to achieve.

“Now, let us return to your question. All too often I run across those who would put me or others here up on the illusory pedestal of supernatural divinity, no matter what we tell them, or what we do. You have not done that. I asked you to put your journal away; yet instead of obeying without question, as a matter of faith that I am somehow automatically right, as some do, you thought for yourself and expressed your own desires. That is very refreshing. And, I might add, if you had failed to express yourself, I would not have been telling you of all these things.”

At this point I don’t know what to say, so silently read over my notes. “There’s something here I would really like to understand. When you do something like make a storm disappear, are you manipulating energy or are you manipulating perception?”

“Firstly, I do not actually *do* anything, as in taking action. Such things are not initiated on the physical plane; they are accomplished through thoughts and images, which work in higher levels; those levels that compose the creative matrix from which all apparent physical reality emerges. Secondly, what is the difference? Such things may perhaps be tentatively considered as a manipulation of experience, yet do not forget, energy is only a manifest expression, or symbol, of consciousness. In your example of a storm it takes on the appearance of matter in four dimensional space-time. Your individualized consciousness is equally a symbol of consciousness. Energy is consciousness, consciousness is energy; where there is the one there is the other; perception is a process occurring within individualized consciousness; there is no real difference between affecting and altering energy and affecting perceptions of experience. You are dealing here with the primal duality of mind, as individualized consciousness, and as energy, manifesting as matter. Both, it is very important to understand, are the creation of *Maya* . The appearance and perception of the two as separate is utterly illusory. Would you wish to impose differentials and conditions on something that does not actually exist?”

“I suppose not.”

“Not wisely, I assure you,” Amrita says with his engaging grin. “Now, my friend, I must take my leave. I have duties to attend. Contemplate what I have told you.”

“I will, of course. But I have so many questions, Amrita.”

“That is natural. Yet if I answered them, would you not have questions regarding those answers?”

"Probably."

"Inevitably," he corrects. "And that could go on forever, I suspect. Realize that a master is not, in the largest sense, a teacher of information, but rather one who facilitates another's ability to access all the answers they require, on their own. The most profound instruction does not contain answers, it rather provides you with a means by which you may access your own answers. Any answers that I provide directly are actually somewhat apocryphal relative to the deepest content of your questions. The deepest answers—the answers that are truest for you—must come from within yourself, for all truth is relative. Always, your questions are of paramount importance; the more fundamental the more profound: Who am I? What am I? Why am I? All knowledge exists at all times; all the answers you seek already exist; you do not create them, you simply become aware of them. Michael, always imagine that you know the answers to your questions; this is of exceptional importance. When you formulate a question, trivial or significant, immediately choose to *know* that you know the answer, with absolute certainly and divine nonchalance. The answer will appear to you. Trivial answers may appear in any of many ways: an unexpected insight, a book, a bit of conversation, something overheard; profound answers come from profound awareness, that which you find in your deepest meditations, and no other place."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 12)

The Quality of Physical Things as Symbols

"*Sometimes, even in the habitual course of life, the illusions of this world disappear all at once, and we feel in seeing its greater reality as we would at a ball, where if we did not hear the music, the dancing that we saw there would appear insane* ." —Germaine de Staël, *De l'Allemagne* (1813)

A concept persistently asserted by the masters is that all that exists is consciousness—all else is illusion, a wonderful or disturbing experience of a reality that we ourselves create. But what about the Universe around us and all it contains? What is it? Why is it?

An insight into those questions arose when Mani was teaching Shrina,

Chiricu and I visualizations involving light, ones that she was taught as a student of the ancient arts of *B'on* magic. Born in Tibet, she was trained by a *B'on* master of exceptional abilities. Sari, a wonderful young lady, to say the least, become my constant companion shortly after arriving in *Siddahalaya* . Chiricu and Shrina are Sari's older and younger sisters, respectively. The three sisters were born and raised in *Siddahalaya* . A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in this section is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and the chapters of this volume are included following the reference guide.

"Mani," I ask, "Lama Karpa told me that light is how our awareness apprehends energies of a higher vibration. So this energy, when visualized, really raises one's own vibration?"

Mani frowns. "Yes, but it is important to understand that what I am teaching you is a concept, it is only our way of looking at the world. It is an interpretation—developed over thousands of years—that allows us to manifest the power to manipulate physical reality. I do not know what your question of 'really?' means. I do not know if these concepts are anything more than ideas, I do not know if they correspond to anything greater. I do not think that anyone can say. Our wisdom traditions do not demand that our concepts correspond to the real, because we do not speculate on what that is. Reality is not something you can measure or comprehend with the mind, if it even exists. All we are concerned with is that our ideas and the techniques based on our concepts allow us to manifest power in the world around us."

"Mani," I reply, "in physics, the concept of vibration is a key features of what's called string theory. It's complicated, but the theory holds that everything is composed of tiny vibrating strings; the rate of a string's vibration determines its appearance as a particular type of particle. If string theory or something like it is eventually proven, then, in a vital way, your concept of vibration is quite accurate. That, I suppose, could be why your methods work."

Mani stares at me for a moment, then glances at Sari and Chiricu. "Michael, my position with you imposes upon me certain responsibilities—one of which requires I must thorough and truthful. About these techniques of power, I believe that it is worse than meaningless to discuss the ultimate reality of any concept or method; the only meaningful thing you can discuss is its usefulness."

"Worse than meaningless? Why?"

“When a technique is successful, there are those who tend to attribute to it, and to the elements and concepts that constitute it, the quality of reality or absolute truth. My master always stressed that such tendencies are an unnecessary burden.”

“I don’t follow.”

“Because it is mythical; because it is self-creating and so becomes self-fulfilling. Our minds interpret the input from our senses by making models of the outside world. We form mental concepts of our home, our mountains, trees, valleys, rivers and lakes, other people, and all else. The objects of physical reality are merely symbols, and the mental concepts the only thing we can directly know. There is no independent test of ultimate reality. Thoughts and images form the relative reality we experience, so it follows that a symbol or model widely believed in creates a reality of its own.”

Shrina is fidgeting. “I do not understand.”

Mani picks up one of my ever present notebooks and opens it at random. “Shrina, look at this.” Shrina stares. “Does this page contain information?” Mani asks.

She nods. “Yes, the things Michael is always writing; important things, I think.”

“And what is the important information on this page?” Mani presses.

“I do not know,” Shrina says quietly.

“Do you see any information on this page?”

Shrina shakes her head. “I see words, just words.”

“Exactly. You do not see information because there is no information. The writing is not in itself information, it simply transmits information.”

“But,” Chiricu objects, “is that not the same thing? We learn from the information in books all the time. If the information is not on the pages, where is it?”

Mani smiles. “That is the point. The information exists in consciousness, in our minds, not on the pages. When we talk, our words convey thoughts and feelings, but those thoughts and feelings are not the same as the words, are they? We agree on the meaning of the words so they become transmitters of information; the words are not themselves information. The letters on the page make up words, but those letters and words are nothing but symbols. This page is paper and pencil marks. If you burn it, does it destroy information? Does it destroy meaning? No, it only destroys symbols.”

Shrina nods. “I see. But what does that mean?”

"In just the same way, the objects around us are only symbols that transmit meaning. The meaning is not in the objects we create any more than information is in letters or words. We create objects just as we create words, to express something, some meaning or knowledge. This constant creation of physical reality through thoughts and mental images is what we do, all of us. It is the realization that we are doing it and the attainment of the ability to do it with knowing purpose and intent that provides actual power and freedom. This is how our tradition views the true nature of physical objects, and this is why we can manipulate physical reality through our techniques."

(Reference citation: *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* , ch. 11)

Editor's Note: Michael's experiences with Mani were wide-ranging and extraordinarily revealing. We have devoted an entire book to Mani, which discloses extensive, first-hand accounts of Mani's demonstrations of psychokinetic powers and in-depth descriptions of her apprenticeship and the esoteric knowledge that allowed her to attain such extraordinary abilities. *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* , 23 Chapters, 32 Subsections, ASIN B01ICAW6JM. Excerpts from this book are available in the Anthology Section later in this volume.

* * *

This set of interesting insights came when I inquired of Master Amrita regarding the concept of "different constructions of reality." Amrita answered: "A construction of reality simply means the way you organize what you choose to perceive as the reality around you. You create your existence and its physical setting—you then structure all of it with as much or as little organization as you find necessary at any point. The organization has an essential purpose; to provide for all who share a common reality a consistency and persistence of the physical world, two very necessary elements. The consistency of perceived reality is a result of several factors. Firstly, that everyone sharing a specific construction of reality agrees on the meanings and resultant symbols that are mutually constructed. I should add that this works because you choose to perceive all the similarities that connect you, and at the same time ignore all the dissimilarities. Out of a vast field of available perceptions—and I cannot emphasize enough how vast that field is—you focus upon very narrow, very specific areas of agreement and

ignore all others; this creates a commonality of perceived physical reality. The persistence arises as well from a mutually shared agreement, yet is more fluid and subject to change. Your shared reality is a construction in constant creation; shifts in the meanings and symbols drawn from the vast field of available perceptions are necessary and inevitable. Without such shifts, the world would seem static.

"Since you have a fixed idea of space and what occupies it, this becomes difficult to explain. However, many constructions of reality quite different from your own can exist in what you think of as the same space, yet go unperceived, simply because you choose to ignore perceptions that do not fit within the framework of your particular ideas of physical reality. Even so, portions of other constructions are occasionally glimpsed, especially in altered states of consciousness—like the edges of sleep or deep meditation—yet are disregarded because they do not conform to anything with which you are familiar or, most importantly, willing to accept. But do be aware that your consciousness can encompass all available constructions, if allowed to. It helps to understand that when you perceive other realities, you actually perceive a greater extent of your own consciousness. There is nothing apart from you."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite* , ch. 16)

* * *

Among the treasures of this incredible valley is *Siddhalaya* gompa (Tibetan; *dgon-pa* ; monastery—although I have been informed that *Siddhalaya* gompa is not a true monastery, but rather a "retreat in the solitude.") An imposing and stirringly beautiful structure, it rises two and three levels, said to have been built in sections over hundreds of years. Set to the north and some distance apart from the village, the gompa is positioned against a long, high cliff, a cliff unlike any I have seen elsewhere in the *Great Himalayan Range* , or in any mountains. This apparently igneous rock is composed entirely of a milky, translucent white quartz-granite. When illuminated by the sun, it glows with a sparkling radiance. The gompa itself is built from blocks of this same unusual material, cut and fitted with remarkable precision, hence presents a strikingly beautiful sight—inside and out—a gleaming white structure set beneath a shining white cliff.

On the gompa's west side there is an exquisite courtyard, shaded by huge

oaks and ornamented by flowering shrubs. Here the lamas teach, and here the masters occasionally appear, sometimes to instruct, more often to assist students in complex visualizations. An adept's mere presence, I am told, engenders higher states of conscious awareness than could usually be achieved. Beyond the oaks, in the granite and evergreen, the lake of turquoise glitters beneath the snow peaks.

It is evening. The wind blows snow from the great pinnacles that glisten with last light, the horizon encompassing the peaks falls into deep purple shadow, the glaciers glow in deep sunset shades. Two chelas (students) are present, as is Lama Karpa and the Master R.K., the adept I met on the courtyard steps by the lake. I sit very still, slowly emerging into the courtyard from a quiet meditation. As I open my eyes, an extraordinary scene presents itself. Around R.K. is a halo of light, distinct yet pale in cast, and from this halo extend tubular shafts of light to each of the chelas. The light shifts and shimmers in a constantly changing pattern of colors. And there is another light, the source of which I cannot detect. It is also luminous yet pale, like transparent silver, illuminating all but leaving no trace of shadow, as if it comes from everywhere, yet nowhere. I am transfixed by this unexpected beauty. The lines of light flow and pulsate like living things.

Momentarily, a large raven wheels in the air and alights on a shrub beside me. The branch sways but he is pleased with his perch and reports the fact loudly: "CAAAA!" Instantly I feel annoyed—the light disappears, I blink—the scene appears as one would expect. I narrow my eyes at the raven, but he does not care.

The light, I am certain, still exists, yet is invisible to me at this ordinary level of conscious awareness. What else is invisible to ordinary awareness? Suddenly, a far better question comes to mind: What of that visible in ordinary awareness is truly real?

Later, I tell Lama Karpa what I observed. He cocks his head, a smile graces his face, he nods. "Yes, that is good, very good. And you wish now to know what it was you were seeing, is that not so?"

"Exactly," I say.

"It is simple, and elegant. Light, in myriad form and hue, is the manner in which your awareness apprehends energies of a higher vibration, of a higher order or plane. The light you saw was simply a cognitive symbol in your awareness of the higher aspects of consciousness, of Pure Being."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A*

Chronicle of Power , ch. 6)

The Scope of Power and Knowledge

"*The prime element is this: The content of your consciousness awareness becomes the content of your experience—is what manifests as your outer reality. The inner manifests as the outer. That is the great understanding. That is the only rule.* " —Master Amrita

The purpose of this chapter is to provide inspiration for those interested in pursuing advanced abilities. It requires a great deal of study and diligent effort to acquire such abilities, and there's no use in pretending otherwise, so an inspirational chapter is important to promote perseverance.

Several weeks after my arrival in *Siddhalaya* , Lama Dhanaga and Lama Karpa, the lamas of that remote village, requested that I assist in recovering a manuscript recently discovered in Tibet. Through a series of adventures, the document was retrieved and returned as the lamas requested. In this quest, I had the company of my constant companion, Sari. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in this section is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and the chapters of this volume are included following the reference guide.

I tell Kenji of the lamas' request for Sari and I to travel to recover the manuscripts (he knows this, judging from his expression), and my concerns about the dangers of the trip, to Sari and I, and of my thought of him going in Sari's place. With this I have broken new ground; he actually looks surprised.

"What an excellent and magical adventure it is!" He jumps up in his springy way and paces rapidly back and forth. "A true adventure like those of the old days. It is very nice of you to think of including me, of course, but the lamas are . . . well, they are right." (Kenji looks as if this admission causes some discomfort.)

"About what?" I ask.

Still he is pacing. "You are very fortunate to have this splendid adventure, my friend, very fortunate indeed. It is to be acclaimed, not questioned."

Apparently he didn't hear me, I think.

Glinting eyes turn on me. "I heard you perfectly well. Listen now. Pay

attention. It is time that I instruct you on how one handles a magical adventure. And, by the way, all of life is a magical adventure—the most magical of all adventures is the ascent to and the expression of higher consciousness—it is the very purpose of life. Ready?" He is staring at me with eyes somehow glowing brighter and brighter. I nod.

"The content of your consciousness awareness is the content of your experience—is what manifests as your outer reality. The inner manifests as the outer. That is it, period. That is the great understanding. That is the only rule. Consciousness creates everything except consciousness. Remember this. Do not forget. Your imagination is your greatest tool. Use it correctly, with impeccable discipline. Through your imagination—the thoughts and images you entertain in your mind—you determine the outcomes that you experience, all the outcomes, all the circumstances and events in your life. As long as you know of your own power, as long as you know the experiences and outcomes you desire truly exist and you entertain thoughts and images of only that outcome and nothing else, it will manifest in your experience. No other result is possible. Have you got that?"

I nod.

"Now you know everything that is worth knowing about the creation of apparent reality, on any level. All the rest is detail only; all the philosophies in the world, religious or otherwise, can be at once identified as either revelation or as gibberish once you understand this truth." He thinks for a moment. "Well, there is a little more. I understand that you have not yet recognized that anything is as likely or unlikely, as probable or improbable, as possible or impossible, as any other thing. Have you?"

He says this quite emphatically. I shake my head no.

"Alright. That is the result of your logical mind's action, the concrete mind, the lower manas. It is the intellect; a wonderful tool for certain things, the worst possible barrier for others, a real tiger of a hurdle. The intellect can use only reason and logic. But, as you well know, logic is not everything. Even things that are patently false can be proven by the rules of logic, yes?"

"Sure. It's been shown that the rules of symbolic logic don't even apply to actual experience."

"Naturally. Never mind that. Pay attention."

I nod and decide to keep quiet.

"In the case of this magical journey, you should have no problem with intellectual considerations arising from reason, rational thought, and logic.

None of these considerations should interfere with your ability to reach a state of knowing that you will succeed. You will not need to overcome any of these intellectual processes; they will not be obstacles. Even an ordinary person can see that you stand an excellent chance of successfully obtaining the text and returning in perfect order."

Kenji is right, and I admit that it's true.

"Good. Later we will work on achieving those things that your intellectual mind tells you are impossible. Very little, my friend, is impossible. The so-called laws of nature are only the usual and customary behaviors of matter and energy in response to ordering influences that flow from consciousness in higher orders of reality. These laws are not set in stone, they are unlimitedly flexible—they respond to conscious intent, as I think you are beginning to understand. The trick is to move beyond simply believing that something may be possible—that is not nearly enough to manifest real power—to a state of knowing. All time is simultaneous, which, relevant to your perception, means that everything that can possibly happen has already happened. You select the outcome you wish to experience through your thoughts and images. However, it is greatly helpful to actually know that whatever outcome you desire is already real. Once that is accomplished, you then meet that outcome in what you perceive of as time, that apparently linear sequence of events necessary for you to perceive anything in the physical sense. It is significant to recognize that whatever outcome you aspire to experience is already real; if it were not, you would not be capable of imagining or desiring it, but that discussion need wait, in your sense of time of course. For now you must understand that you may attain the power to draw to yourself anything that you desire—any event, any circumstance, any situation, any form—as easily as you draw a breath, and just as quickly."

There are times when we must be skeptical of our skepticism. Such incredible concepts have a way of being easily rejected by one generation after another, only to be confirmed by the next. We see physicists doing this now. "I've seen quite a lot since I've been here," I say, and immediately realize what a stunning understatement it is. "Like that shirt," I mumble.

"Shirt? What shirt?" he asks.

"The one you gave me, right there, by the stage."

"Oh that." Kenji rolls his eyes. "That is nothing; and I mean it literally. Direct manifestations are easy once you know you can do them, and know

the correct technique. After all, has not everything you perceive of as existing come originally from nothing?"

Here is the age old philosophical question, and the not so old cosmological question: How did the Universe arise *ex nihilo* , out of nothing? "So the shirt came from nothing?"

"Certainly, depending upon your point of view. Material things are misnamed; they exist in your conscious awareness only, so are not material at all; matter exists in consciousness only, as does energy."

Author's Note: There is extensive scientific support for this view; matter is only energy in a "frozen" or condensed state. Professor Stephen Hawking and others have shown that the total energy content of the Universe, in accordance with complex calculations of a balance sheet of all positive and negative energies, is precisely zero. What we perceive of as energy, thus all mass, is the result of a tension between two parts of a duality whose totality is nonexistent. As Professor Hawking points out, "it's simply a matter of getting one zero energy system out of another." The zero-energy universe concept appears to have first been published in 1973 when Edward Tryon proposed in the scientific journal *Nature* that the universe emerged from a large-scale quantum fluctuation of vacuum energy, resulting in its positive mass-energy being exactly balanced by its negative gravitational potential energy. Pascual Jordan later suggested that since the positive energy of a star's mass and the negative energy of its gravitational field together may have zero total energy, conservation of energy would not prevent a star being created by a quantum transition of the vacuum. George Gamow, the great theoretical physicist and cosmologist, recounts mentioning this idea to Albert Einstein: "Einstein stopped in his tracks and, since we were crossing a street, several cars had to stop to avoid running us down."

Someone calls from the courtyard. Kenji squints and gestures in that direction. Finally he sits. "I will tell you a little more. All things actually do come from nothing, yet that nothing must be cognized as something to be seized upon and utilized by the relative mind's processes of thought and imagery. That something is not *something* at all, but a no-thing, in a relative sense, as it is beyond all duality. Yet to recognize it, to name it, acts to bring it within the compass of awareness. In the old systems of adeptic knowledge, we called it Universal Substance, which is as good a name as any. What is most important . . . I cannot overstress the importance of knowing that what

you call reality is an unlimitedly fluid matrix, something within which an unlimited range of things are possible; you must come to know how they are possible and why they are possible. If you know that, then you know that you can accomplish what you wish. If you know you can, you can. If there is even the slightest trace of doubt anywhere in your mind it will greatly impede your ability to manifest power directly, that is with conscious awareness of what you are doing. There is a great difference between direct manifestation and creating the experiences of everyday life. Those experiences are within the ordinary flow of your time and evolution and expectations. Everyone, no matter how equipped, creates all of their physical, emotional, and mental experience of life through the principles of consciousness, yet most all of those individuals are entirely unaware of such power, far less that they exercise it continuously. All the events and circumstance in their lives are of their own creation, but that creation occurs in an unrealized manner, by way of their primary beliefs and expectations regarding life and by way of their decisions—the choices based upon their basic beliefs. So for most, this process of creating represents little more than unthought, unexamined, default decisions."

"That's a basic concept in Tantric practice, isn't it?" I ask.

"Of course. All who reach an expanded awareness possess the mental flexibility to become knowledgeable of what creates the experience of reality in the dimensions of space and time, and that is just the point."

"What point?"

Kenji looks out over the lake, as if deciding what to say. "Michael, this at first will seem contradictory, but directly and knowingly creating the events and circumstances in your life is exceedingly difficult for one who has come from the Western world. You see, you are unspeakably more conditioned to believe that life and reality work in certain limited ways, and not in other more expansive ways, then you can possibly realize. This is the end result of a materialistic society and its conceptualizations of what reality is, and more importantly, what it is not. Much of it is based upon the old classical Western view of nature, the deterministic Cartesian-Newtonian view, which has long since been superseded by science, of course, yet that evolved knowledge has not altered the ordinary person's perception of reality. This is especially true since that perception continually creates their experiences, which, in turn, they allow to dictate their beliefs. There is nothing more absurd, or more common, than allowing experiences to create and reinforce beliefs when it is

beliefs that create experiences. Here is a truly vicious circle. Such ingrained conditioning is extremely difficult to overcome, as you can easily see. Yet it may be bypassed by expanding one's awareness to encompass a greater range of reality. To access your true power requires that you bypass the intellectual mind's conditioning and the resultant barriers of false concepts and beliefs, enforced, as it were, by your rational and logical calculations. Reason and logic, in and of themselves, are excellent tools, but cannot determine the difference between the true and the false, the real and the unreal; they will support and impose both equally and indiscriminately. Expanding the awareness of an intellectual mind whose false conditioning and false beliefs are deeply ingrained is an exceedingly difficult process, and highly dangerous. The intellectual mind holds tight to its patterns; it is very resistant, very resilient. It is only when such a conditioned mind's beliefs are utterly shattered that it may go on to states of greater awareness. Yet, if the beliefs are inalterably impatterned, that process will shatter the intellectual mind as well. A new and expanded mind may arise, or may not, depending upon the intent of the individual. And that is why the path of true knowledge must be followed to the end."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 13)

* * *

The leelas (plays) held in the courtyard of the gompa have concluded; the stage falls dark, but somehow still resonates with the magic of the plays. Sari and I sit talking in whispers—suddenly she looks up and around the courtyard; her body tenses. "She's here," Sari whispers excitedly, pulling her leg off me and sitting bolt upright. "Oh, I knew she would come."

"Who's here?" I ask, looking around.

Sari is practically bouncing on the bench, not at all in keeping with her usual quiet manner. "Mia is here," she claims, then shushes me and sits very still.

I look around again, but see no one new in the courtyard. Fenn and Maxi are talking behind us; when I turn to say something, I notice Kenji sitting beside me. How did he appear so suddenly?

Kenji is wearing his crazy grin. To Sari he says, "My dear, Lemia has been observing all night, of course. What could possibly make you think otherwise?" Sari says nothing in return.

He looks at me, eyes showing amusement. “Now you will see something, my friend,” he says mysteriously, as usual. He points at the stage with his chin. “Relax and focus your awareness.”

I do, and in a moment I detect a very pale haze of light centered over the raised area of the courtyard. I look about and notice a faint radiance all around, that mysterious light that casts no shadows and seems to come from everywhere, yet nowhere. I feel a warm tingling in my body.

Sari takes both of my hands in hers. “Look,” she says softly, “that is my Mia.”

I do. Literally seeming to appear out of nowhere, there, on the courtyard stage, stands a beautiful woman. She speaks. “I have come to visit my wonderful friends in this valley, my daughters in light, and all the dear ones here tonight.” She steps closer to us. “What you have just witnessed, you too may accomplish. All that need be attained is the realization and expression of that which you truly are. Know that what you now see is an emanation and conditioned expression of my True Self in what you call physical form. Know that the I Am that I Am is identical to the I Am that you are. The I Am that I Am is Infinite Being; Infinite Being is the I Am that I Am. Know that though you seem human, you are much more than what human appears or is ordinarily thought to be. It is through the life and power of your True Self that Infinite Being comes into expression through the individual. This I Am Self, which is power, substance, and intelligence, is given form by consciousness. Know that Infinite Being is within you as wisdom and love, and is brought forth into expression and form through consciousness. The consciousness and intelligence within you is the Infinite Mind, and the magnitude of that which you express is determined by the concepts that you hold. Each may experience Universal Mind through the truer thought in higher awareness and so bring forth a truer expression of Self; through false belief and restricted thought we bring forth only a restricted expression. By experiencing our unity with Infinite Mind in higher awareness we may stand as one with the sum of all intelligence and all knowledge and thus know ourselves as we truly are. Know that whether the form we bring forth is perfect or imperfect, the True Self that expresses that form is perfect. It is not the Being of the form that you wish to change but the form through which that Being is expressed. This is done through renewing the mind and unlearning the false, thus changing thoughts from an imperfect image to a perfect and ideal image, and from concepts of limitation to higher concepts of

unity in Infinite Being with all its wisdom, power, abundance, and love expressing in and through us."

Everyone sits spellbound. I am riveted by the entire experience.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 16)

Fundamental Understandings

"If apart from the principles of consciousness one hopes to find the way, it is like trying to twist a rope of sand. Those who know the principles apply them in their daily life, with each and every thought they think. And what of those who live without that knowledge? At the end of each day they exhaust another empty cycle, and at the end of days exhaust an empty life ." —Egyptian Masteress *Kalika-Khenmetaten* , circa 1370 B.C.

This chapter is quite wide-ranging and represents a collection of difficult to categorize portions of the wisdom and knowledge of the masters. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in this section is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and the chapters of this volume are included following the reference guide.

After the leelas (plays) have concluded, we sit in the courtyard of the gompa. Sari whispers in my ear, "Mia wants to talk with you. She will be waiting by the cliff."

Sari's whispering in my ear is misinterpreted, naturally, and brings loud teasing. How much can happen in one night, I wonder? Suddenly I have a strange feeling come over me. Masteress Lemia. She seems so ethereal to me, so goddess-like, especially after what I just saw. And she wants to talk to me. A whirl of emotions comes. I feel hesitant about this. What could she have to say to me? And why? Sari says that Lemia is her guardian; is that not the same as a protector?

Sari slides off my lap and tugs me to my feet. As we walk toward the woods, hand in hand, suggestive calls and cheers follow us, but my mind is elsewhere. "Sari, could this maybe wait for another time?" I ask.

She shakes her head. "I told Mia about us, but she already knew. She is very happy, and wishes to speak to you."

Lemia is very happy, Sari tells me. This seems comforting. We walk

toward the cliff, then turn westward. The woods are thick, but the celestial sphere that has inspired so many poets reflects brightly, lighting our way. We ramble happily in misty air, winding through firs and pines; the moonlight seems even brighter now, beams and shifting shadows cast the forest in magical and enchanting moods. There is a brighter light ahead, glowing on the trees and cliff. We circle around a tight group of pines to greet a scene that stops us both.

The first thing that comes to mind is that we have stumbled upon a spectacle out of some grand Arthurian production, an image from an ancient Aquarian Camelot. Four torches stand staked out around a low, flat, gleaming white cliff-stone. Kenji is here with Lemia; they sit, smiling and talking, quite active, touching and holding hands. Lemia is radiantly beautiful in garland and sheer gown. Kenji is in new white, his cuffs and collar trimmed in emerald green; his hair is oiled and pulled back, fastened into a ponytail. He looks so different, nobly handsome. Both emit a star-fire corona of light; halos glow in the mist about them. This is the perfect picture of a magic princess with her pretty prince, a king with his beautiful queen, or, perhaps, a young Merlin with his majestic liege. They both radiate a royal presence, that natural grace and nobility that sometimes comes to those of high birth; an air of divine ease with the world, a regal dignity born of the knowledge that their realm is secure, their life inviolate, that nothing lies beyond their power.

I feel a sense of intruding, of spying; apparently Sari feels the same. She squeezes my hand and looks pensive, as if to ask, ‘Are you ready for this?’ We continue toward the royal couple; they turn and smile as we draw closer. Now Kenji leans forward and kisses Lemia, quite robustly. Perhaps, as in ancient Greece, here too the gods are amorous. Kenji slides aside on the flat stone, indicating that we are to sit with them.

I sit between Lemia and Sari; this is the closest I have been to Lemia. She looks at me with incredible warmth. I cannot help but stare. She is awe inspiring, never have I seen such perfect features, and her eyes—pale green with golden flecks, incredibly deep—they look bottomless, as if I am staring into infinity. I am mesmerized, so thoroughly as to feel lost. I want to speak but find I cannot, or better not. Lemia smiles at me, and, perhaps, at my distress.

Kenji is joking with Sari. Her giggling brings me back, a long passage. Sari takes my hand and looks serious. “Mia, I am so glad we are here together. May we have your blessing?”

“Dear Sari,” Lemia replies, “the blessing you ask for is not mine to give, and neither you nor Michael require any such thing. Only you can bless your relationship; that power belongs to no other.”

“But you approve,” Sari presses.

Lemia smiles and looks down for a moment, as if hiding her amusement. “Sari, approval is your choice, not mine; clearly your choice is love; your love is your approval.”

Sari looks determined. “But you do approve.”

Lemia glances at Kenji, then smiles at Sari. “Of course I do. It is wonderful; there is much more for you to explore and experience together. You will find great happiness, just as you have before.”

“Before?” I manage to ask, though not in my best voice, as it turns out.

“Yes,” Lemia replies. “You have been together before, in your sense of relative time. But this should not concern you; it is this life that is important; were another more meaningful, you would be experiencing it now.”

“We are soul mates?” Sari asks brightly.

Lemia nods. “But you must understand that you are not together to complete each other, for each of you is complete within yourself; nor are you together to complete some long ago begun yet unfinished mission. No. You have drawn yourselves to each other and chosen to be together again to complement one another through your journey into reality. Remember that you do not create ultimate reality, for you are that reality—rather, you create your experience of life, each your own. Within each of you are your own aspirations, your own challenges, your own answers, and the unique journey into reality that belongs to no other.”

“Often,” Kenji continues, “individuals come together to spend a lifetime, or many lifetimes, because they bring forth in each other the most positive expressions of what each is capable—positive being defined as thoughts, images, emotions and actions that most perfectly embody the highest truth, the unity of all that exists, experienced as the feeling of love. At the same time such a relationship serves in minimizing any expression of the false, that is, the concept of separation, experienced as fear and all the manifestations of fear; hate, greed, isolation, selfishness, and so on. While it is true that the evolution of the entire Universe is toward completion—a state where all have realized their oneness with all—each individual is complete within his or her own self, as each person’s true self is a perfect expression of the Infinite.”

“As I spoke tonight,” Lemia says, “the key is to recognize and express

our highest and truest self, through the manifest (physical) self."

"Then," Kenji adds, "as each fully recognizes the power of their true Being, they recognize themselves as creators, creating each and every experience of life, and joining in the communal creation of the world. Those that recognize this no longer blame events or circumstances or others for what occurs in their life. It is at that point that they are ready to grasp true creative freedom and the power of consciousness, and utilize it."

Lemia nods in agreement. "You must understand the nature of physical reality, that you form it. As you think, so is your world. The reality you experience is a replica of your thoughts and images. You must recognize and realize (make real) the power and energy of your own Being, and realize that creation always comes from within, from that expression of Infinite Being that is within you. You are the very beings that create and inhabit this earth. You create the continents and the seas, the mountains and the valleys, the winds and the rains, the seasons and the snows and the sunshine; you create it all."

This is much more than I can understand, or am ready to accept.

Kenji is watching me closely. "You see, nature is not a finished product, my friend. And it is not some sacred temple, nor is it a school," he says pointedly. "You can think of it as a workshop. Nature provides the raw materials, but mind must do the rest. You must unfold your natural ability to use the tools of consciousness. In this workshop you may do what you want: You may play half-knowingly or half-heartedly with your tools and manifest incomplete creations; or you may use the tools with knowledge and precision, thereby creating exactly what you desire; beauty, harmony, freedom, love, joy, abundance, fulfillment, anything. Your experience of reality is entirely up to you; in the physical realm as in all realms, it may be molded into anything, at any time—all that you can conceive of and know is attainable can become your experience."

"Kenji," I encourage, "there is much in what you are saying that I find difficult to comprehend."

Lemia squeezes my leg. "Michael, you may think of it this way: creating your life is much like painting a picture. Space and time are your canvas, your mind's thoughts and images are your brushes and blades, and grades of energy are the colors on your palette. You may paint your picture any way you wish; large or small, bold or subtle, colorful or drab, wonderful or terrible, pleasurable or painful, successful or disastrous, creative or

destructive; whatever you believe and imagine your picture can be. Your creation is what you call life, eternally unfolding in each split-second of the now."

Her breath is warm and sweet on my face, yet, melted as I feel, there is a counterpoint to be made. "But Lemia, life seems to include, for example, earthquakes and floods and venomous snakes, as well as benevolent adepts."

She smiles, but it is Kenji that answers. Sternly (with a touch of Aquinas, Spinoza, and Nietzsche), he says, "In your life? I think not. Good and bad are merely prejudices, terms that you apply to things according to their perceived advantage or injury to yourself or mankind. Nature itself is far beyond good and evil, and entirely ignores such egoistic terminology." He adds (as would Machiavelli), "What is truly good seldom coincides with what appears to be advantageous from an egoistic point of view, and few are those who can recognize and reconcile the two." Kenji smiles. "And it is not snakes that are dangerous," he assures me, "only the fear of snakes. Everything that dies dies by its own corruption, all that injures comes from within."

Lemia adds a warning. "Michael, you may go through life seemingly jostled about and battered by chance, happenstance and fate—your words for things that do not exist—or you may take up the tools you possess, the great principles of consciousness, and with them create precisely the life you most desire. If you do not impose impeccable discipline on your thoughts, mental images and emotions, directing them to encompass only what you wish to manifest in your experience, you can rely on them to be random and unruly, and manifest scores of undesired experiences, all the while drawing to you multitudes of unwanted circumstances, situations, and forms. The choice is yours, thought I believe that you have already made it. That is one of the reasons you are here."

"Very true," Kenji says, then stands. "Soon, Lemia, it will be time. We must go."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 17)

* * *

I sit in a room high in the gompa, overlooking the lake. The midday sun is full on the water and the room is filled with enchanting, undulating reflections. This morning, as I was researching in one of the library rooms, Lama Dhanaga arrived to ask in his usual brisk manner if I would consent to

visit with a man who, he said, would be arriving in the late morning. An Englishman, he said, with whom I might want to converse. The lama seemed far less then happy that this man was arriving, yet did not say why, nor did I inquire.

The man arrived as Dhanaga indicated, apparently brought by the young Tamang transporter and his wife, who seem to come and go as frequently as the trip to the lower lands will allow. The Englishman has traveled a great deal prior to arriving here. First to Egypt, then Ceylon, then to the Decca (the southern portion of India), on to Northern India, then into Nepal, and finally the long journey to this valley.

He's a fine fellow, John, very gentle in his manners and actions. He is full of emotion and exuberant sentiment, in which he is taking delight, for it seems to give him pleasure. Understandably excited to be here, he is eager to talk. I point out a stalking snow leopard—easily six-feet in length—alert frosty eyes and a coat of pale, misty gray, with black rosettes on rich fur. This is a rare and extraordinary sight, which I mention, and in response the man pours forth his sentiment and talks of the overwhelming beauty of such animals, of the great mountains, and of the forest and the lake. He has a pleasant voice, but, in an indefinable way, it seems out of place in this setting. A snow-pigeon comes, then another, and the two sit very close together, preening themselves, oblivious to the leopard's gaze.

We talk for some time of his travels; I am deeply curious to know how he came to be aware of this valley. But Lama Dhanaga arrives and we are interrupted. The man bows. "I have come to learn, and I am very faithful and devoted. And is that not the way to God?"

"Not in the sense in which you may think," the lama slowly replies. "For is devotion love? Is it something apart from our daily existence? Is it an act of sacrifice to be devoted to an idol, an object, to service, or action? Is it self-sacrifice when you are lost in your faith and devotion? When you have completely identified with the object of your faith, is that self-abnegation; does that represent loosing the bonds of the prison of ego? Is it selflessness to lose yourself in an idol, a book, in a prayer, in a faith, in a dogma? Is devotion the worship of an idol, an image of a deity, a person, a symbol? Do you truly believe that ultimate reality has any symbol? Can a symbol ever represent truth? Is not a symbol static, and can a static thing ever represent that which is living?" Dhanaga peers intently at the man. "Is your photograph you?"

Dhanaga can perhaps rival Tacitus in concentrating acid in a phrase. This is clearly not what the visitor expected, and he squirms a bit.

"Is it not important to find out if that faith has any substance behind it? To worship an idol is illusion, to live in illusion is to cling to one's own gratification; to yield to false appetites at any level is to be indulgent and given over to compulsion. The very concept of faith implies a belief in something you cannot understand or directly experience. The concept of knowing implies knowledge of that which you have experienced."

"You are very disturbing," the visitor says, "and I am not at all sure that I want to go on with this conversation. You see, I came here to worship at the same altar as those who are said to be greatly enlightened and holy, but I find that your worship is apparently entirely different, and what you say is beyond me. But I would like to know what is the nature of your worship. You have no pictures, no images, no statutes at all, but you must worship. Of what character is your worship?"

Dhanaga frowns. "If by worship you mean subservience and supplication to something viewed as greater than that which exists in one's own self, you will find no such worship here. We do not entertain idols, nor do we engage in dogmatic religious rituals. And you will find no holy men or saviors here, only adepts. What others call us is of no import whatever. If you came to worship, then know this: The worshipper is the worshipped; if they are both real, can they be separated? If they are not real, then what meaning does the worship have? Does the dreamer exist apart from the dream? To worship another is to worship oneself; the idol, the symbol, is a projection of oneself. Can you not see that your idol, your book, your prayer, is the reflection of your background?—it is your creation, though it be made by another. You choose according to your gratification; your choice is your prejudice. Your image is your intoxicant, and it is formed out of your own belief system, your own consciousness, your own memory; you are worshipping an image created by your own mind. Your devotion is your own creation, covered over by the illusions of your mind. The picture is yourself, it is your reflection. Such devotion is a form of self-deception that only leads to the sorrow and isolation which results from the illusion of separation."

Dhanaga rises and lingers by the wide window overlooking the lake. "For what are you really searching? And is this search the devotion of which you speak? To search after something is not to search; to seek truth through the intellect is not to find it. To seek something implies that it is separate

from you. You try to escape from yourself through search, which is illusion; you try in every way to take flight from what you are. Ego selves are petty, the personality self is essentially nothing, and the worship of something believed to be greater than that which exists within ourselves is as petty and ignorant as the ego. Ego identification with the great is still a projection of the small. The more is an extension of the less. The small in search of the large will find only what it is capable of finding, that is, the small. The small is powerless to cognize the large. The escapes are many and various, but the ego in escape is still fearful, narrow, judgmental, and ignorant."

Dhanaga is close to glaring. "You see, true freedom is the understanding of what IS. The IS can be understood only when the mind is no longer in search of an answer. The search for an answer in an idol is an escape from what IS. This escape is called by various names; two of which are faith and devotion; but to understand what IS, the mind must be silent, the awareness must expand to encompass what IS."

The visitor appears perplexed. "What do you mean by 'what is'?"

"What IS is that which is unchanging from moment to moment; it is that which lies beyond all illusion; it is that which is eternal; it is that of which our consciousness is a part; it is that in which we have our being; it is, in short, the All-That-Is. It is the source and substance of all that exists. To understand the whole process of your beliefs, your faith, your worship, your devotion to that which you call God, would require an awareness of what IS. But I do not detect that you have any aspiration to understand what IS; for your escape from what IS, which you call faith and devotion, is a source of greater pleasure, and so illusion becomes of greater significance than reality. This is typical of the egoistic self. The understanding of what IS does not depend upon ordinary thought, for that thought is itself a process of the egoistic mind, a subset of what IS; it is an escape. To think about the problem is not to understand it. It is only when the mind is silent that the truth of what IS unfolds. What IS is the subject, never the object."

"Well," says the visitor, obviously disconcerted, puzzled, yet gathering himself. "I believe that I am content with what I have."

Although all this talk of Dhanaga's has certainly had its effect on John, there are few original ideas here, yet perhaps that may be forgiven for in philosophy all truth is old and only error is new. Originality is after all not parthenogenesis; it is, like parentage, a novel combination of pre-existing elements.

I am engrossed in making notes of this conversation, as it had its interesting points, yet not so riveted as to miss the appearance of what I first take to be a vision. This room has an open passageway to a large balcony overlooking the lake; in the passage stands a woman, young in appearance and incredibly beautiful. Such persons are often called radiant, and she is, but more literally so. She is surrounded, almost obscured, by a mist of light, an ovid of radiance.

Dhanaga's eyes widen. "Oh my . . . Masteress Lemia, welcome." Dhanaga bows stiffly. "Masteress, what . . ."

Ignoring Dhanaga, she sweeps into the room as if gliding; she glances at me with a melting smile and what appears to be a wink. Now she bends and gently cups the visitor's face in her hands. "John. You have come. Good."

The man is clearly overwhelmed. Tears roll in abundance; though he tries, he seems unable to speak. She is always a vision, I think, as always.

"Rise," the vision says.

The man manages to stand, and yet far from composed, he finds his voice. "I . . . I know you . . . I mean I've seen you —who could forget—but it was in a dream, it was a dream . . ."

Lemia puts her finger to the man's lips. "Shhh. John, let us go out unto the balcony. The cool air will compose you."

They exit; Lama Dhanaga and I follow discreetly. We sit on beautifully carved wood benches arrayed about the white stone. I wonder what is about to happen.

"Be calm and listen," directs our exquisite vision, "for there is much you do not know. I visit many but few remember. You need not be upset. You see, what Dhanaga is trying to explain is that what you have come to conceive of as God is only an inexpressibly limited concept of what IS." Masteress Lemia turns to Dhanaga, her green eyes shining. "Perhaps a bit too directly. Allow me to try a somewhat different expression."

She gazes up at the peaks, as if drawing something to her. "Let me start with this. Infinite Being cannot be known to the ordinary intellectual mind, for the intellect cannot be cognizant of anything beyond dualities. All Being has its source in the Absolute, which is a unity, a monality, utterly unconditioned and undifferentiated, and therefore literally invisible to the intellect. The mind can only perceive within the construct of a subject and an object; this duality cannot be overcome within ordinary conscious awareness. Always there is the relationship of the knower to the known, the perceiver to

the perceived. The world, the object, always seems apart from the observer, the subject.

"These dualities introduce structure, wherein not only subject-object perception separates observer from observed, but space and time seem to separate all things that may be observed or experienced; persons, ideas, objects, events, circumstances, and all else. Yet space and time, like subject and object, are entirely an illusion. Space and time are not things that exist, but a format by which you perceive, a framework within which you experience being in a physical form. Space-time is a construct of consciousness, and not of the Real. You experience space-time as a reality only because your intellectual and physical self is no more real than it is. This space-time realm of structure and separation gives rise to many difficulties, as the illusions tend to obscure the real. All that you see in relative physical reality is based on a perception of dualities—spirit and matter, construction and destruction, evolution and devolution, male and female, light and dark, hot and cold, up and down, here and there, now and then—the examples are endless. But in seeing things in terms of dualities, the wholeness is missed; not only the wholeness but the true unity; not only the unity but the love; not only the love but the utter perfection and completeness of all that IS."

Lemia turns against the backdrop of turquoise lake, emerald forest and snow-clad peaks—she eclipses it all, so beautiful she cannot be anything but a vision.

"Humankind, in superstition and ignorance, has rarely recognized the illusions of the physical world for what they are, a thin veneer veiling an immensely greater reality. The veil of separation cast by the illusions of subject-object perception, duality and causality, have rarely been lifted. However, sensing that greater realities lie beyond the relative world, and based upon the recognition of those who are capable of seeing and realizing higher awareness, systems of belief and practice have sprung forth in every culture worthy of the term. Sadly, the true insights of those seers, sages, shamans, mystics, masters, and adepts, the founders of those systems we call religions, have been largely lost beneath an overgrowth of superstition, dogma, and an administrative hierarchy seeking power and wealth, altogether obscuring the meaning of the original teachings. The vast majority of organized religions are little more than adolescent personality cults, aggrandizing the teacher to the great detriment of the teachings. This has led to all kinds of nonsense, the worst of which is the invocation of supernatural

powers and supernatural deities; all the gods of all the religions, of which, I imagine, there must be many, many millions. Most destructive of all has been man's tendency to an anthropomorphic interpretation of this tiny and distorted glimpse of the Infinite, giving all too human tendencies and characteristics to what is said to be a divine, if highly unpredictable and judgmental supernatural being, ever thundering and punishing. The hypothesis of a supernatural god is utterly useless for explaining or understanding the world. It is nothing more than the superstitious worship of an empty idol, and in no way represents true knowledge or the aspiration to express the ideal found in that knowledge. Only an idol demands blind belief and faith; an ideal inspires affirmative imagination and the growth of knowledge. An ideal is vibrant and alive, an idol empty and dead. An idol is something external; an ideal exists within, to be expressed—an ideal inspires expression, and expression is creativity, the very essence of life and being.

"John, if the extent of knowledge, true knowledge, that may be known to the highest level of awareness that man may attain can be compared to the entire surface of this planet—boundless yet finite—the part of that vast extent that can be known by someone whose awareness is constrained and burdened by a belief in one or many supernatural deities is the equivalent of a few square meters of infertile sand. The reason for this is not difficult to understand, if one has the courage to look. The theist's belief in an anthropomorphic god inherently requires and instills the belief that one is separate from the Infinite; separate from the One Principle; separate from the source and substance of all-that-is; separate from limitless wisdom, power, and love; separate from the ability to create one's own experience of life and reality; separate from other individuals; separate from all the natural world; along with the belief that one is finite, limited, mortal, imperfect, incomplete, and essentially powerless. All of these beliefs, without exception, are absolutely false, and, once accepted, absolutely terminate an individual's potential to reach a recognition and realization, on any level, of all knowledge that has the quality of truth."

Lemia turns a gentle smile to Dhanaga. "Yet we must not be blind to the contributions of organized religion to social order, to moral character, to music and art, to the mitigation of poverty and misery. Recognizing its rational incredibility, we see the vital aspect of religion being not its creed but the support it has provided to man's morality and the reinforcing bond it has woven among the members of generations of families and states. Many

masters have found use for man's supernatural beliefs for the consolation of suffering, the elevation of character, and the strengthening of social instincts. Though popular conceptions of deity may be absurd, the wise man will understand that simple minds need simple ideas and pictorial symbols. From these they may grow, as sometimes the emptiest vessels are the most resonate.

"The experiences that you have had, and characterize as having been an experience of your god, were very real and truly profound, but had nothing to do with some supernatural being that purportedly superintends this world and your life. What you were reaching and experiencing was a portion of your own greater Inner-Self, which is nothing less than that which you conceive of as your god, and actually inexpressibly more. Your concept of god determines your concept of yourself; the more it resembles truth, the greater the power and quality of your life."

Lemia takes John's hand; they stand and look to the lake and mountains. "This scene, it possesses great beauty; is this not true?"

"Yes, yes of course," John responds.

"Then know this," Lemia says. "The scene you are observing, it is not real in the greater sense of the word, it is only that which your mind perceives and conceptualizes as physical reality. But the beauty, John—the beauty is very, very real—it is a true expression of the Infinite. Not in nature but in you exists all the beauty you behold. The beauty upon which you look in wonder and awe is as a doorway, and through this doorway of wonder you may sense the Infinite of which I speak, the vast perfection in which we all exist. Each person has keys to pass the doorway to the virtues of greater awareness and expression of the Real; and each has his own. Your deep love and awe of beauty is one of your keys, John. Do you understand? Do you sense this? In the end, beauty and virtue are one—the unity of the part with the whole."

John is staring, not at the lake and the mountains, but at Masteress Lemia. And from the look on his face, were I were asked I would say that yes, he does understand. Beauty, Emerson says, is but infinity gazing upon its own reflection. If so, then beauty is never so much in the eye of the beholder as in his or her mind—the deeper the mind, the more profound the beauty. Perhaps this is why the shallow see only the most superficial of nature's beauty, and the wise see it in all things, and equate beauty with truth and eternity. Beauty is not mere harmony and proportion, as Plato and Aristotle thought, but the living consciousness, the unseen essence in things.

Yet, if John has indeed mistaken caricature for divinity, will he now be able, once so immersed, to retreat from, or gain ground against, this church-counsel religion, priest-craft, and irrational dogma? Here is the entangling superstition which has been man's paltry consolation for so many long millennium—a real sort of cowardice in the face of divinity. The cynical Ovid wrote, Voltaireanly: *Expedit esse deos, et ut expedit esse putemus* —'it is convenient that there should be gods, and that we should think they exist.' Such superstition has always been driven by the unknown elements and mysteries of life, especially that greatest and most troubling of all mysteries. Could it be that if there would have been no death in the world, there would have been no gods?

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite* , ch. 15)

* * *

Shrina and I take a path around the west end of the village. As we stroll past the last buildings, we pass an area where the village's few resident large animals are sheltered. Noticing lights and activity, we investigate. It is an animal enclosure, smallish, roofed and bedded with straw. A young yak is in labor. Chiricu and two others are here with her. The yak watches them carefully, and if one moves away for any reason, she protests with a strange sound—a yak moo, I suppose—gently but insistently. Shrina tells me that this is her first calf. At this critical time, the young yak obviously wants all her friends around her. They're here and she seems content, but laboring heavily. Chiricu asks me to assist and I gladly consent.

The new yak is soon born; a female, glistening and beautiful in the undulating light. The mother gets up and circles her new baby, licking and nuzzling it gently. She's clearly happy but jealous enough to nudge us aside if we come too close. She continues this for quite some time; finally she grows tired. I help hold the baby so it can nurse; the mother seems grateful, but still uneasy. At last she calms down, but still will not let any of us depart without protest. Chiricu sits on the ground, the new mother lays down and puts her head in Chiricu's lap; the tiny yak dines happily.

Lama Karpa arrives to bestow a blessing upon this newly arrived animal. With him come several well-wishers. The mother yak gazes about, proud of her new baby and happy to be such a center of attention. One woman kneels and decks the tiny, wide-eyed creature with a collar of coarse red yarn. The

woman's sister holds forth a battered copy containing some of the *Dhammapada's* 423 verses (the Path or Way of the Buddha's *Dhamma* or Teaching, the most famous scripture in the Pali Canon). She asks the High Lama to read from it.

"That will not be necessary," Lama Karpa replies. "We must simply be aware of our gratitude for all that manifests from the Infinite Source."

"We must have a ceremony," the old woman insists.

Lama Karpa shakes his head. "Neither yak nor man was made for ritual. Ritual is intended only to assist the simple man in focusing his awareness."

"But is it not our religion?" the woman asks.

"Religion does not come from scripture," the lama answers, "scripture emerges from the experiences that give rise to what you call religion. You must recognize the vast difference, and so avoid an age-old delusion. Higher knowledge cannot come from any scripture, but rather scripture comes from the experience of higher knowledge. Scripture can assist our understanding, but it is not direct knowledge itself, it is only someone's experience of a greater awareness, translated into symbols, expressions that most closely relate to their experience and what that experience meant to them. Symbols of an experience are not the experience itself. Enlightenment is a state of being; like all states of being it cannot be described. And of course, all symbolic expressions of experience are deeply colored by the experiencer's own beliefs and background. Only beyond the confines of the symbolic lies that which is pure awareness, the experience of the One."

The woman frowns, but does not further argue. He is, after all, the Lama of *Siddhalaya* , and not easily countered.

"One moment," a resonant voice sounds. All turn; there, standing among us, is Master R.K. He smiles, bows his head slightly toward the earlier frowning now gaping woman.

"Hold forth your hands, my dear." She does. He reaches out his right hand, palm up, open and empty, and holds it over hers. In a split-second shimmer of bright golden light there appears in his hand a beautiful little bell of gold, its rim inlaid with deep blue lapis lazuli. There is no misinterpreting this; I am not three feet away. He places the bell into the woman's outstretched hands. "Here is an offering for the new creature, to celebrate her arrival in the physical world."

Tears fill the woman's eyes. "Thank you master," she murmurs softly. She kneels and attaches the bell to the red yarn collar. The diminutive yak is

now very well equipped.

Master R.K. smiles. “We have had our little ceremony, which is well. However, Karpa is correct. You need realize how necessary it is to not cling to the ceremonies of yesterday, or, indeed, to any of the things of yesterday. It is vitally necessary to release each day, to release each minute, to release the many yesterdays and all that has gone by. Without such moving forward, without such detachment from past experience, there is no renewing, and without renewal there is no new realization, thus no new creation. The experiences of the past are no measure of the creative powers of tomorrow. The experiences of the past must never be allowed to give rise to the expectations of tomorrow. If you allow it, the experiences of the past give birth to their own continuity, and the doubts of yesterday give life to the doubts of tomorrow. There is no release from this continuity except in the release of the past. In this there is wisdom. In this, each new day is fresh and clear, free from the light and darkness of all yesterdays; the song of the birds is heard for the first time; the beauty of the mountains seen for the first time; all things are experienced anew. If we carry the memory of yesterday, it constricts and darkens our awareness. As long as the mind is the mechanical machine of memory, it knows no rest, no quietude, no silence; it is forever running in its old ruts, wearing itself out, its awareness narrowed by memories of the past. The mind which is still can reach deeper within—can become aware on a higher level—but a mind that is in constant, purposeless activity wears out and is useless. The wellspring is in the release of each moment as it passes; this is the essence of all creativity.”

The animals are well-settled, drowsing happily. With good-byes and hugs from Chiricu, Shrina and I take leave of the new yak, her mother and her friends. Walking along the cliff to our cottage, I consider what R.K. said. I’ve long noticed that those who display a marked tendency to live in or from the past do not seem to benefit from the present—instead they go in circles, encountering near identical experiences repeatedly—they are impetuous, and plunge into good or evil with little loss of time in deliberation. Perhaps for such people the chief charm of the past should be the knowledge that they don’t have to live it again.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite* , ch. 11)

* * *

In midmorning a man appears, a man that all here call a “master,” walking with the High Lama of *Siddhalaya* and several others down the wide stone steps by the crystal lake. They present a festive air, with the others, who I have been told are students, beaming and chatting quietly. I draw closer and sit near to where they gather, overhearing the end of the master’s comments.

“How necessary it is to daily renew and consistently strive for a greater realization of the majestic principles of consciousness, of their ultimately overarching nature, and of their transcendence of all physical law. Through your striving, through your attainment of clarity and focus, and through your intent, you have begun to open your awareness. Yet listen well, for I tell you that not one among you yet has the faintest comprehension of the true depth and breadth of the invariant principles. By them you may access virtually measureless wisdom and power, for they are as vast as the universe, and equally as infinite. The only restrictions are those that you yourself create, by imposing limits upon your own power, and boundaries upon your own awareness.”

The students nod approvingly, as if they understand.

The master smiles. “Do not forget, the more developed the individual consciousness the more persistently it will seek its true source, like a child strayed from its parent, or a wanderer longing for home. If it is capable of patient study and meditation, it may find the ladder down which it came, and will climb back to its heights. If you desire the unseen essence passionately, and strive with dedication, then surely, perhaps in some moment when all the noise of the senses is stilled, you will find yourself one with true reality.”

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 1)

* * *

Between the neat village homes and the lake are a series of beautiful courtyards, graced by wide stone steps leading down to the water’s edge. Strolling down to these courtyards, I am pleased to see that Lama Karpa, the High Lama of *Siddhalaya* , is again present with the man referred to as a master. Everyone seems to accept the presence of this man—said to be a true adept—as quite normal and not occasion for any special activity.

This morning there is a jaunty young fellow—a nomadic Tamang trader and transporter, sporting a flute and colorful vest— who descends the steps and approaches with his wife and child. The wife is scarcely more than a

child herself, petite and pretty, smiling happily. Decked with silver-beaded necklaces, she cradles a baby girl who looks, much like her mother, to be thoroughly happy with all things.

The young man, jaunty as he may be, appears hesitant to address the master directly, so looks shyly to the lama. “I wish to know what spiritual practices are most important to pursue. You see, my life is very busy, with my wife and child and mountain ponies. I must support myself and my family, and have found a fine and honest business. My responsibilities are very demanding. I cannot devote a great deal of time to spiritual matters.”

The master smiles. “There is nothing in this or any other life that is not a spiritual matter. Each belief, each thought and image, each word, each action creates that which you experience in each successive moment of your life. Therefore, let each and every thought, image, word and action reflect what you most desire and nothing else. By so doing, each and every moment will be a spiritual matter, which is to say that each moment will reflect a conscious use of your own creative power. Is this clear?”

The young trader looks doubtful. “But what it is, master, that I should do? How do I transform each moment into such a spiritual thing?”

“There is no need to transform anything, only to recognize all that exists for what it really is, and to recognize your own self for what that self truly is. You are consciousness, experienced as a seemingly individualized awareness, yet wholly one with all consciousness. There is no separation between you and the Infinite; there is no boundary in consciousness where the Infinite leaves off and you begin. All form and separation is illusion. All is one, and you are that one. No transformation is necessary; what need be attained is awareness and recognition.”

“Master, how do I reach such great realizations?” the trader asks, looking a bit overwhelmed. “It all seems so distant to me.”

“You are busy with your worldly affairs, which is well. Yet you must allow yourself time each day to reflect upon the greater scope of life. The world you see around you is but an illusion. The truth of things lies not in the world without, but the world within. The Universe exists not outside of you, but within your consciousness. That which appears to be external is not, it is only a reflection of that which lies deep within. To pierce the illusion of the physical world you must go within, for it is there that you will find what you seek. To accomplish this requires focus and intent, yet not a great amount of time. You see, it is never a matter of becoming, but always of being.”

The master sits beside the trader and gestures toward the mountains. “The majestic beauty and grace of this world show us that it is a vast and resplendent reflection of the Infinite. And yet, like ripples on a pond, man’s distortions demonstrate that it is only a reflection.” The master gazes at the young trader. “When your mind is focused and calm, like a still midnight lake, it too can become a reflection of the Infinite. And what it reflects, does it not also express? Yet when the mind constantly runs on with its own constructions, disputations and calculations, it is as a wind-blown lake, too disturbed to reflect the real. Only when the lake is still can its true depth be known, and only in that depth can the real be found.”

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 2)

* * *

Prior to the leelas (plays) beginning in the gompa’s courtyard, out of the corner of my eye I see Lama Dhanaga headed this way, with a stern look on his face. He waves me over; I steel myself.

“Lama Karpa has told me of your doubts,” he says, fixing me with a convincingly severe gaze. “Tell me, do you believe that your doubts assist you in achieving what you desire? Do your doubts empower you? Do your doubts evince recognition of the wholeness of all things? Can an expression of doubt ever exhibit a recognition of perfection? Do they reveal your true power? Do they demonstrate wisdom? Are your doubts a recognition of something real? Or are they only illusory perceptions of something unreal; something that is real only if you decide and choose it to be real? Do the problems that you imagine actually exist? Can you show them to me? Have you . . .”

“Lama Dhanaga,” I interrupt, “what I perceive is that there could be problems with this trip, and I’m not certain that Sari should be involved.”

“You perceive problems. Very well. But is there not always more than just the problem? Is there such a thing as half of a duality? Can a problem exist that does not have a solution? Can night exist without day? Can positive exist without negative? Can up exist without down? Can a part exist without a whole? Problems are misconstrued—they are misnamed—they are actually magnificent opportunities to exercise your own wisdom and power.”

He motions me to sit with him. “Michael, this physical world in which we seem to dwell, it is one of dualities, is it not? It is by definition, since a

monality cannot be perceived. Nothing is perceptible without the existence of its opposite. Would a fish that lived entirely in the water be able to conceive of wet or dry? Since he is only wet, he cannot perceive either wet or dry; they do not exist for him. The condition that we call wet is to him only what is, and exists beyond his perception."

Enough said, probably, yet Dhanaga is just warming up. He draws a deep breath. "A circle is a whole, is it not? Just because you see only half of a circle, does that mean that its other half does not exist? Do you not immediately know that its other half also exists, inevitably exists? In just the same manner, there is no such thing as a problem without a solution. It is impossible. One exists only as does the other. A problem is only a partial perception of the whole. You see only the material part, the problem. The other part exists as well but it cannot be seen, it is not material, it exists in awareness. The material problem is only half of the circle; the part of matter and energy. The solution is the other half of the circle; the part reached through your conscious awareness. The problem is material. The solution is a process of awareness. To see that the solution is inherent in the problem requires wisdom. You are well educated, however a person may have virtually encyclopedic knowledge and yet not be wise. Knowledge of things does not make one wise. Awareness makes one wise. If you see only a problem, you are seeing only within the illusion of separation. If you see the problem and at the same time see the solution, you are seeing the wholeness. A contraction of awareness occurs when you see only the problem. An expansion occurs when you see the relation of the problem to all things. Most important of all, the growth of awareness lies in the finding of the solution. That is why there was a problem to begin with. Something was escaping your awareness."

All true enough.

Dhanaga rises and stands to one side, looking small against the background of towering pines and white cliff. "When you look at any chosen problem the contraction consists in focusing the attention upon only that problem. The expansion exists in then observing and investigating its qualities and parts, and then its relation to other things in an ever expanding and more complex unity, for nothing exists or is known alone. If, for example, I say I know a yak's behavior very well, I imply that I know very extensively a yak's relation to and connection with other things, it this not so? In an expansion of awareness, our perceived realities are centers without

circumferences. In a contraction of awareness our perceived realities are taken as circumferences only, very small ones that have no centers. An expansion of awareness process begins with the recognition of a material limitation, then goes on to transcend it. This shows us that what is not possible materially is possible in the mind. In full enlightenment, your center is everywhere and your circumference nowhere."

Actually he's very good, this lama; obviously skillful at teaching abstract subjects. A bit long winded, but he makes valid points. I know all of this, yet his unusual expression puts it in a different light.

"Lama Dhanaga," I say, "thank you for talking to me about this. Listen, I realize what you're getting at, and I want you to know that I agree."

Dhanaga looks pleased. "Of course you do."

"I may have been a little upset when I spoke to Lama Karpa, and overstated things a bit. I . . . I am very fond of Sari, and am concerned for her safety, that's all."

Dhanaga smiles. "Well, I understand that, naturally. In any life there are what appear to be real difficulties and problems, which we face and overcome by the use of our wisdom and power. Such problems are usually quite enough, but often we proceed to add to them by producing additional difficulties, in that we face apparently real problems with annoyance, displeasure, discontent, irritation, anxiety, longing, envy, anger, fear, and so forth. These are primitive reactions, and we must transcend them. They are themselves problems, and far more immediate than the problems that enkindled them. So, when we indulge in such emotions, we end up with two sets of problems to work out instead of only one, and the latter are far worse than the former because by their agitating character they bar access to the higher awareness in which our creative powers can best deal with the situation. An animal may barge its way through obstacles, but man is supposed to use his creative faculties. In a boat it is better for a man not to row harder, but to put up a sail. Yet we must never be angry with our anger or discontented with our discontent. Such negative emotions will never be removed by our being exasperated with them, but by our understanding of them. Our intention must not be to remove the emotion, as such a focus will only lend it greater reality, but rather to observe what is really happening in the lower mind, whereupon the troublous emotion will evaporate like a mist."

So true. I am now enjoying our little talk and find that I would like to sit longer with the good lama. But that is not to be. Kenji spots us and heads this

way in his very purposeful stride.

Lama Dhanaga detects this; his eyes widen noticeably. “Well,” he says, “I really must be off. What we discussed, think it over.”

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 13)

* * *

Dhanaga was already at the coffee, apparently. Barely light out, he is addressing a small group of chelas and many of *Siddhalaya’s* youngsters in the main library. Sari has asked me to retrieve the rugs, but I don’t want to disrupt this academic gathering so I sit at the end of one table, sipping coffee and listening.

“In essence, civilization is social order promoting cultural creation,” Dhanaga intones from a lectern, looking very much the professor, “a development very recent within the overall perspective of man’s long climb from the primitive state.” He stares at the students. “In the societies from which you have come, the vast body of law imposed in the attempt to regulate behavior is the evolutionary codification of millennia of traditions, customs, and tabus. Indeed, societal civilization is a thin veneer over the ordinary citizen’s nature; every vice was once a virtue, a behavior necessary to ensure survival. Laws and regulations are imposed in the belief that rights and order do not come to us from nature, in the belief that nature respects nothing except cunning and strength. Hence, laws enforce the behavior expected of individuals by the community as advantageous to the common good. In the world at large, liberty is entirely a luxury of security; the free individual in an ordered society is a product and a mark of civilization.

“Yet this form of civilization is neither inherent nor inherited, it must be transmitted from generation to generation. For this there must be adequate education—some technique, whether through imitation, initiation, or instruction, whether through father or mother, teacher or lama—to transmit the lore and heritage of the group, its language and knowledge, its morals and manners, its technology and arts. These accomplishments must be carefully and consistently handed down to the young, as the instruments through which they are turned from primitives into men and women. If this is not accomplished, if this transmission fails at any point, the finely woven web of societal civilization weakens, primitive behavior reemerges, and chaos ensues.”

Shrina (Sari's younger sister) kisses my neck from behind. She pulls a chair next to me and sits, leans her head on my shoulder.

"Good morning," I say.

"I am very happy," Shrina whispers.

She's so adorable, so alive, her presence is welcome. "Good," I reply.

"We slept together the whole night," she says, "it was wonderful."

"Slept in the same bed," I correct.

"Yes, in the same bed we slept together all night."

"Yeah, Sari and I and Puka and you." There won't be any winning this, so I might as well take advantage. (Puka is Sari's cat.)

"Shirna?"

"Yes?"

"You will do anything for me?"

Shrina straightens like a bolt. "Oh yes Michael. Anything. What do you what me to do?"

"I want you to make a special effort for me."

"A special effort? What special effort?"

"If you're going to be with Sari and I all the time, you must make a special effort to be very, very nice to your sister. No arguing, no pestering, nothing except loving."

"I do love her, more than anything."

"I know, but that's not the point. Sometimes you irritate her . . . make her unhappy, by arguing and pestering, things like that. She often says that you're a pest. Don't tell me you don't know that you do."

Shrina slumps against me. "Well, maybe."

"Okay then. From now on I want you to be constantly aware of how you're acting toward Sari. If you find yourself being pesty, just stop and walk away. Come talk to me."

Shrina looks at me with appealing brown eyes. "I will try. For you I really will try, I promise."

The more I'm with Shrina, the more I realize how amazing she is, with a truly incredible face and eyes. I wonder if Lemia has something to do with Shrina's beauty.

"Shrina, does Lemia teach you like she teaches Sari?"

"Not with everything," she says softly. "Mia does not teach me the same as Sari. But often Mia and I talk, and she explains many things to me, she tells me different things." Shrina fidgets for a moment. "I do not try to learn

the other things."

"You mean the things that would give you powers?"

"Yes those things. I have no powers. None." She sits up. "This is why people like that sorceress Mani frighten me. Sometimes even Sari frightens me."

"Sari? How?"

"Oh Michael, she is so powerful, she can do anything if she wishes, you do not know."

"Shrina, what do you mean, she can do anything?"

"She can do anything," Shrina replies.

"Okay. Give me an example of what you mean."

Shrina bites her lip. "I am not supposed to."

"So," Dhanaga continues, "you can see that education is a crucial starting point in attaining your own access to greater awareness." He stops and looks down at the alert faces of the chelas. "I understand that you have compared your experiences of coming here, and wonder of the reasons for finding yourself with us and the means by which you arrived. This is entirely natural, and I leave it to your to determine your own answers to these questions. Certainly, you come from varied cultures with varied backgrounds. You will not be surprised to hear that you have been drawn here by virtue of your interest and accomplishments, and to varying degrees, by your knowledge. In time, when you have absorbed what experiences you recognize can be created in this very special environment, and have benefited from new relationships, you will go on to other places and other times. Some of you will return to your homes and previous activities, enlarged by your experiences here, I would hope. Or intent is that you will carry an expanded awareness into your future affairs, and by that process benefit your communities and your respective civilizations with your ability to create through the principles of consciousness, to the extent that you allow yourself to recognize and utilize those principles in your life. Some of you may feel the necessity to go places you never imagined, some may continue to pursue the wisdom traditions, some may assume positions of community responsibility, some business affairs, some may teach, and so on. All will be valuable."

Dhanaga paces. "Some of you think you are here to learn wisdom. But wisdom cannot be learned, for it is not knowledge in the common sense of the word. Knowledge about mere things, forms and processes, does not make

anyone wise; it is only the knowledge of the value of things to life, or the proper use of things by and for life, that constitutes wisdom. Wisdom comes when there is love as well as intellectual mind; when there is sensitiveness to the life of beings, and concern as to how that life will be affected. Wisdom is an active process of the mind. If you wish to think of wisdom as a kind of knowledge, it must be a very different kind of knowledge from that which is obtained by thinking. No amount of complexity or height or depth of knowledge can be called wisdom. Wisdom is the next step beyond intellectual reason—a faculty for the valuation of things. It makes, therefore, useful creativeness possible. Wisdom gives direction and strength and appropriateness to your inherent creative power."

Dhanaga walks amongst his charges. "Now, what might be the key to this wisdom of which we are so fond of speaking? Just this: a wise person is one who is fully aware of what is happening to the life in any given situation. Realize that material objects are only symbols and have no intrinsic value; things have value only as they promote and serve life. In order to make any such valuation we have to know something about life; to know that we must know of consciousness. In the light of wisdom we do not ask 'For what?' but only 'For whom?' Not 'For what is the hoe useful?' but 'For whom is the hoe useful?' If someone says, 'The hoe is useful for turning the ground,' the reply is, 'The turning of the ground is of no use in itself, but useful only to aid someone—to promote and serve life.'

"There are always questions from those who believe, on first coming here, and with considerable excitement, that the masters and lamas are going to teach them the great secrets of the Universe. Those who think that they will realize the truth of life and reality may do just that. Then again they may not. Some will be initially disappointed to find that material to this effect will not be presented. Here you will explore not the accumulated knowledge of the ages but yourselves. Yet, it is in your own greater self all the answers you seek may be found; it is the only place they exist, and where they have always been found. I have a specific point of view in regard to the question of ultimate truth; and though it may not and need not accord with your own view, perhaps it will be of interest. Simply put, I do not feel that such a thing exists. It cannot. The term truth itself implies an opposite; the false or untrue. Have not all masters and sages and the great philosophers said that for something to be true, its opposite must also be true? The true and the false lie within the structure of dualities; if one exists the other exists. The whole, or

ultimate truth, can only exist in the synthesis of these apparently separate parts. Ultimate truth, by strict definition, lies beyond duality and causality. The synthesis represents a unity that lies beyond intellectual comprehension, though not beyond human experience. This mystery—what may philosophers have called the "unknowable"—is not unknowable to an open mind which is not asking for a material basis or measuring stick for higher knowledge, and achieves the state of consciousness enabling a recognition of unity. This unity, which corresponds to material harmony, can certainly be known by the consciousness. All intellectual truth, then, must be relative. I like to apply the term operative truth to all that you come to recognize and know in an intellectual sense. This portends a growing knowledge, yet allows for a continued growth of that knowledge and the wisdom it can engender. Once someone believes that they have in their possession the ultimate truth of a thing, they are utterly prevented from learning more. This is a crucial error. There is, my friends, always more. Truth, in this relative framework, is quite literally infinite in scope, and this should tell you something more.

"Knowledge forms the stepping stones upon which you ascend to higher awareness. As you climb, you need not pause and collect the stepping stones you have passed; you need not carry them along; you must have the courage to leave them behind. All knowledge, like all truth, is partial and relative; and it is always relative to your state of conscious awareness. As you progress, you must constantly reach for higher knowledge and greater truths. On each step you may pause to solidify and integrate your new knowledge and awareness; this provides an excellent opportunity to sift carefully through your beliefs and understandings to identify and release those that you have transcended, those that have been superseded by fuller understanding, and those that no longer serve the vision that you hold for yourself. These must be purged so they do not linger and disrupt your advance. Consistently reevaluate and renew the ideal you wish to express. This is a critically important and often neglected process. You can see that intense discipline and curiosity are mandatory for the growth of awareness and the highest expression of life, and, I might add, such curiosity has killed no more cats than have rocking chairs." Dhanaga's joke gets a laugh, and he looks quite pleased. He rubs his hands together and smiles.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite* , ch. 1)

Advanced Foundational Recognitions

"The so-called miraculous powers of a great master are a natural accompaniment to his exact understanding of subtle laws that operate in the inner cosmos of consciousness ." —Yogananda

Expanded awareness is considered by the masters to be an absolute prerequisite to manifesting the life you desire. This requires what adepts refer to as foundational recognitions. One of the clearest expressions I encountered comes from Sari, who was raised in the adeptic wisdom traditions of the *Himalayan* adepts. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in this section is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and the chapters of this volume are included following the reference guide.

After our session with an amazing visualization, Sari sits quietly, thinking. Suddenly she brightens. "Michael, I have decided. I will teach you the recognitional affirmations that Lemia taught me, the ones that Kenji suggested I practice. I do not know why I have waited. They are very important. We will do them three times each day."

"What are you talking about?"

"Something advanced and of great significance. It is exactly what you need, an opportunity to discover, understand and transform."

"Transform what?" I ask.

"Your deepest beliefs, your innermost assumptions, the very concepts about the nature of reality that cause you to disbelieve the things you have experienced . . ."

"Okay, I think I know what you're getting at."

"This is a powerful technique to discover your deepest beliefs. You will see. As you affirm, any beliefs you have that conflict with the concepts you are affirming will become obvious; once you identify them they can be transformed. A belief is just an idea about reality, not a part of reality itself, so once identified it can be changed or replaced as you like."

"I see."

Sari nods. "This affirmation is simple, yet most profound. It is considered to be a key recognition, a conceptual affirmation of the one of the deepest truths known in the adeptic tradition. There are many versions; we will use a simple and direct one. You will memorize this, but when practiced,

you must think of the meaning of each statement; never practice it mechanically, without attentive thought."

"Okay."

Sari sits up straight, looking solemn, eyes closed. "Consciousness is All-That-Is. I am one with all consciousness; this is my unity with all that exists—hence I stand as one with the sum of all intelligence; this is my wisdom and knowledge. I am one with all consciousness; this is my unity with all that exists—hence I stand as one with the sum of all energy; this is my power."

After a half-hour working with this remarkable affirmation, I see exactly what Sari meant by discovering my deepest beliefs—although the term unearthing seems more appropriate. Each statement in the affirmation brings up issues, to be sure, yet overall I feel unexpectedly content, as if its begun to work to expose and expand my structure of beliefs, or possibly allow my new beliefs room to exist. Could it be that easy, after all the struggles I've been thorough when dealing with the non-ordinary events things I've witnessed?—Lemia's miraculous appearance, Master R.K. striding across the top of a river as if it was shiny rock, the robin returned to life, the healing, Mani's performance on the rock, and so on and so on. Perhaps it is, but perhaps only if that's what I believe.

"Sari, this unity that's spoken of—the All-That-Is, the Infinite, the Absolute, Oneness, Infinite Being, and whatever else—it's the fundamental element in the affirmation . . . and the recognition, and in enlightenment. What did Lemia teach you about it? I'm curious."

Sari closes her eyes. "Mia taught me that Infinite Being cannot be known in ordinary awareness, for ordinary awareness cannot be cognizant of anything beyond dualities. All existence has its source in the Absolute, which is a unity, a monality, utterly unconditioned and undifferentiated, and therefore invisible to ordinary awareness. The intellect can only perceive within the construct of a subject and an object; this duality cannot be overcome within ordinary conscious awareness. Always there is the relationship of the knower to the known, the perceiver to the perceived. The world, the object, always seems apart from the observer, the subject. This separation is illusion; this illusion is what meditation and practices like recognitional affirmations allow you to transcend."

"To achieve oneness?" I ask.

"To achieve a recognition that allows you to go beyond the illusion of separation, an illusion which results in a person being devoid of true power

and without access to intuitive knowledge. It is the dualities of subject-object consciousness that introduce structure; that perceived structure then separates observer from observed. Space and time seem to separate things that are observed or experienced, yet space and time, like subject and object, are entirely an illusion. Space-time is a creation of consciousness and not of the real, you have told me that yourself. Mia says that we experience space-time as a reality only because our intellectual and physical selves are no more real than it is. This space-time illusion of structure and separation gives rise to many complications, as the illusions obscure the reality of All-That-Is. All that you see in relative physical reality is based on a perception of dualities, but in seeing things in terms of dualities, the wholeness is missed, as is the true unity of the Real."

Sari looks at me, seemingly glowing. "Michael, we use the recognitional affirmations because it is easy to forget the truth, easy to lose sight of the real, easy to fall into the illusions, easy to forget what is most important."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book Two - *A Magic Journey Into the Infinite* , ch. 13)

* * *

Considered to be absolutely essential to attaining the ability to manifest true creative power—i.e., the ability to manipulate physical reality—is what the adepts call fundamental or foundational recognitions. For these concepts, we have an brilliant source, *Kalika-Khenmetaten* .

Note: The great Egyptian Adept *Kalika-Khenmetaten* lived and authored esoteric manuscripts in Egypt in the time of the Kings of Upper and Lower Egypt, *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*), over three-thousand-three-hundred years ago. Our recovery, translation and study of Kalika's manuscript was so richly enlightening and revealing that we devoted an entire book to those revelations, *A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed* , ASIN B00TIYMKFM. Excerpts from this book are available in the Anthology Section later in this volume.

Kalika-Khenmetaten speaks extensively of the prime foundational recognitions. As she phrases it: "The absolute prerequisite for the acquisition and manifestation of intuitive knowledge and direct power is the awareness that such knowledge and power are available." This summation may be useful to the reader as a study guide.

1) All that exists is consciousness. The reality we see and feel around us is a set of perceptions and nothing more—or less.

2) Matter is composed of energy and energy is simply consciousness objectified. This is a key understanding. All that exists is consciousness; consciousness is the only real. All else is merely an appearance, the result of our particular format of consciousness, that is, subject-object consciousness. We are consciously aware; yet to be aware we must be aware *of* something; to be aware, we must perceive something other than self. The self is the subjective aspect of consciousness. That of which we are aware is the objective aspect, the objects of our awareness. Yet both subject and object are the very same, they are only perceived as separate and distinct within subject-object consciousness. All being and all existence is consciousness; the highest levels of awareness, the unmanifest energy from which all matter and interactions arise, and all the manifest matter around us.

3) The content of your consciousness awareness manifests as your outer reality. The inner manifests as the outer. That is the only rule. Consciousness creates everything except consciousness.

4) You can attain the power to draw to yourself anything that you desire—any event, any circumstance, any situation, any form—as easily as you draw a breath.

5) Attaining the greatest range of creative power requires the building of a new belief structure; the recognition of the fundamental and true nature of reality.

In the course of lengthy conversations with my tutors, I learned a great deal about the foundational recognition that energy is simply consciousness perceived as an object, or interaction of energies, by one's subjective consciousness. As viewed by the adeptic system of knowledge, the fundamental principle of consciousness is straightforward—matter is composed of energy, and energy is gathered and projected from consciousness through specific techniques; affirmation and visualization.

Kalika-Khenmetaten : "If apart from the principles of consciousness one hopes to find the way, it is like trying to twist a rope of sand. Those who know the principles apply them in their daily life, with each and every thought they think. And what of those that live without that knowledge? At

the end of each day they exhaust another empty cycle, and at the end of days exhaust an empty life."

(Reference citation: *A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed* , Companion Volume, ch. 3)

An Experience of Illumination

"*The mystic and the physicist arrive at the same conclusion; one starting from the inner realm, the other from the outer world. The harmony between their views confirms the ancient Indian wisdom that Brahman, the ultimate reality without, is identical to Atman, the reality within* ." —Fritjof Capra, Ph.D., winner of the Da Vinci Medallion

It was in the *Siddhalaya* gompa that my experience began. I will relate this encounter as it occurred, to the best of my ability. The events I herein endeavor to describe I do with the greatest care, yet I realize that one must have experienced them to fully comprehend them, and that is that.

After spending the morning hiking high on a glacier, I feel the gompa and its warmth beckoning. I descend through crisp air and soft snow, hip deep, then knee deep, then forest carpeted in needles and laced with rushing crystal brooks. A hill fox hurries by, ignoring me, intent upon his hunt. Ravens wheel around the pines; landing they rustle and scratch in the fallen needles.

Arriving in front to the gompa, I stomp snow and mud off my feet, remove my boots and wander in, thinking of perhaps meditating in one of the rooms set aside for that purpose. I stroll through the main hall and see a door open into a book-lined room, one I have yet to explore. On one wall of this room is set a huge map, obviously very old, made of a fibrous material, like palm leaves, somehow treated in a way that has allowed it to withstand time's tooth. The map is boldly, beautifully and precisely executed and, from what I can tell, remarkably accurate geographically. It bears strange symbols, like runes, entirely unintelligible. I peer closely and see a string of symbols next to the small bluish mark that I take to represent *Siddhalaya* .

"What is it you see?" says a voice directly into my ear. Having been so absorbed I am a bit startled, and turn to see a figure with long, jet-black hair and extraordinarily deep, glinting black eyes. I am a bit wary of this man. He is called Kenji; an individual surrounded by impenetrable mystery, at least

according to my friend Sherpa Jampla, a resident of this remote village. (Jampla once told me, after many cups of chang, that Kenji is many things, some unimaginable, but among them a “sorcerer,” an immensely powerful practitioner of the white magic of the old *B’on* religion. This is not staggeringly implausible, as such men certainly existed, but the claim is discredited somewhat by Jampla’s further story of once having seen Kenji fly over the lake on the back of a snow leopard.)

Sorcerers traffic in runes, I think; if that’s what he is, perhaps he knows these symbols. “Kenji,” I ask, pointing, “this blue mark, does it represent *Siddhalaya* ?”

“It does,” he replies.

“Do you know what these symbols mean? They look a lot like hieroglyphics.”

“They would, they are similar, yet actually a form of ideographs. Such symbols preceded the ancient language of Senzar, and gave it birth. Senzar was the progenitor of the original languages of Egyptian and archaic Sanskrit.”

“Can you read them?” I ask.

“Naturally.”

“What do these symbols at *Siddhalaya* mean?”

He gazes at me, unblinking, not looking at the map. “Literally, they say, ‘Here exists the gate.’”

This, I think, is delightfully mystical. “Gate to what?”

He continues to peer at me, directly into my eyes. A half- second smile flashes across his face, then his gaze becomes even more intense, uncomfortably so. “To whatever you can imagine. To anything. To everything. Perhaps to nothing.”

I don’t know exactly how to respond to this; there is something eerie in his voice. “That’s very cryptic,” I say, “could you be more specific?”

“No,” he says. “Not in the least. It is what you would call a legend, a prehistoric legend at that. This map is very much older than you can believe.”

“How do you know? Perhaps you mis-estimate me.”

“Perhaps. But what if I told you the map was a thousand years old?”

“That seems believable,” I observe.

“Really? Then where do the limits of your belief lie? What would you consider to be believable, unbelievable, possible, impossible? Is two-thousand years too old? Five-thousand? And what if I were to tell you that

this map is over twelve-thousand years old? What then would you say?"

I stare at the map, disregarding the last but wondering if it might actually be a thousand years old.

"Does your belief or disbelief change what is?" he presses.

"Actually, Kenji, I don't think my beliefs change ultimate reality the tiniest bit, if that's what you mean by what is, but they do serve as a primary determinate of my experience of that reality."

Kenji's eyes brighten. "An excellent answer. I scarcely think I could have said it better. And just how far do you think the effects of your beliefs can lead in your experience of reality?"

"Honestly, I'm not sure," I reply.

Kenji peers at me and rolls his eyes. He knits his brow in thought for a few moments. Now he smiles. "Well, we may be able to illuminate you. Tell me, what do you know of the light, in, shall we say, its higher, symbolic sense?"

"You mean technically?"

Kenji shakes his head. "*Light . . . Ethereal, first of all things, quintessence pure . . . offspring of Heav'n eternal, first-born of th' Eternal Coeternal beam . . . the One is light; And never but in unapproached light Dwelt from Eternity, dwells then in thee; Bright effluence of bright essence increate* ." Now he smiles.

"Milton," I observe. "Paradise Lost."

"Mmm." He stares at me in an oddly unfocused way. "You meditate, of course."

"Sure."

"And do you visualize light with your meditations?"

"I do."

"And for how long have you been doing this?"

"Some years, ten or twelve."

This must have been the correct answer, as he leads me to a squat bench next to a window set low to the floor. We sit, cross-legged, with a beautiful view.

"Now we will attempt a daring experiment, to assist you," he exclaims. "I have not done this for a long time, it will be amusing."

He adjusts my posture with great care, pushing and prodding at me in various places. Finally he is satisfied. "All right. There are, my friend, only two classes of men; those who know and those who do not know. Today you

shall join the former. This is very important step for you. Are you ready?"

"Ready," I say, having not the slightest idea of whether I actually am or not.

"All right, relax and begin a simple, single-pointed visualization of light all around you, as intense as you can manage. Do not visualize your physical body as light, only light all around you. Focus on the light, which, by the way, is truly present, and forget any thoughts of your physical form. When you do this, you are merely bringing a recognition of the light into your mental awareness."

I do as he requests. Within moments I am experiencing an unusually deep level of relaxation; I feel, distantly, Kenji's hand on my back.

The remainder of this experience is essentially impossible to relate; any attempt is doomed to failure, yet I will certainly try, for to fail to attempt is to forgo the chance of conveying any of its value to others. So, as I recall it: I am visualizing light, myself as surrounded by light. Gradually I become aware of a much greater light surrounding me; it is very bright but not blinding. My physical body melts from my awareness; I seem to sink into the bench, as if it is reaching up for me. My physical body is largely no longer perceptible, except that I am oddly aware of tears falling abundantly. (Kenji later explains that this results from the "loss of the ego-self," that I still have a strong identification with my "little I" or my "me," as he calls it, thus it reacts to being "ignored.")

The light grows ever brighter and brighter; I open my eyes—I think—eyes open or closed makes no difference. I am in a vast sea of light, the entire universe is filled with and consists of an immense torrent of living light, and in it a vividness of life beyond all description, many magnitudes beyond what I have ever experienced. Gradually I notice that even within this dazzling brightness there are brighter areas; they are light, as there is nothing but light, yet they shine out even more intensely. By degrees I intuit that these are sources of some kind, through which the light and the life flow to the lower planes, the less developed awarenesses. Little by little, as I become more used to this stupendous reality, I begin to see that, in a different sense, even "I" am a focus in this great scheme, and that through this "I" of my Self, light flows to those who are still farther away—not from the light, for everything is part of this living light and nothing else exists—but farther from the recognition, realization, and experience of it.

The torrents of light shift and fluctuate; I feel as if I am drawing back

from this immensity of light. Now I see thousands—no, millions—millions upon millions of tiny points of light, some very dim in contrast, some much brighter; a few dazzlingly bright. Suddenly it comes to me; each of these is an individualized consciousness within the whole, each is a ray of light, and no matter how many millions there are, each is of the same light—each IS the same light—there is nothing else. This is what I am to see, I am certain; that I am light, that all are light, that no one can be missed, all are seen, all who are striving to awaken are noticed.

This is the best I can express this experience, yet no expression can actually give the least idea of it; all words are useless in conveying such modes of awareness, and all of which my mind was acquainted long since disappeared before this level was attained.

After an unknown period of time I slowly come back, for lack of a better phrase, and feel the odd sensation of my physical body, as if it were something new and not especially comfortable. At length I open my eyes, to see Kenji peering at me.

"Just relax. Do not move abruptly about. Sit and bask, or whatever you may call it."

He gazes at me in that strange, unfocused manner. "Well, I think you will be all right, but you must be careful for several days. Listen now. It is important that you stay away from swiftly running water for a time. That includes rivers, streams, waterfalls, and water flowing under glaciers. Do not forget."

"What," I manage to croak, "what did you *do* ?"

"I assisted you in reaching an awareness of the light."

"I'll say. That light . . ."

"Was the Light of the Universe, my friend. The first conditioned symbol of the Infinite, as it is often called. Really, it is nothing but the symbol that your awareness utilizes to symbolize Pure Being. You were well within the realm of relative consciousness; I was monitoring you closely, of course. We might have gone a bit too far, but you will be fine, just a little, ahhh, a little disoriented for a time. You will need a few hours to firmly reestablish a full correlation with your body and all the other nice little illusions of physical reality that you so much enjoy. However, this presented something for you to remember, a source of power, if you know how to access it."

"That was the Light of the Universe?"

"So to say, yes, but to an extremely modest extent only. The light is

ultimately of an infinitely high vibration, if you wish to think of it in those terms. Actually, it is beyond all vibration, it simply IS. To bring a full experience of that light into your awareness would have utterly extinguished your ego-self, your perception of your lower vehicles. It would have fried your illusions of so-called physical reality like dried bugs struck by lightening. Phoof!" he exclaims.

I jump, startled.

"Oh, sorry," he says.

"Where did we go? What did I really see?"

His smile disappears. "You did not go anywhere. All space is the same space, all time is the same time; spatial and temporal movement is illusion, only your awareness changes. You did not see anything, in the physical sense. Your physical senses do not extend beyond the physical and are quite incapable of detecting anything that is Real. You perceived the light within your awareness, you became aware of the light, the light became part of your consciousness awareness. That is what enlightenment is; awareness of the light, the ability to hold the light, the ability to express the light, the ability to utilize the light, the recognition and realization that you are light, that your Source and Substance and Essence are Pure Being. The light is the source and substance of all that exists, it is the vehicle of Pure Being, as you perceive it from individualized consciousness. That light is what you are; it is here now—there is nothing else—only your normal awareness is too limited to perceive it directly. Of course, aspects of higher planes of awareness are not always perceived in the manner you experienced; when the focal point of your consciousness, that is, your awareness, ascends or expands through the continuum of consciousness, or is placed on a certain plane, the knowingness —the information—that is then available to your awareness can manifest as feelings, thoughts, visions, sounds, intuitions, insights, and so on."

His smile returns. "See, I told you this would be fun. Sit a while, relax, think." I sit a long time, thinking, attempting to absorb this experience.

(Reference citation: *The Illumination, A Story of the Magic of Life and the Light* , Companion Volume to *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* book series)

Gathering and Controlling Energy

"From the quantum perspective the universe is an extremely interactive place
." —Wolfgang Pauli, Nobel Laureate

In the course of my years in Nepal, I learned a great deal about what is referred to as universal or psychic energy. There are countless applications of this energy. You already possess psychic energy—if not, you would not exist—yet you can greatly increase your store of this energy. This is, in practice, achieved by enlarging your capacity then employing special techniques to fill that enlarged capacity. As you proceed to do so, you will notice certain very favorable effects. Along at first, these will seem so inconsequential as to escape notice. Driving your car to the shops or movies, you will suddenly be certain that you'll find an excellent parking space, and it will happen that, as you drive up, a car will move and leave you a desirable spot. On arising in the morning, you may think of someone you have not seen in months and have a certain conviction that you will hear from or see that person during your day. And it will occur. Other benefits will manifest; good health, freedom from disease, increased mental and physical abilities, and much more, will become commonplace.

Yet the only way you can increase your capacity and store of universal energy is through your *own efforts* . It is a natural aspect of human nature to want to get something for nothing, or at least a lot from very little effort. A highly rewarding benefit of psychic energy is that even a small addition will bring results out of all proportion the efforts involved. But you must make the effort.

A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in this section is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and the chapters of this volume are included following the reference guide.

"Mani, you come from a different background of instruction than Sari, don't you?" I ask. "The *B'on* sorceress thing?"

"Yes," Mani says, "that is true, the wisdom traditions of the high sorcerers. Come with me."

Mani takes my hand; we depart the cottage and walk up the lake. She stops and positions me with my back to the lake.

(The following translations of Mani's speech are somewhat revised for readability and consistency of terminology.)

"Michael, today I have a task for you. The outcome will help me

understand where we must begin. The ability to create and maintain thoughts and images in mind underlies all the techniques I will teach you. You must be able to create an image precisely as you wish, and you must be able to maintain with clarity a complex image without undue effort, without grasping or struggling, and for as long as is necessary to accomplish your desire. Do you understand?"

"Sure."

"Stand comfortably, with your weight evenly on your feet."

"Okay."

Mani moves toward me until her face fills my view. "Relax your body. Release all tension. Look at my face. Look only at my face. Study it. Remember every detail."

This is easy, and very enjoyable. Mani's face is beautiful, midnight blue eyes framed by raven black hair.

"Now close your eyes and maintain the image of my face. Do not let it waver or fade."

I do this for several minutes. When my mind starts to wander, I relax and refocus, just as in meditation.

"Open your eyes," Mani directs. "Do I look the same as the image you were holding?"

"Pretty much."

"So the image stayed consistent?"

"Yes."

"Do it again."

I stare at her face then close my eyes, holding the image. I hear, or feel, Mani step away.

"Open your eyes," she says.

Mani is about three feet back.

"Now what do you see?" she asks.

"More of you than just your face," I reply.

"You see more of me, and what else?"

"Things around you, in back of you."

"Exactly," she says. "To the north, there is a river that flows into this lake. Sari tells me there is a bridge over the river, and a trail that runs south down the far side of the lake."

"Yes," I say, "the trail goes to the seven pools below the big waterfall."

Mani moves back to me. "Just as images in mind create physical reality,

physical reality creates images in mind. Images make images. That is all there is to the physical. The difference lies in what you desire to accomplish. In fifteen minutes time, you will walk to the bridge. Your task is to locate me, that is to be your desire. Find a place by the river, a place that feels right. The river will help you. Stand comfortably and hold this image of my face. Let the sound of the river flow through you. Concentrate on the image, feel the image, feel me in the image. Do not grasp at what you see in mind. Maintain the image but do not struggle to keep it exactly as you began. Let the image play, let it come alive. Maintain it but let it live. Watch very carefully the image. It will take on life, it will change. As it does, just as you saw me in a greater perspective when I moved away, you will see a greater perspective in your image. That will show you where I may be found. Remember that your intent is to see, not to reason or to guess. Your desire is to receive the expanded image, not create it."

Mani looks out over the lake, thinking. "Michael, since you have done meditations for many years and can attain the second awareness, you may experience something for which another technique will be better. When you are holding an image of my face, not my body or the background, you may become aware of a tiny spot of light. The spot will be in your vision, not necessarily in front of my face, but close, and will appear as if it is suspended in mid-air. If this occurs, focus on the spot. Concentrate your attention on the spot of light. It will expand and take on detail. As it expands more, you will see a definite place; that will be my location at that precise moment."

Mani takes my hands in hers. "Feel the strength of your love, focus your mind and your power. Love is very powerful. Michael, you love me and I love you. You must use this love. The thought to accompany your imagery must be that of our love. Think this: 'I love Mani and she loves me; I see her now; I go to her now.' Remember this: 'I love Mani and she loves me; I see her now; I go to her now.' Feel your love and you will feel me; feel me and you will find me. From the time you reach the bridge, you have one hour. You must find me within one hour." Mani turns and walks up the lake. A robin spirals down over her head, flutters, then swoops low over the lake.

So, my first lesson is appropriately elementary, not in its ease, exactly, but in that it involves a game of hide and seek. The technique Mani detailed is the same one Sari outlined, the very one she used to find Chapadu. I first learned of this in my late teens, in classes on Zen meditation. The instructor mentioned this technique as useful for telling time when not wanting to

actually look at a clock. You visualize a familiar clock in your home, then relax and see what it reads. I tried it, found that it worked quite well, and use it to this day. Which reminds me that I have neither a watch nor a familiar clock. I'll just have to estimate the time.

After walking up the lake to the bridge, I track the river and find a perfect spot for the exercise. I stand on riverbank sand under towering pines, pines that Sari apparently put here, if one is to believe that story. It feels very comfortable. I relax and begin. Mani's face comes easily to mind; the image is clear, steady, easy to hold. "Maintain the image but let it live," Mani said. I let it "live," but instead it drifts, slightly, then changes of its own accord. I am seeing not Mani's face but the top of her head. She appears to be sitting upright, in the sun, with her head tilted down. All I can see around her is white. The image undulates and vanishes. I am very good at losing images during visualizations, and this is not how that usually happens. I saw what I was attempting to see, probably. But white? Snow? I've been visualizing no more than five minutes. Fifteen minutes wait plus the fifteen minutes it took me to reach the river plus five is not enough time for Mani to arrive at the snow line. Unless she flew, of course. No, she's in front of the white cliff. Yet the white portion of the cliff runs for miles. Where in front of the cliff is she? Wait. Mani's bird is with her; what if I try to see Koshi? I create an image, relax, let the visualization live. The image changes from a bird standing to a bird landing on a horizontal slab of white cliff stone. That's it, Mani is sitting on the stone where Sari and I met with Kenji and Masteress Lemia.

As I come within visual range of the white stone, I can see Mani, sitting cross-legged, head down, reading a little book. I have passed my first lesson successfully, with a half hour to spare. I feel a sense of satisfaction, yet am not elated or astonished. It was easy.

Mani jumps up as I emerge from the forest. "Michael!" she says.

I expect her to rush up and hug me, but she doesn't. Instead, I am subjected to rigorous questioning with respect to my visualization and its metamorphosis. I tell her about the ambiguity in the white background, my logical analysis indicating that it was not snow, and the following visualization of Koshi, which provided the final clue. She considers this in quiet for a few minutes.

"Michael," she says, finally, "you did well in that you found me. And it was clever to use imagery of Koshi. But it was not necessary. Most

importantly, you must never again use lower mind processes with these techniques. This instruction is not a game, it is not meant to be a game. To open the higher aspects of mind is serious. You played with this task rather than taking it with the seriousness it deserved. If we are to do this, you must be committed, you must develop discipline."

"Mani," I respond, "it worked, didn't it?"

"Yes, but the task could have provided you with more instruction. It was meant to."

"What should I have done?" I ask.

"Work with the image of my face only. If needed, not one time, many times. Eventually you would have seen me in larger scope. From that you could have found me. Intellectual analysis is not part of the arts. They are meant to engage powers far beyond the intellect. Your use of logic disengaged your higher mind. That higher aspect of mind has power over all natural things. This is absolute law. Intellectual mind is lower mind; lower mind is not in accord with Universal Principle's creative power. When you use higher mind, when you set a vibratory influence through thought and desire, the result is inevitable. If accomplished properly, your desire is fulfilled. It cannot be otherwise. You do not need lower mind processes when calling things into form or image."

"Mani, you're right. I took this almost cynically; I'm not sure why. I really knew better. I'm sorry."

"No," Mani say firmly, "never be sorry. Focus on your successes, never your failures. You must hold your successes always in mind, that will assist you in rising above the illusions of the physical. Do not forget that you healed Sari. Do not forget that you succeeded in seeing me here, in the eye of your mind, through the second awareness. You saw with your mind rather than your eyes. You did well. Focus on your successes. Those are your building blocks."

"Okay, that makes sense."

Mani looks at me with noticeable skepticism. "Michael, these things that you wish to learn, you believe that you do not know them, but that is not so. You do know them, you just do not realize it. To teach you, you must understand what the world is and how it works; to do that most effectively you must remember what the world is and how it works." Mani waves her arm around in the air. "All of this, it is an illusion, nothing more and nothing less. If the world was real, if space and time were real, and if you were

standing by the lake and I was sitting here, could you have seen me?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because we would be separated by space," I reply.

"Yes, that is part of it. But you know that space is an illusion. And time, also an illusion. I have heard you speak of it, something you call nonlocality, is that it?"

"Right. Space and time are means of perceiving reality, not parts of reality. The idea of local causes fails—has been proved false, that is."

Mani nods. "You have asked me to teach you things you believe are unknown to you. They are not unknown; all consciousness is one consciousness, and all knowledge exists in that one consciousness; it is a matter of becoming aware of that knowledge. Since you feel that these things are unknown, they must be revealed through the known. To acquire an understanding of the principles that make the arts possible, and to learn the techniques involved, we must start with something you feel that you know, something simple, as we have done today. Then we can proceed to things that you believe you do not know, the more complex things. The wisdom traditions that I have been taught view the world in a specific way. The traditions that Sari learned from the Masteress Lemia view the world in much the same way. This way of viewing the world is a system for conceptualizing and manipulating it; the concepts of the system may or may not actually be true. Do you understand?"

"I do. It's the same way in physics. We call a system that facilitates understanding and experimentation a model. A model allows us to deal with theories, test them, prove or disprove them. But these models are understood to be just that, models, and few believe that any model actually reflects the reality of whatever the model represents."

Mani thinks this over. "That is wise, for no system of knowledge can reflect the real. In our way of thinking—what you would call our model—we conceive the world, the physical world of illusion, as a system of energy in various states. We live in a world of vibrating energy. The energy is called Universal Substance, and the various states differ only in the rate of vibration. Things that we perceive as objects are energy at a low rate of vibration. The slower the rate of vibration, the coarser the object. The stone under us has a very low rate of vibration. The water that flow in rivers and lakes has a much higher rate of vibration. A living thing, like these trees, has

an even higher rate of vibration. Thoughts too are energy, and vibrate at a very high rate. We conceive the rates of vibration of Universal Substance to extend from the coarse to the sublime. The highest states of consciousness are of an infinitely high rate of vibration. Pure Being is pure consciousness and the only Real; its vibration is infinite to a degree that it cannot be said to have a vibration at all, is simply is. Pure Being is beyond illusion, beyond normal perception. It is All-That-Is, and cannot be explained. Our consciousness is Pure Being, and all that exists within our consciousness is Pure Being, yet this is perceived only in enlarged states of awareness. Once perceived, the perceiver is enabled by the perception to recognize the physical world as illusion and through this recognition to manipulate that illusion. The perceiver is awakened to the oneness of all. This awakening has many aspects, but the recognition of oneness allows the awakened to see separation and structure as illusion, to see time and space as illusion, to see that there are no parts to the world, to see that the whole exists in each thing that is perceived as a part. The awakened one sees the world as one vast sea of vibrating energy, all the same energy, all from the same source, Universal Substance." Mani studies me. "I am attempting to explain what took me years of meditation and training to learn. I do not know if I am doing a good job, or if it is even a good idea."

"Mani, you're doing a great job." I'm rewarded for this compliment with a half-second smile.

"What I am explaining is that without the recognitions I speak of, all the training in the world will not enable you to manifest even one grain of sand. With the recognitions, the ability to manifest comes spontaneously. All you need is a system within which to organize the recognitions and so conceive the world in a manner through which you can learn techniques to manipulate the illusions of physical reality."

"I understand."

Mani studies me again. She looks seriously concerned. "There is a difficult part of our system of conceiving and manipulating the world. We deal with the illusions of physical reality as if they actually exist, for good reason. In an ordinary state of consciousness—in the first awareness, as we call it—the physical world is perceived as being apparently real. If we did not deal with it as a physical reality, we could not manipulate the illusions. Yet, at the same time, we maintain the recognition of oneness. This duality can seem at first contradictory. With training and experience, the contradiction is

revealed to be of no consequence."

"I understand that too."

Mani pauses for more study of my face. "So, while always maintaining recognition of each individual consciousness as one with all consciousness, we conceive each individual consciousness as unique in the world. We conceive of each person as an individualized consciousness while in the physical world. While always maintaining recognition of each physical thing as one with all other things, we conceive each of individual thing as unique, as a concentration of the energy of Universal Substance. Do you understand this?"

"Absolutely. In physics we do the same thing. We have to, as in wave-particle duality. In our model of particle physics, we long ago had to abandon the old Western way of thinking of things as either this or that, and adopt the Eastern way of thinking of things as both this and that. Either-or doesn't work—both-and does."

"So you are not confused by this?"

"No more than considering a photon or electron to be both a wave and a particle at the same time. It's called complementarity. I'm not saying that I comprehend it, just that I've gotten used to it. I don't think that attempting to comprehend it is worthwhile or even possible. A wave and a particle are radically different things; for a photon to be both a wave and a particle at the same time tells me that it's actually neither one but something completely different, something that we don't yet understand."

"You are right. It is neither; it is energy as perceived by conscious awareness. The intent of the perception changes what is perceived." Mani slides back on the stone, puts her book beside her. "Michael, please sit down here. You may take notes, if you wish."

I sit down and get comfortable.

"The individual person is conscious awareness, and the body is a concentration of energy. Within the concentration of energy consciously perceived as the body, there are centers that draw energy from Universal Substance. Each center transforms the energy drawn through it by giving it a certain quality. The quality given reflects the purpose of the center; the purpose of each center is to provide one aspect of a complete individualized consciousness, the experience of a total person."

"The chakras," I note.

"Yes, but our wisdom system approaches the centers differently than the

traditional Hindu system. We consider each center to be equally important, for without them all there would be no person. We do not consider the higher centers to be sacred and the lower to be profane; that is religion, not knowledge. We recognize that the lower centers are the most developed in ordinary people; their higher centers are underdeveloped and this accounts for ignorance and destructive behavior. Development of the higher centers is essential; through them comes the energy needed for expanded awareness and manipulation of the physical world. When properly developed, they form a triad of power.

"There is another aspect of our system of knowledge that must be understood. It will be familiar as it is another way of viewing the levels of consciousness common to the Adeptic wisdom traditions; the physic, the etheric, the lower and higher manasic, the buddhic, and the atmic. We deal with these levels straightforwardly and effectively by viewing them as precisely what they are: states of awareness or attention. The first awareness is that of ordinary consciousness, of the physical world or physic level. The second awareness is that of expanded consciousness, beyond the purely physical world, of the etheric and manasic levels. The third awareness is that of even greater levels of consciousness, of the higher manasic and buddic levels. The fourth awareness is that of complete enlightenment, of the atmic level and beyond. We conceptualize these states of awareness not as levels, but as spheres, each one fully encompassed within the next. The fourth awareness is a sphere without boundary, infinite and eternal; infinite not as limitless space, but as spacelessness; eternal not as endless duration, but as timelessness. The fourth awareness represents the totality of your being—it is your true self and encompasses all other states of awareness. The first awareness—ordinary consciousness—lies within the sphere of the second, the third, and the fourth. With this conceptualization we do not lose sight of the fact that even an ordinary individual is truly one with all; he needs only to expand his awareness to recognize and realize that fact. Do you see?"

"Sure."

"When you found me here, you utilized the second awareness. The first awareness is that bought by the sensory input of your eyes, ears and so on. It extends only as far as those senses extend. To have found me in the first awareness, you would have had to search, to travel until my physical body was within range of your physical senses. All perceptions of the first awareness are organized within the structure of space and time; in the second

awareness, the structure of space and time is transcended. So, in the practice of the arts, you must be able to function within the first and second awareness at the same time; you must be able to maintain the first and second awareness with such ease that you can concentrate on whatever visualization you are using to accomplish your purpose. That way, you are dealing with the illusions of physical reality as if they actually exist, and dealing with them in a way that allows you to manipulate them. Is this clear?"

"I think so," I reply, "I really do."

"Michael, I will give you some exercises and visualizations; each of them will assist you in enlarging your awareness and power. I know that you have for years practiced various meditations, yet all of what I teach you must be followed no matter how elementary it may seem. Some of these exercises may at first seem too simple, but each is important. I will explain this. Years ago a young man came to the monastery to learn the arts. He was already an adept, yet, because he was planning dangerous missions, he needed to learn techniques of relevant value. The abbot started him with just the exercises I am giving you. The adept complained that he needed such simple exercises not at all; he insisted that the abbot proceed to teach him the arts. The abbot explained that the adept was like an artist who had become a great painter. That artist, if he wanted to learn to sculpt, would need to start as a beginning sculptor would. Many of the things he had learned on his way to becoming a great painter would eventually be valuable, but his knowledge of the techniques of painting would not enable him to sculpt. Do you see?"

"Absolutely."

Mani smiles. "I like you as a student. I like teaching you."

"Yeah, so far anyway."

(Reference citation: *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* , ch. 13)

* * *

Here is one of Mani's more easily utilized energy gathering visualizations: "Sit erect yet relaxed, hands clasped in your lap. Think for a moment of the sun above us, the great orb of flaming white energy. Close your eyes. Take a deep breath to the count of five. Now slowly relax and release the breath over a count of ten. We will repeat this seven times. You will feel very centered now, very strong. Think again of the great sun above us. Now feel your conscious awareness rising, rising upward toward the sun. Closer and closer

you go. Now slowly enter the sun's aura and imagine yourself flowing into the great orb. Let its tremendous energy fill you, flow through you. See your entire being as pure white light; feel your vibration rising higher and higher; feel your strength growing ever greater."

In a few moments, Mani says, very softly, "Excellent. Now slowly return to your body. Retain the visualization of being pure white light. Visualize yourself surrounded by a sphere of brilliant white light. Hold that visualization. Always remember what I have explained, that power involves a process of imagining, like dreaming, even when you are awake, being always aware that objective, material reality is completely fluid and malleable. Anything is possible if your thoughts and images are properly used. That was one visualization that I especially enjoy. There are a thousand versions. Once you have comprehended the purpose of the visualization, you can make up your own. A quicker one, for example, is rather than imagining yourself going up and into the sun, you can imagine the sun's great energy flowing down and into you. The important part is to see the light, feel the light, be filled with light, be surrounded by light."

(Reference citation: *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* , ch. 11)

Powers of Healing

"Quantum theory has reached the point where the source of all matter and energy is a nothingness that contains all the possibilities of everything that has ever existed or could exist. These possibilities then emerge as probabilities before 'collapsing' into localized quanta, manifesting in our awareness as the particles in space and time that are the building blocks of atoms and molecules ." —Legendary Physicist John Wheeler

Shortly after my arrival in *Siddhalaya* , Lama Dhanaga and Lama Karpa requested that I assist in recovering a manuscript recently found in the highlands of Tibet. Lama Dhanaga spoke in his usual direct way. "In a small town to the north there is a document, a text recently unearthed by Chapadu, a *tertoen* (Tibetan; treasure-discoverer) from the line of the great treasure hunter Karma Lingpa. Whatever it may be, it is a treasure of immense value. It must be brought here for reading, exegesis, and safe keeping."

As it turned out, Dhanaga was correct. Through a series of extraordinary adventures, Sari and I recovered the document and returned it to *Siddhalaya* . The following narrative is taken directly from my journals, written during our return journey. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in this section is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and the chapters of this volume are included following the reference guide.

I am impelled to write by a deeply inspiring view—it was Sari who first noticed—"Sweetie, look, the mountain of our home."

It is, and what a sight. The clouds that have cloaked the immense peaks for days have drawn away and, on emerging from dense forest, for the first time since our departure we see the great *Dhaulagiri* massif. The nature of this sight is fairly terrifying in its grandeur—peak 1 soaring 26,795 feet toward the sun, a sheer wall of over 15,000 feet, numerous encircling snow- and glacier-covered peaks over 25,000 feet—it is one of the world's great mountains. Its name comes from Sanskrit, meaning "White Mountain." Today *Dhaulagiri* fulfills its cognomen, yet its magnificence is not the entire reason for my flood of feelings—it is the realization that Sari and I are almost home.

Home. I have felt those strange, biting twinges called homesickness, but when I notice, and turn inward to examine, I find images not of the west coast of the U.S., but of *Siddhalaya* , of its peace, its harmony, its beauty, its people—in short, its magic. Or is it mystery?

I am writing for the first time in nearly five days. Why this unusual lapse? Upon realizing that I had arrived in a most extraordinary place, and among the most extraordinary of people, I resolved to work diligently to record all I saw and experienced, with an untiring curiosity. Yet to write must mean to write with comprehension; of the subject matter, or, if this is not possible, as so often in theoretical physics as in philosophy, then with prehension of the methods by which the writing reaches toward understanding. If this is not achieved, then the writing only expands uncertainty—the uncertainty so characteristic of those times when the world receives more enigmas from science or philosophy than science or philosophy receives from the world.

I have been lax in writing because of an event experienced during the first day's journey from the temple; a phenomenon essentially impenetrable therefore wholly incomprehensible to me. The event reveals, but in revealing

conceals, a great secret. To be more precise, the event carries in some hidden manner an obstinate relationship to unity—the unity of a grand oneness of all life—yet which also conveys a message of our divided relationship to the One underlying that unity. The secret is the visible-invisible relationship of all things—the secret is something that must be found and whose absence gives any narrative an empty appearance. This is the difficulty of writing of it; the key to the event has no key itself, and the means of explaining, which explains everything, remains unexplained.

I must approach it gradually, carefully, respectfully. The day of our departure began auspiciously enough; Sari woke Mani and I very early—it seemed to me the middle of the night—we dressed and packed in minutes. I wanted to see the temple a last time; touch it once more, stand in its beauty once more, gaze at the Oracle's chair once more, to think again of his words in the very place they were delivered.

Sari and I sat on a wood bench at the long stone table. Mani drew water from the stream, brought it, and boiled it in an instant in her unique manner. The cups were packed so, when tea was brewed, we drank in turn from the pot. Sari led us in a visualization, essentially identical to the one she and I shared on leaving *Siddhalaya* village, of passing the white cliff happy to be home and in possession of the text, with the addition of Mani to our picture. After this, the girls set off. Realizing somewhat sadly that I would likely never again see the temple, I lingered, attempting to commit every grand and graceful detail to memory.

We crossed the valley to the cliff. Behind a set of fallen boulders, Mani located a fissure—the portal to the 'Path that Passes Through.' Almost four feet wide at ground level, it tapered quickly to only a few inches, running straight up the cliff as far as could be seen in the pale moonlight. Bending low to enter, we found ourselves in a chamber, small in diameter but extending so far overhead as to vanish into the darkness. At its opposite side began a very steep stairway, carved deep into the rock. After climbing methodically for nearly a half-hour, we reached a narrow landing, the entrance to a tunnel, oval, about six feet top-to-bottom, with a flat floor. While Sari and Mani rested, I examined the stairs in detail. Very steep, almost ladder-like, I found them nicely fashioned, yet showing irregular edges and noticeable tool marks. Not so the tunnel; on close examination it revealed a geometric precision, perfectly smooth surfaces, and no marks whatsoever. Where the tunnel's oval sides met the flat floor, the junction was

perfect.

We traveled this remarkable tunnel, first at a reasonable upward angle, then more steeply. At one point a set of steps appeared. After this thoughtful assist, the tunnel curved slightly to the right and gradually decreased its angle of ascent until nearly level. In time we emerged into a chamber much like the bottom; it differed mainly in having no visible exit. I found this unsettling; it would have been a very long way back, and would have entailed a dangerous descent of the ladder-like stairs. And what of the effect of the impending sunrise? Simple legend or true danger?

Mani solved this mystery. Along the chamber opposite the tunnel, one section of the wall was very thin and set out from the actual back wall, forming a narrow, nearly undetectable passage. We edged in and proceeded up and around, rather like traveling the inside of a sea shell. After two revolutions we encountered a low and very narrow crack, passable only by lying down and squeezing through sideways. We took off our packs, removed some of the contents, and worked them through. Mani slipped in and out to the other side. I had to wriggle to get through. Sari, with her larger breasts, struggled a bit, but finally made it through. We gathered in the fresh outside air, amidst a tightly packed jumble of boulders. Working down through a maze of such rocks, we found ourselves on a steep mountainside—on the other side of the cliff. Another amazing journey through a world of rock. We paused to eat, drink, and enjoy a glorious sunrise.

As the day dawned, illuminating the vast landscape, it dawned on me that ahead lay five or six days of uncertain terrain and very hard trekking. Yet I relish trekking, especially when I have matters that deserve deep thought, and the Oracle’s words provided that. I was looking forward to puzzling through his messages and enjoying the magnificent scenery. And one never knows what unique creatures might be encountered—perhaps even a yeti. But the day of rest, fun, excitement, and wonder had dulled that hard psychological edge that best allows one to endure such travel. And Mani—was she up to the extreme physical demands of trekking?

The following days revealed that she was. Although not the hiking machine that Sari was, she was undaunted. And an exceptional naturalist—communicating through Sari, she revealed a detailed knowledge of the region’s flora and fauna, along with an obvious love for nature and all its gifts. We made frequent stops to examine plants and occasional stops to observe animals. Regardless of those pleasant educational amusements, we

were eager to reach our goal and traveled effectively. Unfortunately, no yetis presented themselves for inspection—but fortunately, as I was concerned for Sari's and Mani's safety and the safety of the text, neither did any brigands.

All in all, we have traveled well and are presently only a few hours from *Siddhalaya* village. We will be there before dark; I am excited at the prospect. *Dhaulagiri* looms and disappears in the drifting clouds, and home beckons. I am anxious to proceed, yet just now Sari and Mani are happily occupied, and understandably so.

Along the rushing stream, on the far bank, ramble a pair of the beautiful red pandas (*Ailurus fuigens*). These rare creatures are not a relative of the giant panda, as once thought, but of the ubiquitous raccoon family. It is difficult to imagine a more adorable animal; they are the size of large house-cats and covered in soft, thick fur, black underneath with longer reddish-brown guard fur above. Their faces are scandalously cute, white with a red-brown stripe running from the corner of the mouth to the remarkably expressive and inquisitive eyes.

Sari and Mani wade across the stream and entice the pandas closer with handfuls of berries. These creatures are gentle, and quite curious. The girls sit cross-legged; the pandas approach cautiously but willingly, as if they have done this before. They show no immediate interest in being touched or handled, but accept the berries eagerly, grasping them one at a time in paws that are very furry, top and bottom. Mani gently strokes one along its richly furred back; he, or she, doesn't seem to mind. Sari follows suit, lightly stroking the other. This is an attractive scene. I would like to join in, yet feel obligated to press on in writing an account of the event to which I am drawing close, yet whose analysis so eludes me.

After watching the sun rise, Sari, Mani, and I traveled down the mountain slope. Ahead lay a shallow, bowed river basin, the apex of its horseshoe sweep directly below. We traveled eastward, along the top of a short rock face, no higher than thirty feet. Sari pointed out that if we down-climbed this face, we could proceed in our desired direction; if not, we would have to follow the curving ridge for three or four miles to a point where it descended to the basin floor, then backtrack—altogether many miles out of our way.

I skirted the rim, searching for a suitable spot to descend. There were several easy routes where the face was fragmented with wide clefts and chimneys. I selected what appeared to be the best line, at least from above. I

went down first; it was easy, although the jagged cleft narrowed to a shallow crack about eight-feet from the rock strewn bottom.

It occurred to me at the time: simple for me, sure, I have been climbing since I was twelve. Moreover, I have considerable experience in down-climbing, sometimes required on complicated routes. Climbing down a rock, or anything, is of course much more difficult than climbing up, as any cat will attest. Yet the difficult section was quite short and not encountered until nearly ground level.

I signaled Sari and Mani to start down. Mani came first; she climbed well and had only a slight problem toward the bottom. Sari started down before Mani was off the rock. I was concerned about her pack, an impediment to climbing, especially down-climbing. I stood ready to offer guidance, but Sari came down very nicely, slowly and carefully. Mani reached the bottom and walked off. Sari arrived at the section where the crack narrowed, and began picking her way, one foot searching for a hold, then the next, then the next, very deftly. As she neared the base, I stepped back toward the low rocks upon which Mani was sitting, drinking water. Suddenly, from behind me, came a heavy thud. I am very sensitized to this sound, having been present when a climber, a good friend, took a leader fall to the earth, not five feet from where I was standing. I knew the sound instantly. Sari had come off the rock, she had fallen.

My body turned cold. I wheeled around. Sari was on the ground, in a sitting position. I rushed to her. “Are you okay?” I asked.

It was strange, I remember, her face was calm, but there were tears pooling in her eyes. “Michael, my bottom hurts,” she told me, very softly.

I removed her pack and checked for obvious injury. She seemed fine; head, neck, back, arms, legs, ankles and feet were unhurt. “Can you stand?” I asked.

She nodded yes, but when she tried, she grimaced and tears rolled. I bent to help her. She seemed heavy; there was an actual resistance to her coming off the ground, then a sudden release. She stood, hugged me, face to my chest, then turned to walk toward Mani. No wonder Sari’s bottom hurt; her shorts, over her right cheek, were rent wide—a large gash, perhaps three inches in length, running diagonally. Blood was running down the back of her leg, in a strong flow.

“Sari, you’re hurt,” I exclaimed. I looked at the ground where she had fallen. There was a rock with a cruel, jagged projection; wide, sharp and ugly,

covered with blood and bits of tissue. The rock had penetrated deeply, perhaps to the bone. I had that sensation where it feels like one's blood has turned to ice.

The event that followed simply cannot be measured, for, in truth, it is impossible for me to fully realize what happened. Its incomprehensible nature has to do with the very essence of the phenomenon in which I participated: it is impossible to fully understand it, that is to say, to integrate it into my consciousness; impossible, therefore, to forget it, impossible to remember it. Also impossible, in writing of it, to write of it—and finally, as there is nothing but this incomprehensible event to write, it is this writing alone that must bear it without truly expressing it.

Sari stood next to the low rocks. She unbuttoned her blood-soaked shorts and let them drop. I tried to turn her around, to examine the wound.

She resisted. "No Michael. You must not look."

"Sari," I said, "I have to look, you're hurt bad, we've got to get the bleeding stopped right away."

She twisted away from me. "You must not look, it is an imperfect image. I am not hurt, it is only my body that appears hurt. I am not my body."

Her statement seemed besotted with denial and made me angry. Sari was losing blood fast; my medical kit, thanks to her, was sitting in our cottage, long miles away. It had everything I needed; antiseptics, swabs, needles, suture thread, antibiotics. "Sari, we have to get the bleeding stopped, and now."

Mani rose and stood to my right; she put her left hand on my back and took my right hand in hers. I looked at her; she smiled, a very sweet smile. She shook her head, as if to discourage my anger. I felt calmer, but still very apprehensive. Sari was losing blood quickly, she was in danger. At that point I was over-swept with waves of love for Sari, so powerful as to entirely extinguish my anger, yet not my anxiety.

Sari looked at me, very serious, very intense. "Michael, do not worry about the bleeding. We must make whole the imperfect image, the energy of my body. But I must not do this, you must."

"What are you talking about? Make you whole how?"

"With your love, with our love. You will focus on unity, on our love. Tell me how you love me."

"Sari, I love you incredibly, that's why I'm trying to help you."

"Then you can help me by healing me."

“Sari, please, let’s talk about this after we get the bleeding stopped.”

She gazed at me, face serious, eyes green steel. “Michael, you are my mate; you will do this.”

“But I don’t know how. Baby, I want to, so much—I’d give anything to heal you, but I don’t know how.”

“It is not a matter of how,” she said, “only of knowing that you can. Open yourself to love. Feel your oneness, your wholeness, your love.”

“Sari . . .”

“Michael,” she interrupted, “our bodies are only what we imagine them to be, they are only our thought of them.” She smiled. “Do you remember yesterday afternoon, when we were mating?”

“Of course.”

“How did my bottom look?”

“Incredible, gorgeous, perfect. But what . . .”

“That is the image you must hold; of my bottom as beautiful and perfect.”

“Sari, what are you talking about?”

In response, she stepped up and stood on a flat stone, about eighteen inches high, facing me. “It is the power of your love that you may use to heal the imperfection.” She took my hands and placed them on her waist, then put her hands on top of mine. “You must close your eyes and see the perfect image of my body, just as you want it to be. Reach deep in your mind, use all your mind, all your feeling of love. Visualize my body as light, know the perfection, visualize the perfection, visualize my bottom as perfect, feel your love, feel my love. Right now. Do this right now.”

There was a strangely commanding tone to her voice, bespeaking of a conviction that comes of certainty.

Mani squeezed my hand. A vivid thought ran through my mind: ‘This is a place in your life from which there is no way back and no way around. There is no other way but through.’ Mani watched me carefully, as if to see if I had understood, then moved to take up a position standing behind me, hands lightly on my back.

“Michael, do it now,” Sari repeated, “right now.”

For one crystal instant I knew that I could do it; for a split-second I had a perfect expectation that it was done; then the brightness clouded, my intellect screamed, impossible. I struggled with my emotions; blood was pooling at Sari’s feet; the Masteress Lemia’s advice echoed; the Oracle’s words

sounded. I closed my eyes and tried to relax. Follow your heart, Chapadu said. My heart wanted Sari to be healed, more than anything I have ever wanted. I began to feel warmth from Mani's hands, then that strange, delightful tingly feeling. I took several deep breaths. I resolved to do as Sari asked, resolved to trust my love.

In a moment I was focused enough to visualize Sari's body as light, and her bottom as perfect, as before, which was easy; all as light and surrounded by light. As soon as I reached a clear image of this, I noticed my own hands become very warm under Sari's, almost as if transmitting an electric current. The tactile sense in my hands slowly faded; it felt as if they were resting not on Sari's skin, but on an indescribable substance, something analogous to a corporeal mist. There are no words adequate to describe this. Slowly, Sari began moving my hands, directing their movement with hers. As she moved our hands around to the small of her back, the sense impression of a flow of energy through my hands became more intense, as did the impression that my hands were moving over an intangible surface, almost like the surface of a highly viscous fluid or mist, but these words are far from precise. Then, in very slight moves, with pauses between, our hands began to travel down. After each tiny movement, Sari halted for a time. Each pause was accompanied by an increase in the sensation of warmth and a flow of energy. Gradually, our hands traveled onto the swell of the top of her buttocks, then, by the tiniest degrees, down over the cheeks themselves.

Each time my mind would wander, Sari would whisper. "Focus on the light, focus on the perfect image, focus on our love, nothing else."

I do not know how long this process lasted. It could well have continued for thirty minutes, or it may have been only ten, I do not know. Eventually our hands reached the point where her cheeks curved into the back of her thighs. There we stopped, then, again very gradually, the whole process was repeated, moving back to the small of her back. On this return journey, the surface over which my hands traveled seemed somewhat more perceptible, yet not at all like the sensation of Sari's soft and satiny flesh. I was so utterly absorbed in this process that, when I began to become aware of my surroundings, our hands were again on Sari's waist. For a moment, I recall, I thought that I had imagined the entire thing, that I had drifted into a trance, that it had never happened, that it was only a dream.

Mani began rubbing my shoulders. I opened my eyes. Sari looked radiant, eyes sun-bright with joy.

“Okay sweetie,” she beamed. “Now you may look.” She turned around and peered over her shoulder as I examined her bottom. “It is fine?” she asked.

Words do not lend themselves to describe what I saw or how I felt. Her beautiful bottom was, and is, perfect—not a mark, not a trace of the wound; no redness, no vestige of a scar, not even the most infinitesimal sign of that ugly and ragged gash remained.

Here is the incomprehensibility, but not the secret. Mani was ebullient; she beamed and hugged me. Sari was glowing. “Thank you sweetie,” she said.

I was dumbfounded. “I did not do this.” Sari seemed to ignore my statement and my bewilderment. She hopped off the stone and hugged Mani. Then together they hugged me, laughing and cavorting about. I was mildly alarmed by their euphoria.

Sari noted my expression. She hugged me with one arm and Mani with the other. “Michael, happiness is a means of expressing gratitude for our Infinite Being, a means of affirming, a positive thought that assures continued happiness.” She hugged me tightly. “We joined in harmony with our Infinite Being, and my energy became whole. Do you see? Joy is a sense of harmony in wholeness.”

With that, she kissed me passionately. I remember marveling, and not for the first time, at how often Sari reaches sublimity without ever searching for it.

Sari sat down on the stone, removed her boots, socks, and examined her shorts. Nose wrinkled, she said, “I will fix these.” She walked to a nearby tumble of water flowing toward the river and began to wash herself in the warm sunlight where the water sparkled cold and clear over flat rocks.

Mani smiled at my wonder. She pulled paper from my pack and wrote: “Michael. You did do what Sari has said. You used your *Parasakti* . I did nothing more than complement your energy to raise your vibration. Sari did nothing more than focus on her love, for you, for all things, to achieve the oneness. It is you that commanded the Universal Substance; it is you that caused it to flow, to heal.” (At that time Mani was under a vow of silence imposed by her master and mentor.)

“But Mani . . .”

She tapped the pad firmly with the pencil and wrote: “Do not doubt that Sari is right. The forms around us are only what we think them to be, only

what we imagine them to be. The mountains and the trees and the flowers and our bodies; it is fun to enjoy them, and to think of them as real, but they are not, they are only symbols, they change every moment, they come and they go. If we do not have a fixed image of what something is, then it will respond to our changing ideas of it. Your body responds not to reality, not to something that does not exist, but to what you imagine reality to be. Through images held in awareness, the mind creates the body—it is only a matter of images making more images."

With that Mani smiled, kissed me, then joined Sari, helping her to wash the blood off her leg.

That, as far as I am able to relate, is the event, precisely as I experienced it, or perceived that I experienced it. Is it truly incomprehensible? Or was I merely stunned into incomprehension?

I have given this event a great deal of thought over the past days. Certainly, I must first be careful not to justify myself or my actions; I must not set any final value on what I did, or the least discredit on what I did not. I am cognizant only of appearances. Perceptions of sense are ordinarily the only realities directly known to us; everything else is a hypothesis. Most take sense impressions for "truth," yet such judgments are extremely precarious, for sense impressions are only symbols in consciousness and "truth," even in science, so often wilts like a wildflower. I do not know the truth of the event; I know only inquiry.

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch. 29)

Visualization Practice and Procedure

"*If the physical world can affect the mind and its thoughts, but the mind cannot affect the physical world, then that would be the only one-way interaction known in the natural world, and the only one-way interaction known to science .*" —Legendary physicist Ernst Mach, Ph.D., originator of the Mach number

There is probably no practice so generally accepted yet so little understood as visualization. Many people you meet will tell you that they have had success with visualizations, yet equally as many will say will say they have not, or

have had only minimal success. Any study of visualization will reveal contradictions which are strange and puzzling—a trivial request meets with success while one on an important matter fails. It is necessary to realize that in visualization certain laws are at work, ones which must be discovered, identified, understood, and fully integrated into your belief structure.

Mani: “In order to fully understand creative visualization, you must first realize that it is a process of natural law and will always work if all the elements are properly and accurately provided. If a visualization does not work, it means that one or more elements were missing, or the process was improperly performed. A well performed visualization is complex and there are as many elements that must be avoided as included.”

We all visualize many times a day; unfortunately most people do not realize that the images they entertain produce the events in their lives on a daily basis. From the writings of the Egyptian Adept *Kalika-Khenmetaten* : “Experience is the product of the mind—your conscious thoughts and images —propelled into being by feelings; it is also a product of unconscious thoughts and feelings. These together form the reality that you experience. You are *not* at the mercy of a reality that exists apart from yourself, or is thrust upon you. You are so intimately connected with the physical events composing your life experience that often you cannot distinguish between the seemingly material occurrences and the thoughts, expectations and emotions that gave them birth.”

The practice of creative visualization is well accepted and now commonly used by many people of great accomplishment, from professional golfers to concert pianists. Rachmaninoff said that he never set foot on a concert stage without having visualized the entire performance the night before. He could hear every note and know precisely where each finger would fall without either a piano or the musical score before him. This is an excellent example of a comprehensive visualization practice requiring the utmost in concentration, and the magnificent results of course proved its value. Significantly, visualization is studied in the most prestigious universities, and now sees application as an component of treatment in many of the finest medical centers. Despite initial skepticism among some physicians, as excellent results began to reveal themselves, this practice has become well accepted. To this development might accurately be applied the term “progress,” unlike so many specious ways this powerful rhetorical term is

utilized.

Kalika-Khenmetaten : “The content of your consciousness is your ultimate power and your greatest responsibility. It creates and controls—it dictates—how your spiritual body, mental body, emotional body and physical body manifest.”

There are certain mysteries to visualization, yet everyone has the fundamental ability. You must learn to visualize in such a way that the image you hold will objectify, will manifest itself as an object or event in the physical world. Before putting this process into operation it is imperative to fully understand the laws and principles involved. And you must know precisely and clearly what it is that you desire to manifest. Your desire cannot cover a multitude of things. Only when you have brought your primary objective into manifestation may you turn to another objective.

Kalika-Khenmetaten expresses it this way: “We live in a Universe of consciousness. All is consciousness. All things, all effects, all changes arise from the manifestations of consciousness. The material world is consciousness perceived as energy. All power arises from the ability to summon, store, direct, control, and manipulate energy. Consciousness is the organ of these abilities. The power of creativity flows through you as effortlessly as your breath. From it even the tiniest portions of your outer world spring into your experience. Your thoughts and inner images have realities that spread outward; they group through attraction, building up areas of circumstances that finally coalesce in forms that you perceive as objects or as a series of events. Some images and thoughts are translated into seemingly material structures that you call objects; these exist, in your perception, within a framework you call space. Others are translated instead into structures you call events, in your perception these seem to exist within a framework you call time. Both space and time are illusions, yet they represent your most basic assumptions, which simply means that you accept both and assume that your reality is rooted in a series of moments in time and in dimensions of space. In this way your inner self is translated into your outer world.

“When you visualize, you channel and project energy. Generating an image of a specific outcome you desire and holding it in your conscious awareness—the inner eye of your mind—gathers and projects precisely the energies required to crystalize that outcome in your personal reality. This

projection of mental or psychic energy is not supernatural, nor is it beyond the ability of any person with the proper belief structure. Nor is such a result of visualization a miracle, although to some it may seem so."

This recalls something Saint Augustine said: "*Miracles happen not in opposition to nature, but in opposition to what we know of nature* ."

* * *

The adept *Kalika-Khenmetaten* discusses the manifestation potential of visualization and affirmation which is very relevant to our discussion. She calls this, as we translated it, "Degree of Manifestation Potential as Dependent on Individual Parameters." In other words, these are factors that directly impact the potential for specific visualizations and affirmations to produce results.

These parameters are as follows: 1) Degree of realization/recognition of the law that the contents of consciousness (beliefs, thoughts, images) invariably create all personal reality, and in mass create the shared reality of the world; 2) Underlying field of core beliefs, conscious or subconscious; 3) Master (controlling) thoughts and inner images; 4) Degree of intent to create reality desired (power of will); 5) Precreation of probability of desired reality from experiential line of possible realities (opening a space in your life, in a physical and psychological sense, to allow the desired result to flow into your life experience); 6) Available energy; 7) Certainty of result desired actually manifesting; 8) Clarity of thought (visualizations, affirmations); 9) Consistency of thought (visualizations, affirmations); 10) Detachment from result.

The first three parameters involve the foundational recognitions, without which the potential of a visualization to manifest results is very severely limited. The fourth parameter involves your central intent; a half-hearted or unfocused visualization will inevitably fail. The fifth parameter simply means that you must open the opportunity for what you desire to come into your life, it is wise to make physical efforts to bring it about; it is easier to go through an open door than a closed one. The five remaining parameters involve preparation and technique.

Interestingly, Sari's instruction and Mani's instruction in the preparation and technique of visualization are very similar, suggesting that they arose from the same ancient source. Sari was born in *Siddhalaya* and taught by masters

in the adeptic mystic wisdom system. Mani was born in Tibet and raised and trained by an abbot known to be a true *B'on* sorcerer, a practitioner of the ancient arts of magic. (Sari once told me that he had enormous power; she used the Tibetan term *rdzu hphrul* , meaning the power to change not only one's appearance, but also the power to change one's size and number, to appear as one or as many, large or small, along with the ability to appear or disappear at will.)

Here we will explore Mani's sorceric technique as being more explicit: "When preparing for a visualization, it is necessary to clear your mind of rambling thoughts of no consequence, and hold one primary thought dominant, the thought of what you desire, the outcome you wish to manifest. You must find a place where you will not be interrupted or distracted for thirty minutes or so. The visualization will not last so long, but you need time to relax and clear your mind. When in your quiet place, proceed to relax. You must make a conscious effort to relax completely. This is best done by tensing the muscles, then letting them relax. Start with your toes and feet, then move to your ankles, calves, and knees; then the muscles in your thighs and your mid-body. Do the same with your fingers and hands; your wrists and forearms and shoulders. Relax your facial muscles, the tiny muscles around your mouth and eyes. Take deep breaths as you relax your entire physical being. So prepared, you are ready to begin gathering energy. For this, you may use any of the light visualizations I have taught you."

Mani: "When you have accomplished relaxation and the gathering of energy, you may begin the visualization. Turn your attention to your mind, and mind only. Since it seems quite difficult for you to slow down a rapid flow of thoughts, a device will be used. See in your mind's eye, and with your physical eyes closed, a large blank white space." (In our part of the world we have theaters; I found it effective to imagine a blank movie screen.) "See it filling the entire space before you and visualize it as very brightly illuminated with a pure white light. Now, willfully and carefully, begin to meticulously assemble on this screen of your consciousness a living, detailed picture of that which you wish to make manifest. Make it a living picture. See it as though it actually exists before you, as if you are actually there. This requires singleness of purpose and concentration. Use your imagination and fill the picture with sound and scent and color. If it is outdoors, feel the warmth of the sun and the coolness of the breeze. Feel the emotions that accompany the

picture you are living. Your visualization must be held clearly; it must have duration in order to manifest in your physical reality. The longer you hold the exact picture without change, the more rapidly will it manifest. You will end each period of visualization by turning the entire picture inward. Then dismiss it entirely. Do not permit your thoughts to drift back to the picture. Put it completely out of your mind."

A good deal of practice is required to attain the concentration and focus to use the foregoing visualization technique to its fullest potential. An abundantly clear and well defined goal must be held vibrantly in mind, a distinct, living picture of the outcome or final result of what you wish to experience. It is extremely important to remember that no matter how focused and precisely a visualization is performed, without a true understanding and integration of the foundational recognitions of the nature of reality, those visualizations will produce little or no results. Visualizing and expecting results when holding the core belief that you cannot actually manifest objects and events in the physical world is futile. The principles of consciousness must first be studied and absorbed.

Master Visualization

The following master (or apex) visualization was given to Sari and I by an ethereal being who introduced herself as "Aani." We came to believe that Aani may be an actual *Ri-iha-mo* ('mountain goddess,' as the Tibetan term translates), a resident of the legendary realm of *Olmo Lung Ring* . We encountered her on three occasions. The visualization you are about to read is one Aani gave us during our second encounter, as recorded by Mani. Our encounters and conversations with Aani are recounted in a book devoted to those experiences, *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* . Excerpts from this book are available in the Anthology Section later in this volume.

"This is an advanced visualization," Aani begins. "As in any complex visualization, you must have memorized the procedure, you must find a proper time and place, and you must attain a state of deep peacefulness before beginning. You must also practice the cadence of breathing before adding images in your mind's eye. In so doing, you will breathe naturally without thought and can focus on the images. Images are the key. The counts of your

breathing should be evenly paced slightly slower than your heart beats while resting."

"Now, in your place of peace, sit only, do not lie down. Awareness is required, not sleep. Relax and breath deeply. Find your center. Find a place of peace."

"Focus your awareness in your heart and visualize your entire chest area enveloped in a bright pink aura. A light brilliant pink, like a pink light bulb may appear. Breath in to the count of six while you hold this image firmly. You will then begin to attain a state of higher awareness."

"Hold your breath in for a count of twelve and as you do so raise the bright pink cloud to a point three inches above the top of your head. Release your breath slowly to the count of eight and at the same time expand the pink cloud so that it includes your head and the upper part of your body. See this clearly. If you cannot, stop and begin again at another time."

"When your breath is expelled and lungs empty, hold your breath out to the count of twelve and at the same time keep in your mind's eye the image of the shining pink cloud surrounding your head and upper body."

"Now, relax, breathe evenly and center your awareness in your throat and visualize a bright blue aura enveloping your throat and shoulders. When this image is clear, take in a breath to the count of six and hold the image of the blue aura. Hold your breath in for a count of twelve and as you do raise the blue aura to a point about three inches above the top of your head."

"Release your breath slowly to a count of eight and at the same time expand the blue cloud so that it surrounds your head and upper part of your body. When your breath is expelled and your lungs empty, hold your breath out for the count of twelve and at the same time maintain the image of the bright blue aura enveloping your head and upper body."

"Now, center your awareness in your head right above the bridge of the nose and between the eyebrows about one-half inch back of the forehead. Do this precisely. If you cannot, stop and proceed again from the beginning at another time."

"Visualize a brilliant white light around your head and count six while you breath in. Hold your breath for a count of twelve and raise the brilliant white aura to a point about three inches above the top of your head. Release your

breath to the count of eight and as you do see and feel your head center join with the centers above your head so that they become as one. Do not further concern yourself about the centers above your head, simply know that they are there."

"Now see the light created by this fusion light up the whole space about you. Brilliant and clear. When your breath is expelled hold your lungs empty for the count of twelve and see that brilliant sun-like aura contract so that it includes only your head and the entire upper part of your body above the waist."

"Now sit in quiet mediation for several minutes. During this time you will petition for greater awareness and a greater sense of oneness with All-That-Is. It will manifest as you petition. That is law, it will be. . You may add other affirmations if you wish. Before you rise say to yourself: Let good befall the world, let the pure light come forth."

"Practiced properly with conscientiousness and intent, this exercise will provide you with everything you require or desire. Peace, harmony, freedom, joy, beauty, abundance, and love. You will better understand the power of visualization when you find you wish not to fall asleep because your reality is better than your dreams. I need say no more."

(Reference citation: *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* , Companion Volume, chapter: Visualization Practice Given Us by the Celestials. ASIN B01N00WWJ1.)

- Section III: Reflections -

Insights on Our World Civilization

Relevant to this volume, *Teachings of the Himalayan Masters,* when Sari and I were on our quest to recover ancient manuscripts, before returning to *Siddhalaya* we accompanied Chapadu, our guide, to a mystical *B'on* monastery, there to learn the location of an ancient esoteric *B'on* Oracle Temple in the highlands of Tibet. This extraordinary account is thought

provoking and disturbingly enlightening. The following excerpt is designed to give you an idea of the Oracle's message. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in this section is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and the chapters of this volume are included following the reference guide.

The temple's fire-bowl is alight; flames rise three and four feet in the air, snapping magnificent multi-hued tongues of fire against a purple-black background. A figure sits in the high-backed chair, robed in a black hooded cloak. The fire swirls and crackles, bathing the pillars with an intense reddish-orange light; sparks and embers roar into the dawn sky.

We stand and gape. Chapadu looks at Mani; she walks forward and studies the temple for a long interval. Finally she turns, nods, and signs him to go. Chapadu gathers himself and walks toward the temple. One can see him taking a deep breath before mounting the stairs. He approaches the hooded figure slowly, stands before him, then sits down on the bench. The Oracle remains motionless for a time, then leans toward Chapadu.

Sari and I are riveted by this sight; we stand holding hands, scarcely breathing. Mani takes my other hand and watches, smiling serenely.

Chapadu sits with the Oracle for only a few minutes. Abruptly Chapadu rises, nods curtly, and strides directly to his rucksack. Peering in that unruly bundle, he rifles through and pulls forth a battered notebook. "The Oracle," Chapadu explains with a touching grin, "has agreed to transmit a message to my master." He squints for a moment, then begins writing, very carefully, deeply absorbed in his task.

The Oracle sits patiently. Here I have one of those highly unusual opportunities that have of late presented themselves so frequently. I would be gravely remiss to pass this up.

"Mani, may I approach the Oracle?" I ask.

Sari looks skeptical. "You wish to speak to the Oracle?"

"You bet."

Mani smiles, brushes back her hair, takes my pad and inscribes several lines in her intricate script. I read with Sari, but she decides, before I am halfway through, on a reasonable translation.

"Sweetie," she says, pulling the pad away, "Mani says that you may, but you must be very attentive to your thoughts when addressing the Oracle. She says that your thoughts are much more important than your words. Ask the questions that you wish, but you must not argue or attempt to discuss the

answers.” Sari studies me for a moment. “Can you do that?”

“Yes.”

“Are you sure?” she asks doubtfully.

“Yes.”

“Do you promise?”

“Yes, little fox. Now go on.”

“Okay.” This is a new word for Sari, and she flashes one of her beaming smiles. She refers to the pad. “So, go and sit in front of the Oracle. Do not speak until he indicates that it is time. Do not interrupt him when he is speaking. When he stands, it is the signal that you must leave. Stand and depart the temple immediately.”

Oracles have rules. “All right,” I agree.

I approach slowly and mount the stairs. The Oracle gazes at me through black slits of eyes. I pause before him. He nods and I sit down. He continues to gaze at me. Though he looks disinterested, I have the feeling that he is looking right through me. Finally he raises his hands from the table and spreads them apart, open with palms up. This must be the signal to begin.

“What is the purpose of an oracle?” I ask.

“Purpose lies not in the oracle, but in the seeker.” His voice is low and firm.

“What is the purpose for me?”

“It makes no difference whether the oracle exists for you or does not exist for you.”

“Then why do you exist for me?”

“Because it makes no difference.”

This is entirely logical, but may also be taken as an excellent example of the infamous oracular ambiguity. I’ll try a different tack. “What is the purpose of life?”

“To express what life is, the divine.”

“Can you expand on that?”

The Oracle looks at me, pursing his lips. “The purpose of embodied life is to give manifest awareness and form to the divine.”

“Is this the purpose of the Universe?”

“All manifest form exists to give expression to the divine; man may manifest the highest expression through his awareness.”

This suggests an inquiry. “May I ask you of a philosophical question debated for centuries?”

The hooded figure nods.

“Is man innately good or innately evil?”

Rather unexpectedly, the Oracle grins and leans back. “That is a question only a Westerner would ask; to even pose it evinces an astoundingly judgmental stance. Since your age of enlightenment, as your historians amusingly call it, the idea that man is naturally good has been a pretext for many cultural mechanisms, as has the idea that man is naturally evil. Of course, man is neither. He is merely worse or better.”

“So neither position is correct?” I ask.

“Precisely, since neither is complete. Because man is not absolutely good, no man can pose as an absolute judge and pronounce anyone good or evil, since none can lay claim to absolute innocence. Thus justice in itself does not exist. Justice must take account of other values than itself; it cannot ignore the supreme values of life, for ultimately there are no others. There are no just people, merely hearts and minds more or less lacking in justice. Awareness and expression of the highest values are the measure, hence the lowest of men and the most upright of judges meet side by side; their ignorance is their solidarity. No one among us is authorized to judge of a single man, far less of mankind. On this limit, whoever judges absolutely condemns himself absolutely. By this, your very civilization has condemned itself.”

“Western civilization is condemned?” I ask. “To what?”

“You feel that your civilization is advanced, yet its greatest advancement is toward its own destruction; in truth it is a tyranny. The vast majority of the information disseminated in your society is false; its content is subtly but purposely deceptive; it convinces individuals that they are powerless in their lives. This is utterly false—the ultimate hoax—because every circumstance experienced in the spatial-temporal framework invariably and inevitably represents an effect caused by the mental states of the experiencer. The machinery of propagation and inculcation is today so immense that no one can avoid the assimilation of this hoax of powerlessness, the fundamental and necessary support of tyranny. Many of you sense this great deception; the entire culture of the East tells you so. But what is most intriguing is that you seem to have drawn from this disturbing situation an almost contented feeling; a vast, calmly complacent happiness. Many realize they are deceived, but think that to be so deceived is first to be innocent. To participate in a great cultural fraud through one’s awareness of it and to do nothing, even at

one's most active, is to yield to the pleasure and vanity of a prodigious distractive amusement. When you accomplish acts you intuitively know to be wrong, it is to lighten the pain of all the useless operations of life in your civilization; this endures until life is but an entertainment, a diversion, a game. Your countrymen feel they are mere playthings of life rather than its essential expression, and therefore granted the right to every form of play, no matter the ultimate result. To us this seems puerile."

"Where does this deception originate?"

"In your country what was once a government of reason and law has been replaced by a tyranny of men. The sovereignty of the people has become a sovereignty of manipulators, politicians as conscious agents of a great deception, the power of which dements even more than it corrupts. Your society is divided into a tiny group of men who choose and decide, a small number of others who know far less and decide nothing yet wield power in conformity with the hidden policies—those who gather in your congress to go through the motions of democracy's ghost—and the ignorant masses, compelled to act and live in total incomprehension of the meaning of their movements, and so their lives. This seems to us painfully crude. And so it is."

"Are you saying that there no good people in government?"

"Good exists only relative to the values of life. Many may still embody a perceived good, but it is a good which cannot be trusted, and craftiness is required to protect oneself against it. One who is consciously moving toward an understanding and utilization of true knowledge must realize that in your contemporary world he is confronted not only by evil practitioners, but also, and to an unprecedented degree, by men who are entirely conditioned by the evil created by others. Indefinite, marvelous beguilement takes the deliberate form of the lie; mystification is humanized. But this crudeness has considerable educational import. It imparts concrete reality to mystification, gives it a social form, lends it a human face and, dividing the world strictly between the deceivers and the deceived, makes the former responsible and inclines the latter to violence. The idea of a plot presupposes the intention to deceive. Whence a certain anger, the idea that only action and violence will put an end to this trickery and that, if there is mystification, it is because there are mystifiers and one must deal with them first. The stance of *'I have nothing to do with it'* loses currency as an excuse. Your first revolution was propelled by the idea of a responsibility which was unconditioned and entire

and would not stand for any qualification. It is always all or nothing with you; it will be again, as it must. To suspect deception is to have within oneself something obscure and indecipherable; this must be read, inversely, as the proof of a clearly and intentionally evil undertaking—of a membership in a shady intrigue from which it seem that only death will separate one, in the most decisive and, as it were, trenchant manner. Yet even that is false."

"What end will come of this?" I ask.

"The life of a government springs from the life of its people, the life of the people from the life of their mind, the life of their mind determines the life of their land. This life is found only with freedom—from deception, from destruction, from the false—life is found in freedom to recognize and express the true. Among your Founders were enlightened ones; your form of government was designed and implemented to assure individual freedom and nurture individual spirituality and creativity. It has undergone an immense swing to the opposite pole; it now assures nothing but mass order at any cost and nurtures nothing but the imposition of mass materiality and meaningless mass productivity. Freedom is gone, replaced by economic seeking and monetary accumulation. You are far too enamored of this illusory security to be capable of freedom. Yet materiality is utterly and absolutely false. The resulting emptiness of life and depletion and destruction of the earth telegraph this with alarming clarity. A government that fails to honor truth, fails to honor life, fails to honor the earth, invites destruction: It cannot endure. And so it will not."

There is no trace of mocking or bitterness in his voice, only a certain weariness, a calm acceptance of what is. "Are you saying that there will be a revolution in the United States?"

"Your country is in continuing revolution. A county is composed of its people; when even one individual recognizes tyranny and rejects it, that is revolutionary, but not only revolutionary. Each individual experiences his own self-created reality, yet lives in a communal reality to the extent that his thoughts and images are common to all. The genesis and endurance of tyranny operate through the acceptance of ideas that inculcate and evince that tyranny. These ideas are delivered in every means possible. Your civilization has the most powerful tools of superficial, technological communication ever devised. To transcend this requires a community of individuals devoted to freedom, enlightenment, and creativity—to a new communal reality. While the national purpose remains ever greater material production, the goal of the

enlightened is ever greater spiritual realization; the realization that all things are infused with spiritual substance and meaning as interconnectedness of the mental states from which they came."

(Reference citation: *Interview with an Oracle* , Companion Volume to *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* book series, excerpt from the chapter: *The Interview and Revelations*)

Thoughts on the Teachings of the *Himalayan* Masters

"*To us, the only acceptable point of view appears to be the one that recognizes both sides of reality—the quantitative and the qualitative, the physical and the psychical—as compatible with each other, and can embrace them simultaneously. It would be most satisfactory of all if physis and psyche* (i.e., matter and mind) *could be seen as complementary aspects of precisely the same reality* ." —Wolfgang Pauli, Nobel Laureate, recipient of the Lorentz Medal, the Matteucci Medal, and the Max Planck Medal

Insofar as my personal progress with integrating the foundational recognitions into my belief structure, I was fortunate in that I experienced many "non-ordinary" events. From those I learned—had to learn to retain my sanity—the most about the concepts and recognitions and principles. Some of my experiences were deeply personal, and some resulted in an actual struggle when it came to an attempt to understand what had happened, and why, and how. I eventually arrived at several conclusions, some of which may be of significance to the reader.

Of substantial value are Sari's and Mani's statements, of the Universal Substance and of Infinite Being, which may, in some sense, be simply another manner of speaking of divinity. Considered in that frame of reference, the magical basis of religion makes an appearance but threatens the essence of religion itself—the recognition of powers superior to man. If an attempt is made to assert that the non-ordinary events I witnessed evidenced intercession by some deity, its case is lost at first sight. No deity was invoked, no petition issued, no supernatural personality was ever summoned.

All reality is a dream, Kenji assures me, with the goal of the Adeptic Wisdom to awaken the dreamer from the dream of reality, to Reality. Within this I have come to understand, at last, Hegel's meaning in his statement:

Absolute Being is absolute nothingness. This is indisputable, from the standpoint of subject-object consciousness. Subject-object consciousness, mine or anyone's, stripped of all objects, thus all ordinary perception, would appear to be nothingness, to say no more. Pure being cannot be perceived, only phenomenon. The experience of enlightenment, of transcendent consciousness, is an experience of unity, of the entire field of consciousness, manifest and unmanifest, as a whole, an unbroken synthesis of subject and object as one.

Although the goal of the Adeptic Wisdom, knowledge and practice, may be to awaken the dreamer from the dream of reality to Reality, this is an ultimate goal. Within the dream of reality, within the framework of experiences and experiencer, of knowledge and a knower, of perceptions and a perceiver, it operates to allow the "dreamer" a vastly enlarged perception of the dream, thus for a vastly enlarged power within the dream.

All the non-ordinary events I have encountered demonstrate this power with stark clarity. Herein lies the freedom, the freedom to choose and create the events, circumstances, situations, and forms encountered in the dream of life, to an extent that exceeds my comprehension, if not my witness. Indeed, I witnessed events in a manner not so much defying the classical laws of physics as making them seem irrelevant, and thereby revealing the presumed mechanical laws of nature to be no more than intellectual constructs, perhaps evolved and imposed upon the world of space and time as a scheme for dealing with it consistently, and making it seem commonplace.

If the ordinary world is a dream, then every experience must also be a dream, until one is awakened by enlightenment, in the same way that all life is a dream, a dream so precise, so ready to reveal itself, so ready to solve the inherent enigma—what is the dreamer and what is the dream?—that it never stops reinscribing itself into the dream, and consequently revealing itself as enigmatic. This indicates that the self merely resolves into and out of the dream—with this, much is explained. The enigma is revealed as nothing more than the dream distracted from itself by itself. There is no dreamer—the dream is dreaming itself.

The dream analogy is intriguing, yet it would be gravely misleading to interpret non-ordinary events without including the various levels of meaning expressed in them, whose existence is hinted at in all its nuances. I must not think that the events were only what they appeared to be—my analysis, guided by my intellectual mind and its training, is of a certain critical

conception and searches for proposed answers to particular problems. I am in fact dealing with a fundamental question concerning the nature of consciousness and the structure of reality; the profound division in mind's relationship to that reality, an apparent clash or tension between the Same and the Same, which is the means of its manifestation, its power, its mystery, its apotheosis, its recognition, and, perhaps, its realization.

* * *

This inspirational conversation occurred during my first encounter with Master R.K. I sat next to him; he turned his gaze to me; his eyes possessed an extraordinary depth and clarity. I had an unusual feeling, a tingly sensation of lightness. I asked, "I am interested in knowing . . . everyone here refers to you as a master. What exactly does that mean, what is it to be a master?" He looked at me, clearly amused. "It is only that which others call me. Yet perhaps a master can be simply thought of as someone who set forth on the path before you. For there is nothing that I do that you cannot do, and there is nothing that I am that you are not."

(Reference citation: *In the Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , ch.2)

This book holds little value for any reader that does not embrace that wisdom, yet to fully encompass it requires awareness and understanding. As the great Egyptian Adept *Kalika-Khenmetaten* phrased it: "The absolute prerequisite for the acquisition and manifestation of intuitive knowledge and direct power is the awareness that such knowledge and power are available." We are fortunate, in today's world, to have philosophic and scientific tools to assist in reaching that awareness.

Note: For more insights from the masters, please do not miss the Source Material Anthology below.

The Role of Physics and Metaphysics in Understanding Non-Ordinary Events

"*Quantum physics goes deeper than any other science into the riddle of existence* ." —Carlo Rovelli, Ph.D., Centre de Physique Théorique, Pioneer

of Quantum Gravity

In this and other books from Wisdom Masters Press, we've adopted the convention of utilizing the term "non-ordinary" for events that demonstrate the ability of an individual to manipulate physical "reality" in a psychokinetic manner that is not *ordinarily* seen or accepted in the Western world as part of the field of human activity.

Both the science of physics and the philosophy of metaphysics have vital roles to play in reaching a working understanding of such "non-ordinary" abilities as psychokinesis and extrasensory perception. Physics fulfills the role of putting this understanding on a firm scientific foundation, and metaphysics has—as both its primary purpose and its only legitimate reason for existing—the role of answering humanity's most fundamental existential questions. Religion has never really done this, even though it vociferously claims to do so.

If you understand, as do quantum physicists, that space, time, solidity and separation are illusions, and believe, as do some ninety-two percent of people, that our consciousness transcends death, then you've reached the realization that our five senses do not perceive or communicate to us all that truly exists, and that our current conceptual model of physical reality falls far short of encompassing the full extent of true "reality."

Insofar as the scientific study of paranormal phenomenon, the history of experimental evidence goes back several centuries and is unnecessary to discuss here. Far more relevant is the modern evidence emerging from respected institutions utilizing state-of-the-art technology. As one of numerous examples, the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research program, which operates under the aegis of Princeton University's School of Engineering and Applied Science, with the agenda of studying the interaction of human consciousness with sensitive physical devices, systems, and processes, and developing complementary theoretical models to enable a better understanding of the role of consciousness in the establishment and manipulation of physical reality. See, e.g., Jahn and Dunne, A Modular Model of Mind/Matter Manifestations, *Journal of Scientific Exploration* , Vol. 15, No. 3, 2001. Robert Jahn, Ph.D., is a plasma physicist, Professor Emeritus of Aerospace Science at Princeton University and Dean Emeritus of The School of Engineering and Applied Science, Vice President of the

Society for Scientific Exploration, and recipient of the Stuhlinger Medal. Jahn was one of the founders of the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research Lab.

One of the Princeton studies utilizes an apparatus that allows 9000 polystyrene balls to drop through a matrix of 330 pegs, scattering into 19 collecting bins. As the balls enter the bins, exact counts are accumulated photoelectrically and recorded by a computer. Subjects are asked to concentrate on shifting the developing distribution of balls to the right or left. Although the subjects generally do not believe that they can actually influence the distribution, and have no real idea of how to focus their consciousness to do so, over thousands of experimental runs the results reveal significant statistical deviations from chance expectations, differing from a baseline random distribution by a margin that defies the odds by billions-to-one. Psychokinetic effects are observed at the atomic level as well, demonstrated by subjects focusing on a computerized random number generator, causing it to go non-random in a fashion that defies the odds, again, by several billion-to-one. The same results were achieved even with the subjects located thousands of miles from the laboratory setting. See, Jahn and Dunne, On the Quantum Mechanics of Consciousness, With Application to Anomalous Phenomena, *Foundations of Physics* , Vol. 16, No. 8, 1986.

Over three decades, the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research laboratory published more than 60 research papers, with funding from prominent supporters such as Laurance Rockefeller, legendary for his philanthropic institutions, among them the Museum of Modern Art, Rockefeller University, and the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center; and James S. McDonnell, founder of the McDonnell Douglas Corporation. Not unexpectedly, given the nature of their work, numerous expert panels examined the laboratory's work and results over the years, looking for irregularities of any kind, yet their findings consistently reported that the lab's work was conducted with precision and accuracy. "*For 28 years, we've done what we wanted to do* ," Dr. Jahn noted in 2007, adding, "*If people don't believe us after all the results we've produced, then they never will .*"

These and many other research projects, both here and abroad, both private and governmental, have revealed psychokinesis as manifesting effects on a macroscopic scale, i.e., at the level of our everyday world of buildings and books, cars and people, of events, experiences and circumstances; as well as

on the microscopic scale of elementary particles where macroscopic objects and events originate, and may manifest effects on a vastly larger but experimentally unverifiable scale as well, planetary, galactic and universal, with all energy and matter having the intrinsic feature of quantum consciousness (Scaruffi, 2006; Pribram, 1991; Lockwood, 1989).

The philosophical study of non-ordinary phenomenon falls under the auspices of metaphysics, a term that originally referred to the writings of *Aristotle* that came after his writings on physics, in the arrangement made by *Andronicus* of Rhodes about three centuries after *Aristotle* 's death (322 B.C.). Traditionally, metaphysics refers to the branch of philosophy that attempts to understand the fundamental nature of all reality, whether visible or invisible. It seeks a description so basic, so essentially simple, so all-inclusive, that it applies to everything, whether divine or human or anything else. It attempts to tell what anything must be like in order to be at all.

A commonly employed and popular usage of metaphysics includes a wide range of phenomena that exist beyond the physical. Popular metaphysics embraces three traditionally contrasted, if not completely separable, areas: 1) Experiences of unity and oneness with the ultimate, commonly interpreted as God, Infinite Being, All-That-Is, et cetera; 2) the extension of knowing (extrasensory perception, including telepathy, precognition, and retrocognition); and 3) the extension of doing (psychokinesis and telekinesis). These concepts involve the primacy and powers of consciousness acting beyond the field of human ability as generally recognized in the Western world.

The academic study of these fields has been known as psychical research, parapsychology, and more recently, psi research. The term *psi* comes from the 23rd letter of the Greek alphabet and is used as an informal abbreviation for "psychic phenomena." Psi refers to any ability to manifest apparently paranormal or psychic phenomena through the power of the mind or consciousness. (Psi is not an acronym and should therefore not be rendered as PSI.)

The scientific and philosophical studies just discussed do not, of course, address the conundrum that makes non-ordinary phenomena anomalous in the first place; it is rather their presumed incompatibility with our current conceptual model of physical reality. Those who follow contemporary

developments in modern physics will however be aware that several features of quantum phenomena are themselves incompatible with our everyday conception of physical reality.

Many psi researchers see sufficiently compelling parallels between these phenomena and characteristics of psi to warrant considering them as potential candidates for theories of psi. The development in quantum mechanics that has created the most excitement and discussion among physicists, philosophers, and psi researchers is the empirical confirmation of Bell's theorem, which states that any model of physical reality that is consistent with quantum mechanics must be nonlocal: Particles that have once interacted are entangled so that even when they are later separated by arbitrarily large distances, an observation made on one of the particles will instantaneously be correlated with what will be observed on its entangled partners in ways that are incompatible with any physically permissible causal mechanism (such as a signal transmitted between them).

Put another way, the classical assumption that nature works in a deterministic, mechanistic, "local" way is wrong—the theory of local causes fails, as initially demonstrated through the work of J.S. Bell (1964), John Clauser and Stuart Freedman (1972), Alain Aspect (1982), and many others since. We live in a nonlocal universe; once this was ineluctably established, numerous aspects of quantum behavior, previously inexplicable, were in retrospect recognized as obvious signposts; the double-split experiment, the EPR "effect" (Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen paradox), all forms of discontinuous particle behavior, quantum leaping and tunneling, nonexistence of time at luminal velocity, et cetera.

What appears on one level of reality to be the result of chance is actually the result of an ordering on a higher level of reality, appearances on the lower level to the contrary. Every step up to a higher level of reality is a step to a new order—indeed, this is (in physics) the definition of a level of reality. In this sense, events which are "separate" on one level of reality are correlated at the next higher level; "separate" events on that level are, in turn, correlated on the next higher level, and so on. This correlating influence or force operates through an instantaneous transfer of negentrophy (order or information) that takes place beyond space-time, with effects that can be located anywhere within space-time.

The profound meaning of this discovery cannot be overstated. The eminent Henry Stapp asserted that Bell's theorem (demonstrating the failure of local causes) and its proof constituted "*the most profound discovery in science* ." Many physicists have come to agree with this estimate. David Bohm's judgment was telling: "We have yet to perceive a new order. We are in a position which is in certain ways similar to where Galileo stood when he began his inquires."

Over the past century, most of the fundamental assumptions about the fabric of physical reality have been revised in the direction predicted by genuine psi, which suggests that psi is the human experience of the entangled universe. Quantum entanglement as presently understood in elementary atomic systems is, by itself, insufficient to fully explain psi, yet the ontological parallels implied by entanglement and psi are deeply compelling.

Bell's theorem highlights a second prominent feature of quantum theory: The role that the act of observation plays in determining what will be observed. For example, the common-sense assumption that dynamic properties of a particle (e.g., its position and momentum) have definite values before they are actually observed is falsified by the empirical confirmations of Bell's theorem. Instead, the values of such properties remain only probabilities until the act of observation "collapses the quantum wave function" and causes the properties to acquire definite values. Even before Bell's theorem, it was known that whether light behaves like waves or like particles depends on the conditions of observation. These features of quantum mechanics have led to "observational" models of psi in which it is not just the act of observation but the *consciousness* of the human observer that plays an active role in what will be observed.

It is just these aspects of quantum physics that cause some people to throw up their hands and ask: "*But how can it be like that* ?" Among all the various paranormal phenomena, telekinesis and psychokinesis might seem to be the most anomalous because they not only challenge our classical conceptions of space and distance, as telepathy and clairvoyance do as well, but also those of time and causality. Although less well known than discussions of nonlocality, alternative conceptions of time and causality also constitute an active area of discussion within physics.

The most fundamental reason that psychokinetic events might seem to us to

be more anomalous than telepathy or clairvoyance is that we can relate the latter to familiar phenomena. That is, we have many everyday phenomena in which information travels invisibly through space and arrives as if by magic. The device you're likely to be reading on at this moment can serve as an example, be it a laptop, tablet, cellphone or Kindle reader. Thus, even those who are not convinced that telepathy actually exists can still readily imagine possible mechanisms for it, such as electromagnetic signal transmissions from one brain to another. It is not so easy for a non-physicist to imagine possible mechanisms for psychokinetic events and influences, thereby leading to the puzzled query, "But how can it be like that?"

Unfortunately, even if quantum-based theories eventually mature from metaphor to genuine models of psi, they are still unlikely to provide intuitively satisfying mechanisms for psi because quantum theory itself *fails to provide intuitively satisfying mechanisms for physical reality* . Physicists have learned to live with that conundrum but most non-physicists are simply unaware of it; they presume that they don't understand quantum physics only because they lack the necessary technical and mathematical expertise. This is not the case, something people need to understand and so be reassured.

Richard Feynman, one of the most distinguished physicists of the twentieth century and winner of the Nobel Prize for his work on quantum electrodynamics, put it this way: "*The difficulty really is psychological and exists in the perpetual torment that results from saying to yourself,* 'But how can it be like that?' *which is a reflection of an uncontrolled but utterly vain desire to see it in terms of something familiar. Do not keep saying to yourself,* ' But how can it be like that?' *because you will get into a blind alley from which nobody has yet escaped. Nobody knows how it can be like that* ." — Richard Feynman, Nobel Laureate (1994)

Be like what? Consider for a moment these insights:

" *As a man who has devoted his whole life to the most clear-headed science, to the study of matter, I can tell you as a result of my research about atoms this much: There is no matter as such. All matter originates and exists only by virtue of the existence of consciousness. The mind is the matrix of all matter . I regard consciousness as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative from consciousness.* " —Max Planck, originator of Quantum Mechanics, Nobel Laureate

“*Consciousness cannot be accounted for in physical terms, for consciousness is absolutely fundamental. It cannot be accounted for in terms of anything else. Quantum physics reveals a basic oneness of the universe. Multiplicity is only apparent; in truth, there is only one mind* .” —Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate

“*It is heuristically useful to keep in mind what one has observed. But on principle it is quite wrong to try grounding a theory on observable quantities alone. In reality the opposite happens. It is the theory which determines what we can observe* .” —Albert Einstein, Nobel Laureate

“*Everything we call real is made of things that cannot be regarded as real* .” —Niels Bohr, Nobel Laureate

“*Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a very persistent one* .” —Albert Einstein, Nobel Laureate

In recognizing the illusory nature of what we perceive to be “reality,” and in recognition of the higher orders of reality, we stand on the threshold of discerning an altogether new model of reality. Nonlocal behavior provides us with a glimpse of a vastly enlarged view of nature, one in which the Universe is neither possessed of space and time nor contains a multitude of things—instead it is one, interwoven thing—even the appearance of separate things is utterly interconnected in some fundamental manner that, in science, we can experimentally perceive but not explain. A new model encompassing these discoveries may replace all others, even quantum mechanics; we may retain a humble skepticism about even this most incredibly successful of theories—the wise physicist has been cured of certainty by history.

As Newton himself wrote: “*I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me* .” That great ocean engulfs the Universe.

This leads us, with an abundance of caution, to frame a question—with such caution because a wrong question will never yield a right answer; even a facially reasonable inquiry may contain conclusive, culturally imposed consensual presuppositions, and therefore severely constrain the parameters of any possible answer. Hence, how do thoughts and images held in

conscious awareness actualize forms or events whose probability of actualizing would otherwise be one in billions?

The Adeptic Wisdom Tradition proposes an answer, as Master Amrita expressed admirably; that consciousness, energy, and matter are wholly interconnected—that they are, at some higher level of reality, one and the same, yet in the physical dimensions of space and time are perceived and experienced as different, at least by an ordinary observer. Certainly, in accordance with the special theory (of relativity), mass is energy and energy is mass. Where one exists, the other exists; they are in fact one and the same. Not so certain is how consciousness fits this picture; Amrita expressed that energy-mass is merely a form or aspect of consciousness. Put more concisely, energy-mass is simply consciousness objectified within subject-object consciousness.

Consciousness, of course, is the mystery of mysteries, for, as the means of interpreting sense impressions and experience through the transformation of those impressions and experiences into recognizable symbols, it cannot in the same manner interpret itself. It is the most immediate, and most remarkable, fact known to us. Energy-matter seems less mysterious, even though less directly known. Pascal noted: “There is nothing so inconceivable as that matter should be conscious of itself.” Scientists who have explained its nature; philosophers who have mastered their passions—”what matter could do that?”

Summation -

We think of, perceive, and experience the physical world as solid and real; actually it is nothing more than an energy construct, ultimately no more substantive than the quantum field in which it is embedded. If I indeed beheld miracles, they were no more and no less than the miracle of all reality—a unity of consciousness producing in an individual awareness patterns of perceived symbols we consent to call real, yet which continually shift to reflect the aspirations and dreams of the perceiver, simultaneously different for each and the same for all—the vast Universe with its billions of galaxies, the stars and their planets, the mountains and valleys, the highlands and deserts, the seas and rivers, the garden of life that teems in every niche, elephants and bears and cats, birds and butterflies, and, of course, all of us. All solidity and permanence in the physical realm are unquestionably

illusions; conceivably only consciousness is real and eternal, the consciousness of the living Universe.

In Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), a charming young girl named Alice journeyed through an astonishing, dreamlike world of uncommon occurrences and greatly enlarged possibilities. "*It was much pleasanter at home* ," thought Alice, "*when one wasn't always being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down the rabbit hole, and yet, and yet...* "

Near the end of her encounter with the White Queen, Alice protests that "*one can't believe impossible things* ." The White Queen famously retorts, "*I daresay you haven't had much practice. When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast* ."

Unlike the White Queen, I do not advocate believing impossible things. But I do hope that this book will encourage the reader to consider all the probabilities and therefore believe at least one anomalous thing—perhaps even "before breakfast." I will leave you to consider this: Powerful concepts and principles are absolutely fascinating—and absolutely useless, until you decide to put them to work.

NOTE: Please don't miss the Anthology Collection below, an integral part of this book where you'll find an extensive selection of insights from and dialogues with many of the extraordinary people Hawking met during his years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau.

Afterward to U.S. Edition

"*There are truths which are not for all men* ." —Voltaire

Our reaction to the foregoing narratives will vary with the reach of our vision. To the intrepid reader who has come this far, I offer my gratitude. To each such valiant reader—indeed, to each member of the human family—this book bears a great message. Inasmuch as all intelligent humankind seeks a life of peace, freedom, joy, abundance and love, it is supremely profitable that the truth be known: All the highest qualities of life justly belong to each person, and all can be obtained through right knowledge.

The individuals you met in this book you will not meet in your everyday life. You will not meet them in your shopping malls or grocery stores or at your favorite restaurant. You will in fact not even hear of them—they will not be spoken of on the evening news shows, or the programs that chronicle the exploits of celebrities, or any "reality" shows. You will not find them on lists of contemporary philosophers or scientists, nor among lists of Nobel Prize winners. They are of another world, a world that is simultaneously not your own, and yet inevitably *is* your own. You see, in every way, they are you; they simply represent a fuller dimension of each of you.

The argument of the unenlightened man that the teaching of the masters and adepts are untrue—merely because he himself seems unable to manifest what he desires—is scientifically untenable. The richest gallery of art is boring to one who cannot see.

"*Every man takes the limits of his own field of vision for the limits of the world* ." —Arthur Schopenhauer

The field of the normal man's awareness is, as can be easily demonstrated, narrowly circumscribed and extremely limited. Beyond the parameters of his work-a-day consciousness, which he assumes to be his only consciousness, are enlarged fields of awareness in which far greater potentials exist. It is my hope that these potentials have herein been illuminated amply enough to encourage the reader to further study and experimentation. The rewards are rich indeed.

And what of the ancient civilizations of prehistory? Man can only judge what is within his reach; it is a greater presumption, says Plutarch, for those who are ordinary men to venture to talk about the ancients than it is for a man ignorant of music to judge an orchestra. When we say that in the infinity of past millennia great civilizations did exist or did not exist, our tongues say it but our intellect does not comprehend it. And from this incomprehension is born the delusions and denials with which the world is possessed, weighing in its scales a thing so far from its capacity to measure.

In cultural traditions, in the writings of the ancients, and in tantalizingly tangible physical artifacts, there is evidence of civilizations possessed of a high state of culture existing long before the historical ones. Yet, between the outer world and the secrets of these ancient civilizations, a heavy veil has descended. Given their extreme antiquity this is to be expected. The deepest

reaches of our oceans are more remote to examination than the surface of the moon. Archeological probing deep beneath the sea bed remains a far-off dream. It is not staggeringly improbable that ineluctable physical evidence of such immemorial civilizations will someday be found, yet for now the extremes of our speculations tend to fall finally into dazzlement; that as on old maps, beyond the farthest limits of the known is the unknown.

These pages—reread after the passage of many years by one who cannot completely forget having written them, and who certainly remembers the events described—strangely resist him as he reads. Why? It is not that they are untrue, or at all misrepresentative of the events they describe, and even if they were, that would of course not be the reason for the resistance, nor could it be caused by their constituting a closed record upon which judgments of truth, however relative, or of their value, would no longer bear. What reason then? Imagining the impact upon those who read these pages conveys upon this writer a fundamental recognition. A presentation, however incomplete, of events that reveal knowledge of the most profound kind—I feel now and have always felt—should have been conducted by one far more qualified. It is difficult indeed; marking in mortal words immortal things.

To this feeling, this resistance, I have been provided a consistent answer; to have the events expounded by someone who experienced them with objectivity, with openness, with acceptance—however gradual and challenging—and at the same time with healthy skepticism, questioning every step of the way. Further, I am told, publication for a general reading audience was granted as a necessary counter-point to the wave of so-called ‘new-age’ books containing shallow-draft assertions from sources very far removed from first-hand experience, hence laden with misinformation.

The writer and all who read this book are indebted to certain very wise individuals for having made this version possible, and grateful acknowledgement must also be made to the masters for granting permission to publish this English language edition.

Thank you for reading. Please see the Anthology Collection below for an additional selection of insights from several extraordinary people.

❄ ❄ ❄

If you enjoyed this volume - ***Teachings of the Himalayan Masters*** - we respectfully ask that you submit a review on its appropriate Amazon page. Reviews are crucial for our books to reach a wider audience of qualified readers. If you feel you benefited from this book, please take a moment to leave a review, even if it's just a sentence or two, it will be greatly appreciated. Amazon page for the U.S. here , for the U.K. here , for Canada here , for Australia here , for Germany here , and for India and Nepal here . Thank you!

- Section IV: Source Material Anthology -

Introduction

From all of us at Wisdom Masters Press, thank you for reading. It is our hope that you found this topical exploration of the knowledge and wisdom of the *Himalayan* masters both informative and inspirational. If so, you may be interested in exploring in greater depth, along with where it all began.

For your reading enjoyment, we've included the anthology collection below, with two important purposes:

1) To present additional insights from and dialogues with many of the extraordinary people Hawking met during his years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau.

2) To provide in-depth information regarding the subject matter of each book. We consider this to be an *essential service* to assist our readers in making informed decisions as to which books may be of interest to them, and which books are not.

The following anthology is designed to entertain, enlighten, and illuminate the knowledge and secrets preserved in the ancient *Himalayan* , *Zhang Zhung* , and Egyptian mystic wisdom traditions, and to explore the possible origins of that knowledge, in five parts:

• *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* , a detailed exploration of Hawking's experiences and conversations with *Mani Choejor* ,

a true practicing shamanic sorceress of the very ancient *Zhang Zhung* traditions of true magic, or "sorcery."

• *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* , which discusses recent astronomical discoveries and their relevance to three encounters the author and his companions had with individuals they believe to have been the true *Ri-iha-mo* , or "celestial mountain goddesses," of ancient legend, along with how the extensive knowledge and teachings of the celestials relates to the profound accomplishments of Ancient Egypt.

• *A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed* , explores the knowledge and wisdom of the great Egyptian Master *Kalika-Khenmetaten* , who lived and authored her esoteric manuscript '*The Golden Crown* ' in the age of the Kings of Upper and Lower Egypt, *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*), over three-thousand-three-hundred years ago.

• *Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica, 55 Million B.C.* , explores compelling evidence that an advanced civilization existed on the Antarctic Continent in the Paleocene epoch, the proof of a number of other mysterious cultures existing prior to the last glacial period, i.e., long before the threshold of known history, along with the possible origins of those long forgotten civilizations.

• Excerpts from part I of *In The Valley of Supreme Masters, A Chronicle of Power* , the first book in the two volume series which narrates explorer M.G. Hawking's experiences during the first several of the five years he spent in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau. Book One, Part 1 - *Revelations of a Paranormal Kind* .

We ask the reader to take his or her time in reading this anthology, and please excuse any repetition of previously presented material. A space between lines indicates the end of one section of a text and a jump to the next. A link to a handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the following sections appears at appropriate places. For easy navigation, clickable links to each section included following the guide.

Some geographical references have of necessity been altered to camouflage actual locations. Author's and editor's notes have been inserted where necessary to clarify complex translations and elucidate material that may not

be well-known to the lay reader.

GO DIRECTLY TO: Excerpts from *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* Excerpts from *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* Excerpts from *A Great Master Speaks* , c. 1370 BC Excerpts from *Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica* Excerpts from *A Chronicle of Power* See a full Book List with Descriptions

Excerpts from
True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'

"Underneath all civilization, ancient or modern, moved and still moves a sea of magic and sorcery. Perhaps they will remain when all the works of our reason have passed away ." —Will Durant, Ph.D., recipient of the Pulitzer Prize and the Medal of Freedom

"[O]f the early religion of Tibet, concerning which but very imperfect accounts are existing, so much is certain, that sorcery was the principle feature of it ." —H.A. Jäschke, *Tibetan-English Dictionary* , London, 1881

A Platinum Edition Book. Based on the archived field notes and journals of explorer M.G. Hawking's sixty-two months in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, this remarkable book contains detailed narratives of Hawking's experiences and conversations with *Mani Choejor* , a true *B'on* sorceress. To say that Mani is a rare and exceptional young lady would be to gravely understate the case. Mani was born in a small village in Tibet, orphaned at an early age by Chinese hostilities, then adopted and mentored in an ancient *B'on* monastery by an abbot known to be a *B'on* master of great power, one of perhaps two or three remaining teachers of the primeval esoteric arts of *Zhang Zhung* magic, or "sorcery." This book discloses extensive, first-hand accounts of Mani's demonstrations of psychokinetic powers and in-depth descriptions of her apprenticeship and the esoteric knowledge that allowed her to attain such extraordinary abilities.

For thousands of years Tibet has been a fabled land of mystery and magic. Isolated from the rest of the world by its topography and remote setting on the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau* —the highest in the world, with an average elevation of over 15,000 feet—Tibet is home to the forgotten kingdom of *Zhang Zhung* , the ancient realm of the original pre-Buddhist *B'on* religion.

According to their own histories, *B'on* was founded in 16,000 B.C. by the earliest known Buddha-like master, *Tonpa Shenrab Miwoche* . Like *Siddhārtha Gautama* , our most recent historical Buddha (c. 563-483 B.C.), *Shenrab* renounced his life as a prince to become a monk, achieved enlightenment, and composed teachings that enable attainment of the highest knowledge and power.

This body of knowledge, referred to as the '*Four Portals '*, is a group of highly esoteric teachings setting forth the true nature of physical reality and techniques of powerful elemental magic, or "sorcery," and is of extreme antiquity. The first extant traces of the teachings appear as part of the lore of the pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung* culture that arose on the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau* some 4000 years ago, but they are said to have originated far earlier. Being an exceedingly restricted body of knowledge, said to convey enormous powers, the teachings disappear from the historical record for some twenty-six centuries, not to reemerge until the 7th century A.D. in the arcane scriptures of the ancient pre-Buddhist *B'on* religion, as found in the *Himalayan* highlands of Tibet.

This very rare form of esoteric *B'on* contains huge amounts of arcane and elemental magic, in keeping with its view of the cosmos as a psycho-physical unity, able to be manipulated in heightened states of awareness through clandestine techniques and practices. These profound esoteric teachings begin and end with a clear premise: "*The universe is but a mirage which exists in the mind, springs from it, is controlled by it, and sinks into it* ."

What are we to think of this "magical" concept of an ancient civilization of prehistory? In modern times we are fortunate that advanced research technologies have enabled us to radically enlarge our comprehension of the universe as compelling discoveries emerged one after another from breakthroughs in physics. To understand the esoteric teachings of the '*Four Portals '* in this contemporary context, we may review the following insights:

"*There is no matter as such. All matter originates and exists only by virtue of the existence of consciousness. The mind is the matrix of all matter* ." —Max Planck, Nobel Laureate

"*Consciousness cannot be accounted for in physical terms, for consciousness is absolutely fundamental. It cannot be accounted for in terms of anything else. Quantum physics reveals a basic oneness of the universe. Multiplicity is*

only apparent; in truth, there is only one mind ." —Erwin Schrödinger, Nobel Laureate

"*The atoms or elementary particles themselves are not real; they form a world of potentialities or possibilities rather than one of things or facts. The philosophical issues raised by quantum mechanics apply to the big as well as the small* ." —Werner Heisenberg, Nobel Laureate, originator of the Uncertainty Principle

Excerpt from the *Introduction* , by the author:

The purpose of this book is to provide an account of my relationship, experiences, and discussions with Mani, and to narrate what I learned of her extraordinary shamanistic knowledge. There is much to say, and I believe it is the moral intent and philosophical import that counts in writing this book, as in every art; of what use is word or sound or form if not to seek recognition and understanding of clarifying, healing, ennobling, or empowering knowledge?

I have been asked many times what it was like to know such an extraordinary person as Mani. I shall answer, briefly and precariously, that it was overwhelming. In so many ways during the time I was privileged to spend with her, Mani was my catalyst. She stunned me with her abilities, awakened me with her knowledge, encouraged me with her eager listening, warmed me with her praise, challenged me with the keenness and depth of her perceptions, and inspired me in the pursuit of higher knowledge.

Mani consistently gave the charm of novelty to everyday things, excited feelings analogous to the supernatural by awakening my attention to the lethargy of custom and directing it to the wonders of the world within me, and, in difficult times, bid me, like the imperturbable mountains, to bear the storm silently, and endure.

It is difficult for me to describe the impact of witnessing Mani's powers. The experience of such abilities is challenging to transform into words, for those powers move in a world far beyond everyday intellect or common logic. So much so, in fact, that many do not believe that such powers exist. Of course, disbelief is a coin that some dispense, like carnival conjurors, in order to hide their incomprehension, and which human simplicity all too often accepts as payment. My dilemma however lies not in incredulity—I and many others witnessed Mani's sorceric powers far too many times for that—

but rather in the difficulty entailed in presenting such experiences to what can be safely assumed, at least in the Western world, to be a largely skeptical audience.

Although sorcery traditionally begins in superstition and legend, it ends in science, as discussed in this book. Superstition is one of the most stable of social phenomena; it remains almost unchanged through centuries and civilizations, not only in its bases but even in its formulas. All superstitions arise from the quest to explain or understand the world, and we find at last that the only real understanding is to know the concepts which by themselves will govern everything on every occasion. —M.G. Hawking

For untold millenniums the teachings of the '*Four Portals* ' have been known only to a privileged few, extraordinary knowledge long concealed under the most intense secrecy. An outstanding book for anyone seeking greater personal power.

Table of Contents for *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'*

Epigraph

- Part I: Foreword -

Introduction

Dedication

A Cautionary Note

Sources and Reference Citations

Structure of this Book

- Part II: Prelude -

The B'on Monastery

Meeting Mani

The Ancient Oracle Temple

Mani's Wish

Chapadu's Insights

Chapadu's Departure

Arrival in Siddhalaya

Kenji’s Inquiry

Sari’s Insights

Observations from Lama Karpa and Lama Dhanaga

- Part III: The Experiences -

A Sorcerer’s Perspective of the World

Demonstrations of Psychokinetic Powers

The Essential Knowledge

Visualization Practice

Thoughts on the Sorceric Teachings

Conclusion

Afterward to U.S. Edition

Author’s Note: My companions in the following excerpts were Sari, who had become my constant companion since shortly after my arrival in *Siddhalaya* , and Shrina and Chiricu, the younger sister and older sister to Sari, respectively. These three sisters were born in *Siddhalaya* and raised in the esoteric wisdom traditions of the *Himalayan* masters. And of course our dear friend Mani. The handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the book is available here .

Excerpt from the chapter, *Demonstrations of Psychokinetic Powers* :

Sari brews tea and hands me a cup in a large, light plastic mug. It idly crosses my mind that I would prefer iced-tea on such a warm day. Mani looks up from her sewing. She motions for me to hand her the mug. She holds it in both hands, eyes closed. A few seconds later she hands it back. The mug is freezing cold—in the tea clanks a cylinder of ice about half the diameter of the inside of the cup.

“Sari, look,” I exclaim.

She does, but appears unimpressed. “You wanted it cold?”

“Yes, but . . . how did Mani do this?” I ask.

“She used her *Kriyasakti* ,” Sari says simply.

“The power of thought?”

“Mmmhmm.”

“Mani, you used *Kriyasakti* to make this cold?

Mani turns her blue eyes to me and nods.

“But what thoughts did you use, and how?”

Sari pokes me. “The thought of cold, of course.”

“All right. So, Sari, can you do this?”

“Yes. Yet I do not do such things often; Lemia (a master and Sari’s mentor) discourages me from using my *Siddhi* .”

Author’s Note: *Siddhi* , in Sanskrit, is literally the attainment of any goal. Here Sari uses it to mean the ‘Powers’ arrived at through adeptic practices, encountered as a natural result of expanding awareness. These powers are considered to be the seven primary forces of consciousness, four of which are revealed, two considered esoteric, and one wholly sealed. The revealed are: 1) the power of intellect or real wisdom and knowledge; 2) the power of the will or intent; 3) the power or force which moves in a serpentine path, the universal life force in nature; and 4) the force or power of speech or music, of sound and mantras. There are two additional powers considered to be among the “secrets of secrets”: 5) the power of thought enabling it to manifest perceptible, phenomenal events and forms through its own inherent energy, the *Kriyasakti* as referred to by Sari and Mani above; and 6) the highest force or power, the power of light brought to bear through advanced practices of visualization. The 7th and supreme power is considered by the masters to be the “most secret of all arcanum.”

“And anyway,” Sari adds, “I like tea to be hot.”

Mani narrows her eyes at Sari, then reaches to pick up a notebook. (Mani at this time is under a vow of silence from her mentor.) She writes: “I am instructed similarly, but may use *Siddhi* for small things, for convenience or comfort. I have used the heat and ability to make fire and ice and such little things since I was a child. The abbot feels this use keeps essential ideals clear in mind, and reminds that we have power over all natural things.” (Heat, in this sense, apparently refers to the “mystic heat” abundantly demonstrated by yogins, many of whom go about with no protection in frigid weather, with no ill effects, often melting the snow and ice around them. This may explain Sari and Mani’s warmth last night, and in the water and in the tent this morning.)

“Mani, how do you make ice?” I ask.

Editor’s Note: To preserve subtle nuances, the following translation is essentially literal, albeit at some loss of readability.

Mani writes: “I held the ideal of cold tea in the Universal until it became formed to a lower vibration.”

Pause for astonishment. “What?” I ask.

Mani smiles. “When you desire to bring forth some form out of Universal Substance, you must be quiet and contemplative. You see the ideal and hold in mind that Substance of which all the world is formed a sufficient time to raise or lower its vibration—this is done by visualizing a mental pattern or mold into which can flow the Substance needed to make that desired. It will come forth in a perfect form, built upon the pattern which was held in the Universal Principle.”

“What is the Universal Principle?” I ask.

“It cannot be compressed into a definition, but it is known through our mind, it is our consciousness.” Mani presses her lips together for a second. “The vastness of Universal Principle’s creative, unlimited Being is crystal clear, yet it is completely full of vibrating, emanating energy, and that emanating energy is the Universal Substance. All things are known as Universal Substance in which all form is suspended in harmonious relation, ready to respond to the call of the vibratory rate that causes it to coalesce into form. When the proper vibratory influence is set through thoughts, cooperating with the whole, the Substance, having no other course, rushes to fill the pattern set by the desire.”

“Does the technique always work?” I ask.

Mani nods and writes. “This is absolute law and none can stay its true course.”

I am impressed with this rare insight into the adeptic teaching of the ancient *B’on* shamans. And I am impressed with Mani’s candor. “The concealment of what is useful,” said Augustine, “is either an exercise in humility or an attrition of pride.”

Excerpts from the chapter, *A Sorcerer’s Perspective of the World* :

Mani watches Shrina and Chiricu carefully for a moment, then turns to stare at the mountain towering above. “I realize that I must return to the fundamental essence of what I have been teaching you, the recognition at the heart of all techniques.” Mani stops, frowns. “The more I have taught, the more concerned I have become as to how I am teaching. In a way, you have been teaching me. Each of you—Michael, Shrina, Chiricu—present a different challenge, yet I have tried to emulate, to some degree, the manner in

which I was taught by the abbot. I thought that was best, but in teaching you, and in reading of Kalika's experiences, I have learned much. My background, my upbringing . . . I was never exposed to ideas of limits, so it is easy for me to overlook the most fundamental concept of power, that which I was taught and shown virtually from infancy. Last night, I remembered something from when I was very young, something of key importance that I have not have stressed enough."

Mani sits with us on the blankets. "Starting when I was three or four, each morning the abbot would come to me, sit on the bedside, and ask what I had dreamt. I would tell him, he would prompt me to remember more, and we would talk and laugh at how strange and wonderful dreams are."

"Mani," I ask, "the content of your dreams was that important to the abbot?"

"Yes . . . well no, not exactly. It was not the dreams in themselves that were most important, but the experience of dreaming, the absence of boundaries and limits—the freedom. The abbot would always finish our morning talks with the same thought, the same concept. It is the essence of power." Mani looks at us, eyes darkening.

Shrina stares impatiently. "Well?" she asks.

"The abbot stressed that the dreaming mind and the awakened mind are the same mind, merely in different states of consciousness. Neither mind is more real than the other, neither state is more real than the other. The freedom experienced in the dream state exists equally in the waking state, if awareness of that is held in mind."

"What does that mean?" Shrina asks.

"The abbot stressed that power involves a process of imagining, like dreaming, even when awake—especially when awake—consistently maintaining the recognition that objective, material reality is wholly as fluid and malleable as a dream, that anything is possible if your thoughts and images are properly used. This is what we call a heightened awareness, a state of enlarged consciousness and heightened awareness; if used with impeccable attention to creating with intent and purpose, it is without limits."

"The second attention," Chiricu whispers.

"Yes. The second attention is power; when you are immersed in it, everything is possible; you can perform feats that defy and break the boundaries of what is normally considered to be reality or the outer world. Sorcerers enter into this greater awareness at will, and maintain it on a higher

mental level without constant direction of attention—in this way, one does not have to constantly hold the concept in mind."

Shrina motions with her hand. "Can you explain the second attention, and the others, again please."

Mani nods. "Yes. When you study the wisdom traditions, you learn that there are levels of being, so to say. They are called differently in various traditions, yet the descriptions are nearly identical. In our tradition we think of these so-called levels as what they truly are, states of awareness. They can also be thought of as states of attention since, as always, where your attention is, your awareness is. The first awareness is that of ordinary consciousness of the physical world. The second awareness represents an expanded consciousness, reaching beyond the purely physical world. The third awareness is that of even greater levels of consciousness. There are others as well. In the sorcereric tradition we conceptualize these states of awareness not as levels, but as spheres, each one fully encompassed within the next.

"You must remember that the highest awareness is like a sphere without boundary, infinite and eternal; infinite not as an endless expanse of space, but as spacelessness; eternal not as an endless duration of time, but as timelessness. This fourth awareness represents the totality of your being—it is your true self and encompasses all other states of awareness. The first awareness—ordinary consciousness—lies within the sphere of the second, the third, and the fourth. With this conceptualization we hold sight of the fact that an individual is one with all."

Shrina looks contemplative. "And the vibration concept?" she asks.

Mani smiles. "As I have explained, the sorcereric technique of power as we are discussing it is fundamentally based on two concepts, that of vibration and the power of thought—or attention—to control vibration. All things vibrate at a certain rate, from the very slow to the infinitely fast. The slower the vibration, the greater the illusion of solidity, the greater the illusion of separation. The higher the vibration, the closer to pure Substance, to pure energy or consciousness. Thoughts and visualization control rates and movements of vibration; it is that simple. The highest vibration of pure Substance can be lowered to produce what appears as an object, a situation or circumstance. Your vibration is so controlled as well. Let us do an exercise to increase what we shall consider to be your personal vibration. Sit next to each other, facing me."

True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals' , briefly excerpted

above, contains teachings that for untold millenniums have been known only to a privileged few, extraordinary knowledge long concealed under the most intense secrecy. An incomparable book for anyone on a spiritual path or seeking greater knowledge and personal power. 2020 Edition, 23 Chapters, 32 Subsections, Kindle page count 422. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. For more information on this book, please see the description and 'Look Inside' feature on the book's Amazon page; the page for the U.S. here , for the U.K. here , for CA here , for AU here , for DE here , and for India and Nepal here .

GO TO: Excerpts from *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* Excerpts from *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* Excerpts from *A Great Master Speaks* , c. 1370 BC Excerpts from *Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica* Excerpts from *A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Guide to Individuals Appearing

Excerpts from
Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins

"Ancient Egypt, through the solidarity, the unity, the disciplined variety of its magnificent achievements, its unexcelled artistic products, and through the enormous duration and the sustained power of its effort, offers the spectacle of the greatest civilization that has yet appeared on the earth. We shall do well to equal it ." — Gabriel Faure

A Platinum Edition Book. Over ten-thousand years ago there appeared on the banks of the Nile, as if suddenly descended upon the sands, the first great civilization of known history. No one knows from whence the early Egyptians came, yet no people, ancient or modern, have conceived of building a civilization on a scale so sublime, so great, so grandiose, as the Ancient Egyptians.

Their technology of architecture, agriculture, metallurgy, and engineering; the invention of glass and linen, of paper and ink, of the calendar and the clock, of geometry and the alphabet; the excellence and sublimity of sculpture and the arts; the refinement of dress and ornament, of furniture and dwellings, of society and life; the remarkable development of orderly and peaceful government, of education; the advancement of writing and literature,

of science and medicine; the first clear formulation known to us of individual and public conscience, the first cry for social justice, the first widespread monogamy, the first monotheism . . . all elevated to a degree of superiority and power that has seldom, if ever, been reached since.

"*Egypt gave birth to what later would become known as 'Western Civilization,' long before the greatness of Greece and Rome* ." —John Henrik Clarke

How were these monumental accomplishments achieved? How did a small stone-age culture suddenly rise to create one of the greatest civilizations of known history? Where did the Ancient Egyptians' knowledge and power and sophistication come from?

The ancient creation stories of indigenous cultures worldwide relate that their progenitors came from the sky or the stars. Native Americans recount that their antecedents were "The Sky People" or "Star Beings." Egyptian texts speak of their "bringers of knowledge" coming from *Sahu* and *Sopdit* (Orion and Sirius). The builders of *Teotihuacan* describe their gods as having descended from the heavens. The pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung* , the Maya, the pre-Incans, the Sumerians, and so many others, all express precisely the same story in diverse symbolic languages—their ancestors came from the stars, bringing advanced knowledge and the gift of civilization. These cultures were greatly separated both geographically and chronologically, yet their creation stories are strikingly similar. What could explain this?

The voluminous lore of the ancient Brahmaic and Egyptian traditions relates that in the antediluvian time of *zp tpj* (generally transcribed as *Zep Tepi*), the "first occasion" or "first time," mysterious, highly enlightened "gods" appeared in Egypt, bearing previously unknown technology and knowledge. The texts inscribed on the walls of the Temple of *Edfu* in Upper Egypt contain explicit descriptions of the time of *Zep Tepi* and the coming of the "bringers of knowledge," recounting their arrival in a "cosmic egg" radiating colored light, bearing the "gods" who brought the gift of civilization to Egypt, the primary of which was *Ptah* , whose rule, the texts tell us, began circa 18,000 B.C.

Plato (c. 428-348 B.C.) writes that Egyptian priests kept records of their history going back over eighteen-thousand years: "*Egypt has recorded and kept eternally the wisdom of the ancient ages . . . all coming from time*

immemorial when gods governed the earth in the dawn of civilization ."

Herodotus tells us that when Hecataeus of Miletus (550-476 B.C.) boasted to the Egyptian priests that he could trace his ancestry through fifteen centuries to a god, they quietly showed him, in a hidden sanctuary deep under the sands, the statutes of three-hundred-forty-five high priests, each the son of the preceding, making three-hundred-forty-five generations since their "gods" had appeared in the Nile valley, marking a timeline extending back some one-hundred-eighty centuries.

Who were these mysterious "gods"? Why did they come, and from where? Recent astronomical discoveries, utilizing new research techniques and sophisticated technology, may provide some clues.

Data from NASA's Hubble Space Telescope has revealed that there are hundreds of billions of galaxies in the observable universe. Just prior to this special edition going to publication, a remarkable announcement came from researchers examining data from the recent Hubble Space Telescope's eXtreme Deep Field survey. Instead of the previously estimated 200 billion galaxies in the observable universe, there are likely more than *two trillion* galaxies. (*Science Daily* , 13 October 2016, Space Telescope Science Institute, STScI, eXtreme Deep Field survey results)

To put this in some kind of perspective, if you hold a single grain of sand at arm's length against the night sky, the tiny patch of sky it hides contains more than 100,000 galaxies—not 100,000 stars, 100,000 *galaxies* . These galaxies range in size from dwarf galaxies with "just" a few billion stars to giant galaxies with 100 trillion stars.

The immensity of the universe inspires a deep sense of awe—and inspires as well many questions. What's really out there? Clearly, the number of galaxies and stars in our universe is beyond the mind of man to number or name, but what about planets? After all, we generally think of any extraterrestrial life as existing as we do, on a planet orbiting a star at a distance where life as we know it can flourish.

There are indeed planets, an astonishing number of them. As of mid-2017, NASA's Kepler Space Observatory had identified the existence of some 4496 exoplanet candidates and 3750 confirmed exoplanets, that is, planets existing outside of our solar system, orbiting other stars in our Milky Way galaxy, and

that number is climbing steadily. The Kepler candidates have an 80-90% probability to be actual discoveries but have yet to be confirmed, and the Kepler telescope's 95 million-pixel instrument has so far examined only a single area of the sky along the Orion spiral arm of our galaxy (an area by the constellations Cygnus and Lyra) containing just 145,000 main sequence stars out of the 200 to 400 billion stars in our Milky Way galaxy.

A 2018 study, published February 2nd in *The Astrophysical Journal Letters* , provides the first evidence that trillions of exoplanets exist beyond the Milky Way as well. Using data from NASA's Chandra X-ray Observatory and a planet detection technique called microlensing, scientists at the University of Oklahoma examining a distant galaxy found evidence that indicates there are approximately 2,000 extragalactic planets for every one star outside of the Milky Way galaxy. Some of these exoplanets are as (relatively) small as the moon, while others are as massive as Jupiter. "*We can estimate that the number of planets in this faraway galaxy is more than a trillion* ," says Xinyu Dai, the astronomy and astrophysics professor who led the study.

Prior to these discoveries, scientists weren't absolutely certain if solar systems like ours were everywhere. Now that the Kepler and Chandra space observatories have identified all of these planets, NASA astrophysicists say that far more will be revealed in the near future. "Before the Kepler space telescope launched, we did not know whether exoplanets were rare or common in our galaxy," said Paul Hertz, Astrophysics Director at NASA Headquarters. "Thanks to Kepler and the research community, we now know there could be more planets than stars."

"It's very exciting," said Dr. William Kinney. "It opens up the universe. Now we know that we're just one of billions and billions of small worlds that are very much like ours. If you extrapolate that to our galaxy as a whole, which has about more than 200 billion stars in it, the calculation based on the Kepler data is that there are around *40 billion* planets like earth."

The 40 billion planets "like earth" is the number calculated to be in our galaxy alone, and the Milky Way, as we now know, is only one of the estimated two trillion or so galaxies in our universe. This makes a rough estimate of the number of planets in our universe that may satisfy the conditions required to be "earth-like" (i.e., terrestrial or "rocky") something like this: 2,000,000,000,000 times 40,000,000,000, which equals 80 sextillion

(an 8 with 22 zeros behind it).

To offer a frame of reference for that number, consider for a moment the amount of sand on all of the beaches on earth put together. It has been calculated that there are roughly 5 sextillion grains of sand on all the beaches combined (that's a 5 with 21 zeroes behind it). Now picture every grain of sand on every beach on earth, keeping in mind that there are about 995,500 miles (1,602,000 km) of coastline, then *multiply that picture by sixteen* , and you can begin to get an impression of how many planets are out there.

"*There are so many planets in the universe that, for example, they outnumber the sum of all sounds and words ever uttered by every human who has ever lived. To declare that Earth must be the only planet with life in the universe would be inexcusably arrogant of us* ." —Neil deGrasse Tyson, Ph.D.

"*I believe alien life is quite common in the universe* ." —Stephen Hawking, Ph.D.

"*I think it is the height of arrogance to believe that we are alone in the universe, my attitude is that the universe is teaming, teaming with different kinds of life forms* ." —Michio Kaku, Ph.D.

"*My study of the universe leaves little doubt that life has occurred on other planets. And I doubt if the human race is the most intelligent form of life* ." — Harold Urey, Nobel Laureate

The 40 billion earth-like planets in our local galaxy is an enormous number, so many to be impossible to fully grasp, but fascinating to contemplate. Our species, in our civilization, progressed from poking around in horse-and-buggy rigs to flying in heavier-than-air machines in less than 100 years. From those first aircraft to the first manned spaceflight took less than 60 years, and a mere 10 years after that Mariner 9 was successfully placed in orbit around Mars, some 140 million miles from earth. In mid-2015, the New Horizons spacecraft conducted a close examination of Pluto, over 3.6 billion miles from earth. Technology, once developed, progresses rapidly. It's interesting to imagine what may exist out there among those 40 billion earth-like planets, and what stunning technologies may have developed.

"*It bears mentioning that the Milky Way is only one of hundreds of billions of galaxies so far visible to our telescopes, each with hundreds of billions of stars, and each of these has its own complement of planets* ," Seth Shostak,

Ph.D., Director of the SETI Institute recently told us. "*Clearly, unless thinking beings inevitably wipe themselves out soon after developing technology, extraterrestrial intelligence could be millions or billions of years in advance of us* ."

"*We might expect intelligent life and technological communities to have emerged in the universe billions of years ago. Given that human society is only a few thousand years old, and that human technological society is mere centuries old, the nature of a community with millions or even billions of years of technological and social progress cannot even be imagined. What would we make of a billion-year-old technological community* ?" —Paul Davies, Ph.D., Director of the Center for Fundamental Concepts in Science, Chair of the International Academy of Astronautics

"*What does it mean for a civilization to be a million years old? We have had radio telescopes and spaceships for a few decades; our technical civilization is a few hundred years old. A civilization millions of years old is as much beyond us as we are beyond a bush baby or a macaque* ." —Carl Sagan, Ph.D.

Famed British writer Arthur C. Clarke formulated three prediction-related adages, known as Clarke's three laws, the third of which is formulated as follows: "*Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic* ."

The book excerpted below - *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* - contains accounts that, insofar as extensive research indicates, have no counterpart in available world literature. The underlying concepts are present in many profound literatures, both modern and ancient, but no description of an encounter or actual conversation with the *Ri-iha-mo* , the celestials or 'mountain goddesses,' as the Tibetan term translates. Such accounts may exist, but have apparently remained sealed, that is to say esoteric or arcane.

The following two excerpts are designed to provide a brief overview of the book's contents. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the book is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and each section of this volume are included following the reference guide.

Table of Contents for ' *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* '

- Part I: Background -
The Incomparable Civilization
Our Universe
An Unsuspected Antiquity
The Ancient Mystery
- Part II: Encounters -
Preface
Reference Citations
The First Encounter
Events Prior to the First Encounter
Investigations and Insights
The Celestials in Ancient Literature
Second Encounter with Aani
Our Third Encounter
- Part III: Epilogue -
Wisdom and Philosophy of the Celestials
Thoughts on the Encounters & the Connection to Ancient Egypt
Ancient Egypt, A Brief Tour
Regarding the Ancient ‘People of the One’
Visualization Practice Provided by the Celestials
Afterward to U.S. Edition
Appendix - Translation of Inscription on *Tutankhamun’s* funerary mask

Author’s Note: On the day of our first encounter, my companions were Shrina and Chiricu, the younger sister and older sister to Sari, who had become my constant companion since shortly after my arrival in the village of *Siddhalaya* . These three sisters were born in *Siddhalaya* and raised in the esoteric wisdom traditions of the *Himalayan* masters. Our dear friend Mani

was born in Tibet, and raised and mentored in a *B'on* monastery by an abbot known to be a true *B'on* master of great power, one of the very few remaining teachers of the ancient arts of *Zhang Zhung* magic, or "sorcery."

Excerpt from the chapter, *The First Encounter* :

The breeze whispering through tall trees falls silent; this abrupt hush is accompanied by a strange sensation, a very gentle percussion akin to what one feels when there's a distant explosion. I wait, but there is no noise, only deep silence. Mani sits quietly with eyes closed, Shrina and Chiricu gaze about anxiously.

Now we hear sounds, like melodic laughter. Turning to look toward the upper pool, by the waterfall we see three figures, all dressed in white, one taller, two shorter. All have white-blonde hair. The small ones are children, I suppose. The taller figure kneels next to them for a moment, talking. They nod and dash off into the forest. The other figure rises, gazes after them, then turns and walks toward us.

"Stand up," Mani commands in a whisper.

As the figure approaches, her appearance telegraphs much. Perfect features, ice-blue eyes, graceful stride, and an air of divine ease. Her skin is almost pure white. The closer she gets, the more powerful her presence becomes.

Shrina's jaw drops. "*Ri-iha-mo* ," she breaths softly. She and Chiricu grasp hands and kneel. (A literal translation of Shrina's phrase would be 'mountain goddess' or 'celestial goddess.')

Bowing as the divine figure arrives, Mani speaks first. "*Namas-te* ."

"*Namas-te* ," replies the figure. She steps closer, examining Mani.

Mani bows again. "I am honored. My name is Mani."

The figure replies, "I am called Aani." She looks at each of us in turn, then back at Mani. Aani's eyes glisten with light. She leans closer to Mani. "You are trained in the arts of *B'on* sorcery, I see. And your inward presence, it holds great ambition."

Mani bows slightly, smiles. "Yes, that is true."

Aani leans away. "Neither are traits I hold in high regard," she says evenly.

Mani's eyes widen, she backs up half a step.

Aani looks down at Shrina, at whom she stares for a moment. "You are Shrina."

“Yes,” Shrina squeaks. “But . . . how . . .”

Aani smiles and, oddly, bows her head slightly. “And your sister, is she with you?”

Shrina nods and raises her hand, still clasped to Chiricu’s. “Yes, this is my sister, Chiricu.”

“Your sister?” Aani asks.

“Yes.”

“I mean your sister Sari.”

Shrina shakes her head. “Sari is at home.”

Aani steps back, as if to leave. This is too much to pass up. “Aani,” I say, “if I may ask, where are you and the children from?”

The tiniest of smiles makes her face even more stunning. “My home is here,” she says.

“Here? I don’t understand.”

Aani gazes at me with eyes glacier-blue, clear, pure. “I see you do not. Yet there are many who live here, those not seen.”

“In this valley?” I ask.

“This valley, the mountains that surround.”

My face apparently betrays bewilderment. Again the tiny smile. “We live here, yet our home is a different construction of reality than yours. There are many such constructions.”

“Different constructions?” I ask.

“Yes.” Aani watches me for long seconds. “You think of the things around you as straightforward realities, with an existence of their own, as if somehow separate from you. Yet the things you see, these constructions of reality, are merely your own creations, individual creations, and, like the mountains and valley, mass creations.”

“Symbols,” Shrina says, in a very small voice.

Aani approaches and strokes Shrina’s hair. “Yes dear, symbols, the meaning of which you were being correctly taught by your little sorceress here; symbols that convey meaning in your framework of consciousness.”

Shrina gasps. “You heard our conversation? You were listening?”

Aani bends to kiss Shrina’s forehead. “I was waiting. We will meet again. Tell your sister I asked of her.”

“You know Sari?” I ask.

Aani gazes at me. “You are overtly inquisitive.”

“I am curious.”

“The one grows from the other, yet you become vexing.” Aani pauses. “What is truly curious is a man from the decadent West so easily ingratiating himself to sovereigns.” Aani pauses, examining me closely. “A mortal can learn more from what he believes he does not know than from what he believes he does know. The greatest enemy of knowledge is not ignorance; it is the illusion of knowledge. Yet—and I mean no slight—but this believing that you do not know? —you must no longer make a habit of it. Leave questions to men with no imagination. Wisdom can be found in the most unexpected places; even perhaps within your own self.”

Aani backs up a step, then turns to glide toward the upper pool. She stops for a moment. The children appear from the forest. Aani takes their hands and they walk to the waterfall. Without further spectacle, they simply walk into the forest and vanish, leaving a slight haze of light that slowly dissipates as we watch. As they vanished, I felt the same mild percussive sensation as before, along with a slight feeling of disorientation.

“Well,” I comment, “that was interesting. Who or what in the world was that? Shrina, what did you say? Mountain goddess?”

“Yes,” Shrina relies vaguely, staring toward the waterfall.

“What does that mean?” I ask.

Chiricu draws a deep breath. “That was incredible. I did not think they actually existed.”

“What do you mean?” I ask.

“Michael,” Chiricu replies, “the mountain gods and goddesses, they are legends, stories told to children. I always thought they were mythical.”

“So what makes you think that’s what Aani is, a mountain goddess?—whatever that is.”

Shrina is electrified; she turns and takes my hands in hers. “Michael, she was real, she actually talked to me, she touched me, and she knew me! I cannot believe it.”

This rather reminds me of someone who grew-up in the Louvre getting excited about a local art show. “Shrina, calm down,” I insist. “Tell me what you know about them.”

“That I talked to one! I cannot wait to tell Sari, she will be jealous.”

“Right, okay. Chiricu what are the stories?”

Chiricu closes her eyes, thinking. “Well, that there is a race of celestial beings who live in *Siddhalaya* valley. They come from another world. They watch over the good children, and the animals, but they cannot be seen.”

“Why not?” I ask.

Chiricu frowns. “I do not know Michael, they are just children’s stories, myths. Or so I thought.”

I turn to Mani. “How about you, what do you know?”

“It is part of the legend of *Siddhalaya* , that divine beings live here.”

“What does that mean, divine beings?”

“I am not sure, but the old books at my monastery—the ones the abbot did not like me to read—speak of the legend, a very ancient legend, that celestial beings live in the *Siddhalayan* mountains. As Chiricu said, they came from another world to live here, to be in a place of peace and beauty.”

“That does sound mythical. Any idea what ‘another world’ means?” I ask.

The girls shake their heads.

“And the stories say they actually live in the mountains, like inside the mountains?”

Chiricu sighs. “I do not think so. I have heard Fenn and Maxi talk about stories of societies of beings living in the remote hanging valleys that lie far up the mountains, valleys inaccessible to anyone. Maxi may be able to tell you more.”

A chill wind whooshes through the trees. No one speaks. We just saw and spoke to a living part of an age-old legend, and that has had quite an impact. Shrina snuggles against me, Chiricu too. Mani stares off over the pond.

Eventually Mani breaks the silence. “Well, this day suitably illustrates what we were discussing. So, before we go, I will conclude with an appropriate thought, one the abbot told me many, many times.”

We look expectantly at Mani.

“You must view life as an adventure,” she says, “and view opportunities and difficulties as challenges within that adventure. You must understand that you chose the adventure you are on, for your own inner reasons. It is your adventure—it belongs to you along with the freedom to create whatever you desire.”

“Did we create the visit from the mountain goddess?” Shrina asks.

Mani strokes Shrina’s hair. “In some sense yes, I suppose we all did, each for our own reasons.”

“But how, if I have not even thought of a mountain goddess?”

Mani smiles. “Perhaps not all of your innermost desires emerge into your

thoughts quite so noticeably. You see, what you perceive as thoughts or images in your mind are symbols too. In deeper levels of your consciousness are ideas and concepts not cloaked in symbols; these remain obscure to your normal consciousness, which works only with symbolic representations."

Shrina sighs. "If I want to see her again, what should I do?"

"Formulate your desire, then let your desire become action using the techniques of power I am teaching you. Your desire must be impeccably reflected in your thoughts and inner images—that is the magic. When you do this, in the inner world your desires are wholly fulfilled, immediately and effortlessly. In what you perceive to be the outer world, time may have to pass, circumstances change, or whatever, but that desire will manifest. It is law."

Excerpt from the chapter, *Investigations and Insights* :

I later had an opportunity to discuss the encounter with Master Amrita. Usually helpful and candid, he was clearly reticent to speak about the 'celestial goddesses.' He did offer this: "To say your encounter was rare would be to utterly understate the matter."

Seeing this line of inquiry thwarted, I inquired about Aani's mention of "a different construction of reality." Amrita answered: "A construction of reality simply means the way you organize what you choose to perceive as the reality around you. You create your existence and its physical setting—you then structure all of it with as much or as little organization as you find necessary at any point. The organization has an essential purpose; to provide for all who share a common reality a consistency and persistence of the physical world, two very necessary elements. The consistency of perceived reality is a result of several factors. Firstly, that everyone sharing a specific construction of reality agrees on the meanings and resultant symbols that are mutually constructed. I should add that this works because you choose to perceive all the similarities that connect you, and at the same time ignore all the dissimilarities. Out of a vast field of available perceptions—and I cannot emphasize enough how vast that field is—you focus upon very narrow, very specific areas of agreement and ignore all others; this creates a commonality of perceived physical reality. The persistence arises as well from a mutually shared agreement, yet is more fluid and subject to change. Your shared reality is a construction in constant creation; shifts in the meanings and symbols drawn from the vast field of available perceptions are necessary and

inevitable. Without such shifts, the world would seem static."

"Okay, but to get back on point; can, let's say . . . a different group of people, can they occupy the same space as we do, but be imperceptible to us?"

"Since you have a fixed idea of space and what occupies it, this becomes difficult to explain. However, many constructions of reality quite different from your own can exist in what you think of as the same space, yet go unperceived, simply because you choose to ignore perceptions that do not fit within the framework of your particular ideas of physical reality. Even so, portions of other constructions are occasionally glimpsed, especially in altered states of consciousness—like the edges of sleep or deep meditation—yet are disregarded because they do not conform to anything with which you are familiar or, most importantly, willing to accept. But do be aware that your consciousness can encompass all available constructions, if allowed to. It helps to understand that when you perceive other realities, you actually perceive a greater extent of your own consciousness. There is nothing apart from you."

In our second and third encounters with the Celestials, they revealed profound revelations about our universe, our planet, the origins of our civilization, and our true being, knowledge that can greatly assist in understanding our world, its history, and our role and power in creating precisely the life we desire. For more information please see the description and 'Look Inside' feature on the book's Amazon page. Thank you.

Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins , briefly excerpted above, 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 335. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. For more information on this book, please see the description and 'Look Inside' feature on the book's Amazon page; the page for the U.S. here , for the U.K. here , for CA here , for AU here , for DE here , and for Egypt here .

GO TO: Excerpts from *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* Excerpts from *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* Excerpts from *A Great Master Speaks* , c. 1370 BC Excerpts from *Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica* Excerpts from *A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Guide to Individuals Appearing

Excerpts from

A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed - The True Secrets of Esoteric Knowledge, circa 1370 B.C.

"Experience is the product of the mind—your conscious thoughts and images —propelled into being by feelings; it is also a product of unconscious thoughts and feelings. These together form the reality that you experience. You are therefore <u>not</u> at the mercy of a reality that exists apart from yourself, or is thrust upon you ." —Kalika-Khenmetaten

A Platinum Edition Book. Highly relevant to the book you're reading, the volume excerpted below focuses on the life and wisdom of the great Egyptian Adept *Kalika-Khenmetaten* , who lived and authored esoteric manuscripts in Egypt in the time of the Kings of Upper and Lower Egypt, *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*), over three-thousand-three-hundred years ago.

Shortly after Hawking's arrival in the small *Himalayan* village of *Siddhalaya* , Lama Dhanaga and Lama Karpa, the resident lamas of the village, requested that he assist in retrieving a manuscript recently found in the highlands of Tibet, thought to have originated in ancient Egypt, written by a supreme female master. A primary source of that manuscript was said to be a set of exquisite marble tablets originating from an immensely ancient civilization of pre-history, long disappeared from our world. Through a series of adventures, the document was recovered and returned to *Siddhalaya* .

The discussions in this book revolve around the content that manuscript. Fragments of the material presented in this volume have at various times through the millennia appeared in arcane religious texts, in the more profound Eastern philosophies, and in the secret wisdom traditions of various ages. This is to be expected—the knowledge that conveys true power has an ancient origin. In modern times, splinters of this knowledge have resurfaced in various formats, although unfortunately absent both the most fundamental elements as well as the most advanced elements of the wisdom system of the supreme masters.

The writings of *Kalika-Khenmetaten* are absent nothing—they are all-encompassing. Under the patronage of the successive kings *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*), Kalika produced her first manuscript, *The*

Golden Crown , for important reasons. It is to some extent a manual, a comprehensive guide to reaching higher awareness, written by a supreme master for masters, but not only for masters. Kalika intended that it could be utilized by persons of requisite ability to reach, through their own efforts, significantly expanded levels of awareness. It sets forth essential principles of consciousness, methods of meditation, visualization, and techniques to enable and master the creative powers that inevitably accompany a growth of conscious awareness.

* * *

Author's Note: We acknowledge the immense debt owed to Champollion's decipherment of early Egyptian writings, along with the labors of all the scholars who followed. Without those devoted efforts, *Kalika's* manuscript would remain incomprehensible. For '*The Golden Crown'* to have been nothing more than an artifact from the dawn of civilization—pages on pages of symbols, the meaning of which remained unknown—would have robbed the world of an enormous treasure.

Egyptology was a by-product of Napoleonic imperialism. When the great Corsican led his French expedition to Egypt in 1798 he took with him a number of academics and engineers to explore and map the terrain, and made a place also for certain scholars strangely interested in Egypt for the sake of a better understanding of history. It was this group of men who first revealed the magnificent temples of Luxor and Karnak to the modern world; and the elaborate *Description de Egypte* (1809-13) which they prepared for the French Academy was the first milestone in the scientific study of this majestic, forgotten civilization.

For many years, however, they were unable to read the lordly inscriptions surviving on the monuments. Typical of the scientific temperament was the patient devotion with which Champollion, one of these savants, applied himself to the decipherment of the mysterious hieroglyphics. He found at last an obelisk covered with such "sacred carvings" in Egyptian, but bearing at the base a Greek inscription which indicated that the writing concerned Ptolemy and Cleopatra. Guessing that two of the hieroglyphics, often repeated with a royal cartouche attached, were the names of these rulers, he made out tentatively (in 1822) eleven Egyptian letters; this was the first proof that ancient Egypt had an alphabet. Then he applied this alphabet to a great

black stone slab that Napoleon's troops had stumbled upon near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. This "Rosetta Stone" contained an inscription in three languages: first in hieroglyphics, second in "demotic" (the popular script of the Egyptians), and third in Greek. With his knowledge of Greek, and the eleven letters made out from the obelisk, Champollion, after more than twenty years of labor, deciphered the whole inscription, discovered the entire Egyptian alphabet, and opened the way to the recovery of an astonishing lost world.

Champollion's work was one of the peaks in the history of history. The ability to translate innumerable inscriptions found on the walls of ancient monuments, temples, tombs, and documents has provided us with surprising insights regarding the civilization of the Ancient Egyptians.

I have endeavored in this book to accomplish the last part of an assignment which I rashly accepted many years ago, to compose an account of what we know of *Kalika-Khenmetaten* and her brilliant writings. I wish to tell as much as I can, in as little space as I can, of the contributions her genius has made to the cultural heritage of mankind, and to chronicle and contemplate, in their causes and results, the wisdom of her philosophy and the achievements of her art. I do not need to be told, in its very conception, how immodest this endeavor is, for many years of effort have made it clear that no one mind, and no single lifetime, can adequately encompass this task as the story of Kalika is one of the most epic in history, and her writings reveal the great knowledge and power of the masters of that mysterious land in those distant ages.

Writing an account of *Kalika-Khenmetaten* shares the presumptuousness of every philosophical enterprise, for it offers the spectacle of a fragment attempting to expound the whole, striving to mark in mortal words immortal things. Like esoteric philosophy itself, such a venture is at its best brave, if not imprudent, yet it is my greatest hope, despite the many errors inevitable in this undertaking, that this book may be of profound value to anyone whose passion for knowledge has instilled the desire to see things whole, to pursue unity and the deepest understanding of consciousness and our true place and power in the Universe. —M.G. Hawking

* * *

The following excerpts are designed to give you an idea of the book's contents; they may not be in chronological order and the majority of chapters

are not excerpted. The handy reference guide to the individuals appearing is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and chapters of this book are included following the reference guide.

Table of Contents for *'A Great Master Speaks'*

- Section I: Introduction -

Epigraph

A Great Master Speaks - *Kalika-Khenmetaten*

A Note on this Special Edition

Initial Translations from '*The Golden Crown* '

- Section II: Retrieving the Manuscript -

The Discovery

The Quest Begins

We Meet Chapadu the *Tertoen* - Treasure Discoverer

- Section III: Contents of the Manuscript -

Insights into the Profound Importance of the Manuscript

Fundamental Concepts and Understandings

Selections from Kalika's Manuscript, '*The Golden Crown* '

Visualization and Affirmation Practice

Regarding the Ancient 'People of the One'

Afterward to U.S. Edition

Excerpts from the chapter, Initial Translations from '*The Golden Crown* ':

Author's Note: The following passages from Kalika's manuscript date to approximately 1368 B.C. (± 17 years). Our sincere thanks to University College London and the Petrie Museum of Egyptian Archaeology for reviewing and in some cases refining our original translations.

Through the rigid winter months we have been laboring diligently on the translations of Kalika's manuscript, *The Golden Crown* , starting early and often working late into the night. Thanks to our talented group, it has gone

well. We have become deeply intrigued by Kalika and the emergence of brilliant passages. Her words have touched all of us somewhere, and some of us everywhere.

She expressed her thesis with brilliant fancy. “Throughout our land, I see men plowing, fishing, toiling, disputing, suing in the courts, lending at usury, cheating and being cheated, running after gold or pleasure; each surrounded by a cloud of hopes, fears, illusions, follies, and hates; believing that gods and fate spin the web of life for each human atom, and each in turn waiting to be drawn away by the messenger of death. Men do not realize their own divinity or true nature, yet it lives within them, ever acting on each experience of their life. Were they to recognize this, they would find that their True Self hovers ever about them, like a magnificent angel, holding in her outstretched hands a priceless Golden Crown. Were they to reach out and take that Golden Crown, it would make each man who does so a Prince, each woman a Princess.”

In a commentary found with Kalika’s manuscript, the great adept *Sambhava* reveals a rich and fascinating picture of Kalika. Her origin unfortunately eludes us; though she was clearly a child of high degree, we hear nothing of her apparently noble or perhaps even royal lineage, only that she was raised in the royal court. Though separated in time from Kalika by over two-thousand-one-hundred years, *Sambhava* writes as if he personally observed her from youth, so intimate is the portrait.

Editor’s Note: According to historical tradition, the great master *Padma Sambhava* , after living for centuries in India accomplishing beneficial wonders, came to Tibet at the invitation of Emperor *Trisong Detsen* , to assist him and the Indian philosopher *Shantarakshita* in building the first monastery ever to take root in this remote land. Anticipating the great persecution of the ninth century that destroyed much of early Tibetan Buddhism, *Padma Sambhava* hid numerous texts throughout Tibet, including the *Book of Natural Liberation* . After the eventual restoration of Buddhism, the spiritual “treasure-discoverers” emerged, all of whom exhibited extraordinary powers of clairvoyance. They were often thought to be reincarnations of aspects of *Padma Sambhava* himself, or of his twenty-five major tantric disciples. Texts were found in caves high on cliffs, underground, in rocks and trees. All the rest were discovered at the right moment, that is, when people needed them the most. This tradition is in keeping with ancient Egyptian and Indian precedent, especially in the world of the great adepts. It is said that the entire

Universal Vehicle sutra and Tantra collection were discovered during the first century by the adept *Nagurjuna* , deep in the Indian Ocean. *Karma Lingpa* was the famous treasure discoverer of the fourteenth century, and is claimed by some to have been an incarnation of *Padma Sambhava* . He discovered the *Book of Natural Liberation* collection in a cave on the *Gampo Dar* mountain in central Tibet, sometime around the year fourteen-hundred.

The young Kalika was utterly unpretentious, insisting on living as much as possible out of doors; she majored in running, romping, swimming, sailing; ate simple food, wore simple clothing and altogether eschewed shoes. She did not relish traditional education; she disliked writing and fled from the difficulties of formal hieroglyphs. She quickly recognized the charms of reading, and read all the volumes of *Thoth* (Egyptian god of magic) as her bible. The portrait that emerges is of a young woman who was, like Shelley's wild-west wind, "tameless and swift and proud."

Showing astonishing abilities by the age of twelve, the young Kalika was summoned to live in a temple complex of the Egyptian high priests to receive appropriately advanced instruction.

Author's Note: The Egyptian *high* priests were not priests in our contemporary, pedestrian sense, but were rather the scholars and keepers of the most sacred knowledge and traditions, hence far removed from the everyday priests of the Egyptian orthodox religion.

Kalika convinced the Queen to refuse the bid. Instead, a succession of the high priests came to the royal palace to tutor her. She readily absorbed their knowledge, but would have nothing to do with the Egyptian orthodox religion, common priesthood, or their "zoological pantheon of absurdities," as she called it. *Sambhava* tells us that by the age of nineteen she had surpassed the capacity of her mentors, whom she often vexed by whimsically manifesting a variety of animals in their presence, a feat they found themselves unable to equal. At that point, the high priests were dismissed and a teacher of "supreme capacity" was invited to tutor her, from "*the sanctuary of the celestials at Karnak* ."

Editor's Note: The probable nature of the teacher the "Queen" summoned from the sanctuary of the "celestials" at Karnak is covered in detail in our book, *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* . Although the timeline is unclear, we believe the "Queen" that *Sambhava* refers to is actually the Great

Royal Wife *Tiye* , principal wife of *Amenhotep* III and mother of *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*). Excerpts from *Ancient Egypt* are included in the Anthology Section of this volume.

Although surrounded by one of the most opulent royal courts of all history, she disdained its luxuries, pomp and circumstance. She engaged an architect of the realm to construct a small dwelling on the grounds of the royal residence, and later another fronting a lake or harbor within the grounds of the *Malkata* compound. She was rarely seen at court. *Sambhava* tells us that she was granted, or usurped, freedom to travel as she wished. This, he feels, was a turning point in her development. She explored all Egypt, up and down the great expanse of the Nile, traveling with minimal escort and no outward indication of her status.

As the translation of Kalika's text proceeded, what emerged was quite different than what we expected. The text can be roughly sectioned into three parts. The first consists of stories and insights on a wide range of themes; the second details the specific portions of higher knowledge she felt most relevant and valuable; the third tells of her experiences while endeavoring to introduce this knowledge to a selection of individuals.

Kalika's style is delightful; natural, intimate, vivid, confidential. It is a comfort to be spoken to so familiarly by a master. Jump in at any point in her narrative and you are caught by the arm and swept along, never knowing, and rarely caring, where you will go. In the early section she writes on an eclectic selection of topics; anything that strikes her fancy or mood flows from her pen, including scores of illuminating anecdotes that transform the abstract into the intelligible. The farther our work progressed, the greater our realization that this was no little brook that flowed from Egypt, but a mighty river.

The enkindling light of an exceptional intellect is everywhere apparent. "Consciousness," she writes, "is the substance of the universe, that by which and in which all reality has its being and subsistence; it is the infinite energy of the universe. The principles are the basic means of understanding the operative relations which constitute the infinite complex of things, their entire essence and truth."

Kalika asserts that "if the foundation of your understanding is lacking, your empirical observations are worthless; inquiry has no other aim than to identify principles; if this goal does not enter your course, your inquiries will

progress into infinite irresolution. If perception from our sensory and intellectual faculties is received without understanding, it does nothing but float on illusions, and it is of no purpose to let our judgment be swayed by any part of its operation. Each mystery, when solved without understanding, will only reveal a deeper mystery, like an inscrutable maze of infinite extent."

Here, philosophy becomes literature, not with the cool pithiness of Bacon, nor with the ingratiating intimacy of Descartes, nor with the high emotional tones of Pascal, but rather like Sextus and Voltaire, she writes philosophy so brilliantly that no one supposes she is writing philosophy.

"What you know to be true exists for you, and will manifest in your experience. The more your beliefs align with and so reflect true knowledge, the more powerful you become. To arrive at the place of knowing the truly unlimited power of your being, of your true self, requires the transcendence of the intellectual, logical, rational processes of your mind, which are based upon the vast input of indoctrination and conditioning imposed by our culture, religion and society. Such knowing is arrived at only by experience, and that experience can only manifest when you have managed to escape, to some extent, from your conditioning of limitation."

Kalika reveals herself with candor and felicity; she has an artist's inevitable vanity, but so amenably that it hardly offends, and she often displays a disarming modesty. "I speak my mind clearly on all these principles, even those which may exceed my understanding, hence the opinion I give of them is a measure of my perception, not of the principles themselves." (This reminds me of Diogenes, who, when reproached for meddling in philosophy, although ignorant of it, replied, "I meddle in it all the more appropriately.")

Kalika is quite capable of sowing dragon's teeth. "Through our wondrous history the Egyptian people have been presented with a variety of gods; once their political utility was discovered, they became innumerable. Yet the oscillation of any god's fame is precarious, being subject to the wild vicissitudes of taste, and most are now too dead to mind anonymity. How clear can this be?—the ancient faith is false at the bottom and diseased at the top. The deification of powerful priests reveals not how much the priestly classes think of their leaders, but of how little they think of their gods.

"What then are all these gods? The creations of ignorance and fear and the seeking of power; absurd nothings that simple minds adore without knowing why: gods whom the world of unaware man has made, and who

never made the world. Egypt's priesthood offers this mass of superstition, ritualism, and hypocrisy as religion. Should it not rather be that the body charged with dispensing wisdom begin by being its example?"

The adepts, Kalika tells us, look with "silent contempt" upon this religion of idols. "They tolerate it partly because they are concerned that superstition among the people is essential to their own influence; partly because they believe that superstition is indestructible, dying in one form only to be reborn in another. No man of sense, they feel, will quarrel with a force capable of so many reincarnations."

Ever straining at the leash of caution, Kalika disdains the empire's obsession with conquest and occupation of foreign lands. "For though there is drama in the details of strife and war, there is a dreary consistency in its causes and results; such history becomes a menial attendance upon the excesses of power, in which victories and defeats cancel one another into a resounding zero. The greed and desire for glory of a few levies a horrendous toll of death on the many, and the emptied hearts of the defeated weigh upon us all."

Doubtless Kalika is right in her judgment that feeling, rather than thought or reason, is the lever of history, but her observations alienated many of the nobles and military commanders. *Sambhava* notes that *Merimose* (Viceroy of Kush) had a direct retort, delivered personally to Kalika, who had been summoned to the royal court: "You speak of death as if you know it. You know nothing, and death is nothing; but to live defeated and inglorious is to die daily. The competition of individuals constitutes nature's ultimate court, from which there is no appeal."

In countering *Merimose* , Kalika reportedly replied: "If, in our Egypt, nothing exists except individual entities, then what is the state, the priesthood, the military, but conspiracies of privileged individuals, to frighten and control, to tax and rule, to heard to slaughter the indoctrinated rest? How will nature's court weigh on that?"

We are not told the Viceroy replied. "*Brilliant women ,*" Euripides warned a thousand years too late, "*are dangerous* ." —Euripides (c. 480-406 B.C.)

The bulk of the priesthood, some Viziers—*Aperel* and *Ptahmose* are cited—and other unnamed members of the royal court resisted Kalika's work on what was to be *The Golden Crown* . She responded: "To object to this is to object to any attempt at a humanized synthesis of adeptic knowledge. I

strongly believe that synthesis is needed; that the highly specialized adepts should welcome any sincere effort to bring portions of their traditions and results of their studies to light. In the solitude of their retreats and under the protection of their unintelligibility they are invisible to the people. We must labor together lest the higher knowledge remain the technical privilege and power of a few individuals isolated from the people of Egypt."

In a royal burst of common sense, Kalika's all-powerful patron *Amenhotep* III ordered the priesthood and nobility to refrain from any public mention of Kalika, and, in a personal audience, forced the priests to defend their resistance. They argued that such knowledge was meaningless to the common people, that the true nature of reality was incomprehensible to them, and that the orthodox religion was sufficient for their needs.

Kalika replied, "My intent is not to explain what ultimate reality is, for that would be to transform mortal imagination and speculation into doctrine and dogma, which already overwhelms our people. My task is rather to explain what can be said about the creation of the experience of reality, in every aspect from everyday life to the deepest meditations, and how that experience can be utterly transformed into one of peace and happiness."

It is here that we come to her central motivation and essential reason for writing. Her travels exposed her to every niche and strata of Egyptian society, every common class from artisan to slave. Kalika was at once engrossed and appalled by the state of the people. "Faced with a reality they believe to be true, men have been what they have had to be. They seem capable of strength and honor, but most frequently manifest weakness and ignobility. I have observed an accumulative cruelty in groups of men, though none in particular are ill-natured. They gamble and cheat and lie with no hesitation; these are considered such mild vices as to verge on virtue. Can they not see that money and power are symbols of reality, not pieces of it?

"If apart from the principles of consciousness one hopes to find the way, it is like trying to twist a rope of sand. Those who know the principles apply them in their daily life, with each and every thought they think. And what of those who live without that knowledge? At the end of each day they exhaust another empty cycle, and at the end of days exhaust an empty life. Yet I believe that man is as capable of all things as he is of any."

Understanding that sympathy validates suffering, she offers none; she rather prefers the empathy that allows insight and gentle correction. "Now then, the aspiration for a life filled with happiness, joy, peace, fulfillment,

harmony, love; happiness rather than sorrow, joy rather than pain, peace rather than chaos, fulfillment rather than frustration, harmony rather than conflict, love rather than fear.

"Happiness is your natural birthright. Why then are so many unhappy? Unhappiness is a disordered state of mind; happiness is an ordered state of mind; there are many more disordered states than ordered states. You dwell in a disordered state by default and conditioning; you achieve ordered states by process of mind; each condition, event, situation, form and person is brought into your life by your thoughts and the images in your mind's eye, which in turn arise from your deepest beliefs. The secrets of happiness are awareness and action, the exercise of energy in a way suited to a man's nature and circumstances."

Kalika expresses herself with clarity. "Each man is already a prince, each woman a princess; they need only to bring that recognition into awareness to realize their inherent ability. The absolute prerequisite for the acquisition and manifestation of intuitive knowledge and direct power is the awareness that such knowledge and power are available."

In a particularly unctuous note, the nobles, who utilized portions of exactly that knowledge to create great wealth and comfort, objected to the "turbulent and quarrelsome rabble gaining any ability to understand the greater principles of life, for such knowledge would lead to excessive freedom. Faith in the perfectibility of mankind is a childish delusion. Individual freedom contains its own nemesis; it tends to increase until it overruns the restraints necessary for social order and group survival; freedom unlimited is chaos complete."

Kalika held ground. "Your words, your beliefs, even your morals, are prejudices, and represent your conditioning and interests as a group. You cannot forever hide the truth; you cannot hide the reality that there is a common reason in all intelligent beings, one spirit that pervades all things, one substance, one law, one truth. If all men realize this unity, the strong will no longer make prey of the weak, the few will no longer plunder the many, the rich will no longer despoil the poor, the noble will no longer be insolent to the common, and the deceitful will no longer impose upon the simple."

Clearly, the priests and nobles found it easier to criticize her than equal her. Kalika's courage brings to mind an observation from Aristippus, that the most impressive spectacle in life is the sight of a virtuous person steadily pursuing his or her course in the midst of vicious people.

There are some arid tracts, including a section that might be called “Ode to Cats,” wherein she expounds rhapsodically on the grace and beauty of such creatures, and ascribes to them a host of mystical and magical powers. Cats, we are assured, have the capacity to see beyond the physical, and to read thoughts. (Puka the cat, a persistent, lounging fixture on our work table, seems to approve of this passage.)

And we are as capable of magic as cats. Kalika writes, “The world around us is a production of pure magic, a magnificent illusion. It appears to us as real because we are as much a part of the illusion as everything else. In fact, it is we who are the master magicians, as it is we who are the creators of the illusion.”

Magic may not have been enough for what Kalika wished to accomplish. Her chronicle of experiences in teaching higher knowledge is in equal parts riveting and heart-rending. She candidly reports that years of effort yielded only infrequent results. In brief, she found that the deeply ingrained beliefs and presuppositions present in those she taught constituted a formidable barrier to learning.

She explains: “Beliefs of the nature of life and the world give rise to repetitive patterns of thought and consistent pictures in the inner eye of the mind; because those patterns of thought and inner images create the nature of life and the world each person encounters, each person perceives endless proofs that their views of life and the world are accurate and so inalterable. Their beliefs created their life; yet they imagine that life created their beliefs. The horse pulling the chariot becomes to them the chariot pulling the horse. This inversion can be impenetrable.”

To overcome this barrier, Kalika utilizes techniques designed to expand awareness. She demands meditation, which she calls “breaking through the walls of the mind’s room.” She sees consciousness as space and mind as a room in that space; remove the walls and the enclosed space is still there, but joined to all the rest of space, or the “All.” She speaks of “power practices,” specifically affirmation and visualization, for which she gives concise instructions. The result of these practices, she insists, will be dramatic if properly done. Then, “the observation and analysis of positive results can be used in the building of a new belief structure.”

With the obstinate patience that is half of genius, Kalika’s tenacity and brilliance led to successes. She makes special mention of the son of a polymath artist, and writes extensively about the daughter of a Theban noble

or prince.

Kalika's extraordinary genius, at a time before it was possible to write a full account of what was known, wrote one of what was necessary to learn. She labored to naturalize the supernatural, marking in mortal words immortal things, often with charming whimsicality. One enticing sentence of her text reads: "There are no secrets except the secrets that keep themselves—the world is in continuous creation, and the sources of that creation are the secrets."

These next brief excerpts are passages from Kalika's manuscript, *The Golden Crown* . The translations are as literal as possible. Our goal was to produce a clear and readable translation, and while where necessary literalness was sacrificed for readability, as much as possible of Kalika's mode of expression and pure energy was retained. There is a power in her words that, if allowed, will flow through you and serve as a stimulus to recognition.

"Experience is the product of the mind—your conscious thoughts and images—propelled into being by feelings; it is also a product of unconscious thoughts and feelings. These together form the reality that you experience. You are not at the mercy of a reality that exists apart from yourself, or is thrust upon you. You are so intimately connected with the physical events composing your life experience that often you cannot distinguish between the seemingly material occurrences and the thoughts, expectations and emotions that gave them birth." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"An examination of your present experience of life will tell you much about the state of your inner mind, of your beliefs, intentions and expectations. Your thoughts and inner images, carefully studied, will let you see where you are going. They point clearly to the nature of the physical events you will experience in what you call the future. What exists physically exists first in thoughts, images and feelings." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"Every thought has a result. Similar thoughts, habitually repeated, will seem to have a more or less permanent effect. If you like the effect, then you seldom examine the thought. If you find yourself overcome by difficulties, however, you begin to wonder what is wrong. You may blame others, your own background, or a previous life. You may hold *Set* or *Apep* (ancient Egyptian gods) or some other member of our priests' zoological pantheon of absurdities responsible, or you may simply say, 'That is life,' and accept the

negative experiences as an unavoidable aspect of your existence. You may finally come to a partial understanding of the nature of reality and complain, 'I believe that I have caused these ill effects, but I find myself unable to reverse them.' If this is the case, then regardless of what you have told yourself thus far, you still do not believe that you are the creator of your own experience. As soon as you recognize this fact you can begin at once to alter those conditions that cause you unhappiness or dissatisfaction." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"The power of creativity flows through you as effortlessly as your breath. From it even the tiniest portions of your outer world spring into your experience. Your thoughts and inner images have realities that spread outward; they group through attraction, building up areas of circumstances that finally coalesce in forms that you perceive as objects or as a series of events. Some images and thoughts are translated into seemingly material structures that you call objects; these exist, in your perception, within a framework you call space. Others are translated instead into structures you call events, in your perception these seem to exist within a framework you call time. Both space and time are illusions, yet they represent your most basic assumptions, which simply means that you accept both and assume that your reality is rooted in a series of moments in time and in dimensions of space. In this way your inner self is translated into your outer world." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"You form the fabric of your experience through your own beliefs and expectations. Your interpersonal ideas about yourself and the nature of reality directly affect your thoughts and inner images. You take your beliefs about reality as truth, and so do not question them. They seem self-explanatory. You perceive them as statements of fact, far too obvious for examination. Therefore they are accepted without question; they are not recognized as beliefs about reality, but are instead considered characteristics of reality itself. Frequently such ideas appear indisputable, so much a part of your beliefs that it does not occur to you to speculate about their validity. They become invisible assumptions, but they nevertheless form your personal experience of what you call reality." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

"Ultimately, for you to fully manifest and master your creative power, you must have more than faith, you must have more than belief, you must reach the recognition of your own potential, you must come to know that your

power exists. The more certain your knowing, the more certain that each of the techniques of manifesting power will yield results, and the more powerful your creative ability will become. I tell you this—you have no idea of how powerful your creative abilities can truly become. They are much like the mighty *argun* palm tree. It begins as a seed, a tiny thing, barely a *debja* long (0.7 inch), but within that tiny seed dwells an invisible immense tree nearly a half-*khet* high (60 feet). Your power is much the same, and will grow in much the same fashion. You must build upon your successes." —*Kalika-Khenmetaten*

A Great Master Speaks , briefly excerpted above, discloses the profound knowledge and power of a supreme master of Ancient Egypt in a distant age. Explore the foundational knowledge and techniques necessary to fully manifest extraordinary perceptive abilities and creative powers. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 445. For more information on this book, please see the description and 'Look Inside' feature on the book's Amazon page; the page for the U.S. here , for the U.K. here , for CA here , for AU here , for DE here , and for Egypt here .

GO TO: Excerpts from *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* Excerpts from *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* Excerpts from *A Great Master Speaks* , c. 1370 BC Excerpts from *Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica* Excerpts from *A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Guide to Individuals Appearing

Excerpts from
Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica, 55 Million B.C.

"*It is a greater presumption for those who are ordinary men to venture to talk about the ancients than it is for a man ignorant of music to judge an orchestra. When we say that in the infinity of past millennia great civilizations did exist or did not exist, our tongues say it but our intellect does not comprehend it. And from this incomprehension is born the delusions and denials with which the world is possessed, weighing in its scales a thing so far from its capacity to measure* ." —Plutarch (A.D. 46-120)

There are four primary purposes of this book: 1) to present archaeological and other competent evidence demonstrating that civilizations of tremendous

antiquity once existed on our planet—evidence either known, inexactly known, or currently tentative; 2) to examine evidence regarding the true age of those civilizations; 3) to explore the possible origins of those civilizations; and 4) to reveal the profound esoteric knowledge and technical abilities possessed by the cultures of those civilizations.

At risk of disappointing some readers, I will straightaway point out that this book does *not* deal with contemporary aspects of the "UFO phenomenon." Thousands upon thousands of pages have been written to expound theories and conjectures—and perhaps conceal our ignorance—of the true meaning and sources of those intriguing events. It's reasonable to suppose, given the subject matter of this book, that anyone reading this is already familiar with that topic, and has arrived at his or her own conclusion.

Given the immense body of accounts of various types of "UFO phenomenon," witnessed worldwide and extending back to the very threshold of human history, it's probable that most people familiar with the subject have concluded that extraterrestrial influences on our planet are real or at least plausible. Others may have reached the opposite conclusion, for whatever reasons. In either case, I ask the reader to set aside all such presuppositions and consider the information presented in this book carefully and methodically, that is to say logically and analytically.

Part I of this book explores the true antiquity of civilization on this planet, examines the ancient traditions and theogonies that shed light on the existence and age of prehistoric civilizations, details the substantial evidence for a Paleocene civilization on the Antarctic continent, and takes an inside look at the latest astronomical and cosmological discoveries.

The study of antiquity is properly accounted purely academic except as it may be made living knowledge which illuminates and enriches our contemporary life. So, in Parts II and III, we explore the extremely rare arcane knowledge of the ancient world, along with the powerful abilities that can be attained from the study of that knowledge, ones that convey benefits of great value in our modern world.

Doubtless many of the earliest chapters of our planet's history will lie forever silent under her most desolate soil and deepest waters, yet extant legends and traditions have been too readily set aside—academic pedants love to brand as mythical the accounts which have endured the millennia, and which

mischievously persist.

The following excerpts are designed to give you an idea of the book's contents; they may not be in chronological order and the majority of chapters are not excerpted.

Excerpt from Chapter 2, *Prehistoric Civilization* :

"*Everything we've been taught about the origins of civilization may be wrong. Old stories about great lost civilizations of prehistory, long dismissed as myths by archaeologists, look set to be proven true* ." —D. Natawidjaja, Ph.D., Senior Geologist with the Research Centre for Geotechnology

For decades the archaeological community labored under the theory that human civilization began after the last Ice Age. The theory conjectured that, prior to that time, humans were no more than primitive hunter-gatherers incapable of communal organization or sophisticated abilities, and it was only after the last glacial period—following the melting of the 10,000 foot thick ice sheets that covered much of the northern portion of the world's continents —that our human ancestors began to develop agriculture and complex economic and social structures, sometime around 4000 B.C. Archaeologists therefore theorized that the first cities did not develop until about 3500 B.C. in Mesopotamia and Egypt.

Contemporary discoveries have dramatically undermined those theories. Modern research has unearthed buried civilizations and discovered submerged cities one after another—archaeology and anthropology now reconstruct an unsuspected antiquity of man—new discoveries prove all history false and paint a canvas of stunningly mysterious dimensions. Previous academic accounts of the origins of civilization and the cultures of the ancient world have fallen forfeit to finds at archaeological sites around the world.

The bulk of the most ancient of these archaeological finds indicate that sophisticated civilizations existed not only long prior to the last glacial period, but most importantly, prior to the '*Younger Dryas Boundary* ' cataclysmic event as well. The 'YDB' event, which occurred circa 10,770 B.C., is thought to have been caused by the air-bursts or impacts of several comets, resulting in massive shockwaves and firestorms sweeping across the continents and initiating a 1200 year-long epoch of terminal environmental

change, including devastating cold, perpetual darkness, massive floods, and catastrophic faunal extinction. See, e.g., Wittke, *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* , 2013; Bunch, Hermes and Moore, *Proc. Natl. Acad. Sci.* , 2012; Kennett and West, *Science* , 2009; Kennett and West, *Proc. Natl. Acad. Sci.* , 2007; Firestone, West and Warwick-Smith, *The Cycle of Cosmic Catastrophes: How a Stone-Age Comet Changed the Course of World Culture* , Bear & Company, 2006; et al.

"It's not surprising that large animal species, such as the mammoths, went extinct during the cataclysmic Younger Dryas period, which dates from 10,800 B.C. to 9,600 B.C. And of course it had huge effects on our ancestors, not just those 'primitive' hunter gatherers the archaeologists speak of but also, I believe, a high civilization that was wiped from the historical record by the upheavals of the Younger Dryas ." —James Kennett, Ph.D., Professor Emeritus, Department of Earth Science, University of California

We are fortunate that not all traces of pre-YDB event high civilizations were "wiped from the historical record." A brief sampling of prehistoric evidence includes:

• Remote sensing images from NASA missions over Antarctica reveal what researchers believe to be clear evidence of a complex settlement including large rectangular and pyramidal structures lying beneath 1.4 miles (2.3 km) of ice that has covered the region for tens of millions of years (location: Continent of Antarctica). Editor's Note: This discovery, if fully confirmed, and if made public, will represent the greatest archaeological find of history. For more information, see Chapter 4, *Evidence for a Paleocene Civilization* .

• The ancient Egyptian 'Turin Royal Canon' (*papyrus 1874 verso* , c. 1279 B.C.) records the reign of the pre-dynastic "Gods of Ancient Egypt" as beginning in 37,920 B.C. (location: discovered in *Thebes* , currently in the *Museo Egizio* [Egyptian Museum], Turin, Italy).

• *Gunung Padang* , meaning "Mountain of Light," the site of numerous megaliths including a 300 foot high pyramid whose base materials have been dated to 22,000 to 20,000 B.C. (location: *Cianjur* regency, West Java Province of Indonesia).

• Inscriptions on the walls of the ancient Egyptian Temple of *Edfu* , which recount a historical record of Egyptian dynastic civilization extending back to

18,000 B.C. (location: west bank of the Nile in *Edfu* , Upper Egypt).

• *Nabta Playa* , site of some 25 megalithic structures, including a calendar circle with sophisticated astronomical alignments, estimated by research teams to have been constructed as early as 16,500 B.C. (location: Sahara Desert of southern Egypt, west of *Aswan*).

• *Puma Punku* , meaning "The Door of the Puma," site of inexplicably precise andesite stonework and extensive megalithic structures whose astronomical alignments date to 15,000 B.C. The tools that were used to create the highly complex structures at *Puma Punku* do not exist in the archaeological record (location: *Tiwanaku* , in the Andean Mountains of western Bolivia).

• *Göbekli Tepe* , a remarkably complex megalithic ceremonial center dated to 12,000 to 9,000 B.C. (location: southeastern *Anatolia* Region of Turkey, northeast of *Şanlıurfa*).

• The *Great Sphinx* of ancient Egypt, whose weathering and erosion patterns correlated with paleoclimatology and subsurface features establish that its body and the walls of its enclosure date to the period of 11,000 to 10.000 B.C., and perhaps far earlier (location: *Giza* Plateau adjacent to the west bank of the Nile in *Giza* , Egypt).

• A vast submerged city in the *Bay of Cambay* , or *Gulf of Khambhat* , artifacts from which have been carbon-dated to 9,500 B.C. (location: Arabian Sea coast of India, bordering the state of *Gujarat*).

• The underwater *Yonaguni* city complex, estimated to have been submerged circa 10,000 to 8,000 B.C. (location: offshore of the westernmost inhabited island of Japan, 108 kilometers from the east coast of Taiwan).

• The extensive sunken city of *Dwarka* , relics from which have been carbon-dated to 7,000 B.C. (location: offshore of the *Devbhoomi Dwarka* district in the state of *Gujarat* , northwestern India).

Many more such prehistoric sites, identified via satellite imagery, ground-penetrating radar, deep-mapping sonar, LIDAR, and other advanced technologies, are known to exist but remain to be explored. Indeed, archaeologists estimate that only a tiny fraction of the ruins and relics of our world's most ancient civilizations have been found.

It is not merely possible but highly probable, as Aristotle thought, that many

cultures arose, developed to a high state, then disappeared from the earth and eventually lapsed from human memory. "*History ,*" said Bacon, "*is the planks of a shipwreck; vastly more of the past is lost than found .*" The attempt to reconstruct the history of prehistoric civilization on our planet is a precarious enterprise.

The impact of very large comets or asteroids such as occurred in the *Australian , Acraman , Manicouagan , Shiva , Vredefort , Sudbury ,* and *Chicxulub* events have immensely transformative and terminally catastrophic effects worldwide.

The *Chicxulub* impact event in the *Yucatán* Peninsula region of Mexico has been dated utilizing tektite core-samples as occurring 66,038,000 years ago (± 11,000 years). The *Chicxulub* impactor had an estimated diameter of 9.3 miles (15 kilometers), and released energy estimated to be equivalent to 10 billion Hiroshima A-bombs (100 trillion tons of TNT). The *Chicxulub* asteroid blasted out a crater 123 miles (198 kilometers) in diameter and 20 miles (32 kilometers) deep, well into the continental crust of the region, vaporizing thousands of cubic miles of rock.

The actual results of this type of impact are essentially impossible to comprehend. The initial impact generated a thermal-fireball reaching 36,000 degrees Fahrenheit, instantly incinerating everything within 2000 miles (3220 kilometers) of the impact zone and igniting forest and brush fires worldwide. A 12.5+ earthquake more powerful than anything ever experienced or measured by humans shattered thousands of square miles of landmass, followed by a phenomenal mega-tsunami estimated to have been over 16,300 feet high (4970 meters high).

At just over eight minutes post-impact, ejecta began to spill down, smothering the burning continents beneath a thick blanket of glowing hot particles and ash. Close to the impact zone, the ground was buried beneath thousands of feet of rubble, triggering a shockwave that tore outward from the impact region at 600 miles (965 kilometers) an hour, scattering burning debris and leveling anything that was still standing. Seawater flowed into the immense impact crater and remained boiling hot for several thousand years after the event.

The *Chicxulub* asteroid strike devastated our planet. The great non-avian dinosaurs, who had been earth's dominant species for 170 million years, were

demoted to mere museum exhibits. All land- based and ocean-based ecosystems worldwide were profoundly disrupted, effectively eliminating between 75 and 95 percent of life on our planet, with gravely deleterious effects on flora and fauna lasting some 30,000 years after the event.

The impacts or air-bursts of smaller asteroids or comets can annihilate entire continents and disrupt climate worldwide for centuries, as happened, to name a few known examples, circa 12,900 B.C., 10,770 B.C. (the 'YDB' event), 7600 B.C., 4400 B.C., 3150 B.C., 2345 B.C., 1628 B.C., 1159 B.C., and 536 B.C. Historically, scientists estimate that the earth has been struck by asteroids and comets over *three million* times. (Asteroids are far more common. As of late 2017, JPL had identified 17,506 known Near-Earth Objects in orbits that come very close to our planet: 17,400 are asteroids and 106 are comets. And more are discovered all the time; 1,996 Near-Earth Asteroids were identified in 2017, 1,887 in 2016, and 1,566 in 2015. In 2017, 52 known asteroids hurtled past earth within one lunar distance, or about 238,855 miles, an infinitesimal distance in an astronomical context.)

Every day the sea encroaches somewhere upon the land, as within centuries our great coastal cities will be submerged, or the land upon the sea, as volcanic lava flows expand islands and continents. Over millenniums, widely ranging temperatures cause sea levels to rise and fall by hundreds of feet; immense sheets of ice invade and retreat; full-margin rupture megathrust earthquakes and super-volcanic eruptions radically change topography; vast regions of landmass are buried, lakes and inland seas become valleys, valleys fill, river canyons deepen, mountain ranges weather away, and some, like the *Himalayas* , continue to rise and shift through the action of plate tectonics. To the geologic eye the surface of the earth is a fluid form.

The existence of evidence of exceedingly ancient civilizations, coupled with the remaining traces of their advanced technologies and abilities, raises many profound questions. How were such accomplishments achieved long before the dawn of known history? How did small stone-age cultures rise to the level where they were able to construct vast cities and immense megalithic complexes?

Archaeologists and other specialists point out that many of those constructions—such as the Great Pyramid at *Giza* or the incredibly precise andesite stonework at *Puma Punku* , to site just two examples—would even

today be extremely difficult to duplicate, and certainly impossible to surpass.

The whole theory of progress hesitates before these silent monuments in stone. Where did the extraordinary knowledge, motivation and sophistication necessary to create such unprecedented structures come from?

Brief excerpts from Chapter 4, *Evidence of a Paleocene Civilization* :

"*There are hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of undiscovered ancient sites across the globe. There are so many previously unknown sites and structures all over the world . . . what satellites help to show us is we've actually only found a fraction of a percent of ancient settlements and sites all over the world* ." —Sarah Parcak, Ph.D., Satellite Archaeologist, Professor of Anthropology and Director of the Laboratory for Global Observation, recipient of the TED Prize

Our most advanced satellite technologies recently enabled a stunning discovery. During high-altitude flights designed to test instruments planned to be utilized on future NASA global survey satellites, something unprecedented was detected.

Remote sensing images from NASA test missions over Antarctica revealed what researchers say is evidence of an ancient settlement lying beneath 1.4 miles (2.3 kilometers) of ice. "There's very little margin for error when it comes to individual photons hitting individual fiber optics, which is why we were so surprised when we noticed these structures on the imagery," a project scientist with NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center explained. "As of now we can only speculate as to what these features are, but the launching of ICESat-2 in 2018 could lead to other major discoveries and a better understanding of Antarctica's geomorphological features. There are possibly many other additional sites that are covered with ice. It just shows us how easy it is to underestimate the size, scale, and age of past civilizations."

Archaeologists who have examined the images, the expert analysts from the Department of Archaeology at the University of Calcutta, believe that they show clear evidence of a large settlement or city beneath the ice sheet. "*These are features of intelligently-made structures, resembling some sort of pyramidal and rectangular buildings. We clearly have here evidence of advanced engineering. The only problem is that these images came from Antarctica under two kilometers of ice. That is clearly the puzzling part, and*

we do not have any explanation for this at the moment ."

Puzzling indeed. Antarctica is the coldest, most desolate place on earth, a realm of barren mountains rising from a 5.4 million square mile (13,986,000 sq/km) landmass buried beneath thick sheets of ice. Yet this current icy version of Antarctica turns out to be exceptional. For most of the past 135 million years the south pole was a subtropical paradise. "It was a green beautiful place," relates Jane Francis, Ph.D., Professor of Paleoclimatology, Leeds University School of Earth and Environment, Director of the British Antarctic Survey. "Lots of furry mammals including possums and beavers lived there. The weather was tropical. It is only in the recent geological past that it got so cold."

The "recent geological past" that Professor Francis refers to is of course based on geological time scales, which are truly epic, keeping in mind that the age of the earth is approximately 4.54 billion years (4,543 million years, ± 47.5 million years, based on radiometric dating, which reveals the relative abundances of elements that formed as radioactive uranium decayed over billions of years).

It is estimated that the ice sheets now covering Antarctica formed only about 35 million years ago. For the 100 million years or so prior to that time, the continent had been entirely ice-free. Even after the tectonic plate on which Antarctica is located had drifted to its present location, the continent's climate remained subtropical. Then, approximately 35.5 million years ago, ice formed across most of Antarctica, excluding only the higher mountain regions.

Of course, the question immediately arises: How could complex structures exist on land covered by a over a mile of ice that's been there for *35 million years* ? In searching for an answer, we're presented with a number of developing theories, each with varying degrees of evidence.

Additional excerpt from Chapter 4, *Evidence for a Paleocene Civilization* :

When it comes to the hunt for advanced civilizations that might exist across the cosmos, one must deal with the fact that the universe is about 13.8 billion years old. In contrast, complex life has only existed on earth's surface for about 540 million years (estimated from trace fossils of tracks and burrows left by organisms capable of movement in sediments located in the *Corumbá*

region of western Brazil). Moreover, humans only developed industrial civilizations in the last 300 years. This raises the possibility that other industrial civilizations might have been around long before human ones ever existed—not just on other planets, but on earth itself.

This is a serious question, and serious scientists are working on determining what traces these potential predecessors might have left behind, calling this possibility the "Silurian" hypothesis. See, e.g., *The Silurian Hypothesis: Would it be Possible to Detect an Industrial Civilization in the Geological Record?* G. A. Schmidt, Director, NASA Goddard Institute for Space Studies; A. Frank, Department of Physics and Astronomy, University of Rochester, *International Journal of Astrobiology* , April 2018.

We're used to imagining ancient civilizations in terms of Indiana Jones adventures: jungle-covered caves and pyramids, sand-covered tombs, hidden temples, sunken statues, subterranean ruins, and so on. These kinds of artifacts from previous cultures are fine if, like Indy, you're only interested in timescales of thousands or tens of thousands of years. But if you wish to roll the clock back tens of millions of years, things get far more complicated.

When it comes to direct evidence of an advanced civilization—things like cities and roads—the geological record does not extend back past the Quaternary period, which began 2.6 million years ago. For example, the oldest large-scale stretch of the earth's ancient surface lies in the *Negev* Desert, and it's only 1.8 million years old. Surfaces older than that are only visible in cross section via something like a cliff face or rock cuts. Go back much farther than the Quaternary and everything has been turned over and over, churned and recycled by plate tectonics, and been crushed to dust.

Additionally, if we go back millions of years, we're not talking about human civilizations anymore. Anthropologists amuse themselves by mischievously shuffling the date of the first appearance of *Homo sapiens* on our planet, but the earliest tentative dating runs to between about 300,000 to 700,000 years ago. The earliest excavated 'Middle Stone Age' tools date to 320,000 or so years ago, yet other more primitive cutting stones made of local rock have been dated to about 499,000 years ago, at *Olorgesailie* . Evidence recently found in the Philippines suggests that a *Homo* species, possibly *Homo sapiens* , crossed the ocean from mainland Asia to the Philippines—conceivably aboard uprooted trees or some kind of primitive watercraft—

about 709,000 years ago (± 68,000 years). See, *Nature* , May 2 2018.

Whatever the date of the first emergence of *Homo sapiens* , the investigation of an advanced civilization existing on our planet tens of millions of years ago must shift to other species, of either terrestrial or more likely extraterrestrial origin.

* * *

Extensive evidence supports the theory that an advanced, non-human species created a civilization including complex structures on the Antarctic continent approximately 55.5 million years ago, and may have inhabited their civilization's infrastructure for 300,000 or more years. This discovery, if confirmed, will represent the greatest archaeological find of history.

Explore this fascinating mystery and its profound implications. Who were the builders? From where did they originally come? When the city was abandoned and the inhabitants departed, where did they go?

Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica, 55 Million B.C. , very briefly excerpted above, is a truly incomparable book for anyone interested in expanding their knowledge and personal power, and especially fascinating for anyone interested in the realities behind the mysteries of Antarctica, the legends of antediluvian civilizations, and ancient extraterrestrial influences. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 311. For more information, please see the book's Amazon page; the page for the U.S. here , for the U.K. here , for CA here , for DE here , for AU here , and for India and Nepal here .

GO TO: Excerpts from *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* Excerpts from *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* Excerpts from *A Great Master Speaks* , c. 1370 BC Excerpts from *Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica* Excerpts from *A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Guide to Individuals Appearing

Excerpts from Book One of *In The Valley of Supreme Masters*
A Chronicle of Power

"*The mystery of existence is the connection between our thoughts and our experiences* ." —Germaine de Staël

This is where it all began. The following excerpts are designed to give you an idea of the book's contents; they may not be in chronological order and the majority of chapters are not excerpted. A space between lines indicates the end of one excerpt and a jump to the next excerpt. A handy reference guide to the individuals appearing in the book series is available here . For easy navigation, clickable links to the table of contents and each chapter of this volume are included following the reference guide.

The village is small and ancient, yet very beautiful. Seemingly overhead, rising nearly six miles into the sky, towers the great *Himalayan* massif of *Dhaulagiri* . Vast snowfields roll upward from evergreen forest to immense blue-white glaciers and ragged cliffs of ancient ice. Far above, magic colors appear, shimmer and disappear, silent reflections in clouds that sail across iced granite on high, swift journeys.

Nestled in a valley below the snowfields, in dense emerald-green forest by a pure azure lake, the village spreads its river-stone structures. To the north, eagles glide in the sunny mist; the clouds drift and a high forest comes into view, threaded by waterfalls. To the east, across the crystal lake, more shining waterfalls flow down out of the clouds. As I gaze, *Dhaulagiri's* peaks appear and vanish in the lavender and gray of high clouds.

This village is so exceedingly remote, and its existence so mythical, that it does not appear on official maps; on olden maps it is sometimes marked as *Bhala* , or *Bhalapada* (Sanskrit; path to *Bhala*). Yet it has at least one other, more vital name: *Siddhalaya* . *Siddha* , in Sanskrit, denotes a high adept or master; *alaya* means the abode of—for this is said to be the Village of the Masters.

The lamas (in Tibetan, a spiritual teacher or mentor) who preserve and transmit the traditions of *Siddhalaya* relate that great adepts have sojourned here periodically over the centuries. This tradition recounts that Shakyamuni visited the masters that appear in this valley, and that it was here that he came, as the historical Buddha, when he last left India. ("Come Amanda, let us go to the mountains.") Some say that Shri Krishna visited this village some five-thousand years ago, and that this was the destination of the young philosopher-adept Shankara when he embarked upon his final journey north. No ordinary person can say if these traditions are simply legends, or truth, or some mixture thereof; yet perhaps it does not matter, for I am told that the masters visit *Siddhalaya* still.

How wonderful it feels to be in this place. It seems like a dream. As I

write this, I smile over the short—and until now the sole—entry I wrote almost three months ago to begin this, the first diary of my journey.

Today I leave for Kathmandu. The most striking thing about my departure is its suddenness. I have twice before journeyed to the *Great Himalayan Range* ; both trips required many months of planning and preparation. Travel arrangements and the acquisition of trekking permits, especially the latter, can take, in some cases, a year or more. This time everything falls into place in a strangely effortless manner. Even so, my reasons for this journey are ambiguous. At time, in moments of lucidity—or is it doubt?—they seem to be only the most shallow of intellectualizations: I need time away from my studies; I am restless, deeply restless, as if seeking something yet unknown; I love the great mountain regions, the beauty, the solitude, the serenity, the challenge; I need distance and clarity to decide whether to pursue work in physics or to focus primarily on philosophy—I have endeavored in these fields for years, a decision must be made. I need, or desire, or want . . . what?

Yet none of these reasons seem as real as whatever is drawing me to the vast wilderness of the *Himalaya* . I lack even a specific destination; I have only the image of a village in a valley deep within the towering ranges, a village that I know solely through a recurring dream; and although this dream is at least somewhat corroborated by references, albeit obscure—in rare books, the writings of sages and mystics, the journals of early explorers—there is no certainty that it exists.

Then there is the advice of the Hopi Indian shaman with whom I spoke nearly six months ago. “You must follow the trail of your Spirit,” he said.

I asked how such a trail could be known.

“It cannot be known by ordinary means. Spirit trails are invisible. You follow by intuition and observation. The trail will be clear of obstacles. When off the trail, many obstacles will be found. When you meet resistance, you are off the trail. Look for happenings, look for signs. You must feel your way along, carefully watching, watching, always watching.”

One thing is certain. In recent months, all circumstances and events in my life have channeled me toward this journey. And the preparations for this trip have been uncannily free of resistance. I feel propelled. Perhaps I am on the trail of Spirit. Where, I wonder, does such a trail lead?

Among the treasures of this incredible valley is *Siddhalaya* gompa (Tibetan;

dgon-pa ; monastery—although I have been informed that *Siddhalaya* gompa is not a true monastery, but rather a “retreat in the solitude.”) An imposing and stirringly beautiful structure, it rises two and three levels, said to have been built in sections over hundreds of years. Set to the north and some distance apart from the village, the gompa is positioned against a long, high cliff, a cliff unlike any I have seen elsewhere in the *Great Himalayan Range* , or in any mountains. This apparently igneous rock is composed entirely of a milky, translucent white quartz-granite. When illuminated by the sun, it glows with a sparkling radiance. The gompa itself is built from blocks of this same unusual material, cut and fitted with remarkable precision, hence presents a strikingly beautiful sight—inside and out—a gleaming white structure set beneath a shining white cliff.

On the gompa’s west side there is an exquisite courtyard, shaded by huge oaks and ornamented by flowering shrubs. Here the lamas teach, and here the masters occasionally appear, sometimes to instruct, more often to assist students in complex visualizations. An adept’s mere presence, I am told, engenders higher states of conscious awareness than could usually be achieved. Beyond the oaks, in the granite and evergreen, the lake of turquoise glitters beneath the snow peaks.

I am consistently struck by the remarkable beauty of this remote, mountain-rimmed valley and the *Siddhalaya* gompa. To even approach the structure is to experience a feeling of peace and well-being, and to be enlarged with an awareness of exceptional beauty. Today I sit high on a snowfield, gazing about—up at the immense mountains and down upon the lake and village and gompa—it is all ethereally dazzling. I am filled with a serene happiness, a radiant joy of being here, of being alive, of simply being. “Sometimes,” wrote Thoreau, idly drifting on Walden Pond, “I cease to live, and begin to be.”

From this height, and the manner in which it is set against the high white cliff, the gompa does not appear overly large, yet it seems so inside. I have explored much of the interior, but certainly not all; certain passageways seem forbidding in some manner, which I take as an intuitive sign to stay out, at least for now. There is much mystery about the place. There are passageways which, when traveling them, seem to go much farther than it looks as if they could from the outside—is this an illusion? Twice I have glimpsed gatherings of people whom I have never seen before, and have yet to see again. And the

many large rooms, could they all exist inside this building I am staring at? I have sat in library rooms which hold thousands of manuscripts and scrolls; those rooms alone seem like they would take up much of the structure I see from this bright, cold vantage point.

I have been up on this snowfield for hours; I must be careful for snow blindness comes on quickly at these altitudes. I have forgotten my dark goggles, so pull out a handkerchief, cut a slit in the center, and tie it around my head. The Sherpas claim this works as well as any goggles. I doubt it, but they are very skilled at making do with what may be found at hand. And one cannot really question their experience with these vast mountain regions, or their outgoing desire to help. This wonderful attitude is by no means common, even in unsophisticated people; I have encountered it before only among the Eskimos. It is thought that, in pre-history, the nomadic Mongol ancestors of both Tibetans and Native Americans originated in the same region of northern Asia. Possibly the Sherpas' sense of life and freedom results in part from a common heritage; more likely it is the result of the Tibetan spiritual tradition, unlike any other on this planet.

The gompa beckons, although to visit, I have found, is much more of a setting out than a dropping in. I descend through crisp air and soft snow, hip deep, then knee deep, then forest carpeted in needles and laced with rushing crystal brooks. A hill fox hurries by, ignoring me, intent upon his hunt. Ravens wheel around the pines; landing they rustle and scratch in the fallen needles. Arriving in front to the gompa, I stomp snow and mud off my feet, remove my boots and wander in, thinking of perhaps meditating in one of the many rooms set aside for that purpose. I stroll through the main hall, and turn instead into the lower floor library. I see a door open into another book-lined room, one I have yet to explore. Here are books in several languages devoted to the geographical and geophysical history of the *Great Himalayan Range* .

It is early morning. Reflected sun is full on the water and my tent is filled with enchanting, undulating reflections. I lounge in my sleeping bag thinking of breakfast. I hear rustling outside, then a light tapping on the rain-fly. I pull on shorts and peer out. Sari peers in. Long hair shining, eyes glistening, she smiles coyly. She looks incredible, quite beyond my ability to describe.

We've been spending a lot of time together lately. It seems like we manufacture reasons, yet we always accomplish things; she has been helping me with local colloquialisms and I with her English, which she is absorbing

with amazing quickness. (Sari now mixes Nepali and English quite readily, which can be confusing, so here I will offer translations that make sense rather than literal ones, which may not. This also for the irrepressible Jampla, who can be even more difficult to understand as he has picked up a smattering of other languages and considerable slang from his many climbing expeditions.)

As always, she says "*Namas-te* ," the standard greeting in Nepal, meaning "I salute you." Then, "The High Lama wishes to talk to you. He has a mission (literally, job or task) for you. It is a great honor."

Now Jampla appears at the tent flap, with his madman's grin. "Let's go," he says. We follow Jampla to the courtyards. Sari stays right at my side; a wonderfully comfortable sensation. She stays very close and hooks her finger in my side pocket as we walk.

The Lama is sitting with a group, talking, but rises when he sees us approach. He cocks his head and stares at me. "My, surely our valley has been beneficial to you; there is an evident increase in the light of your aura." He looks at Sari and bows his head slightly. "And yours too, my dear."

She beams. Sari revers Lama Karpa, as do all the people of this village. Karpa nods toward Lama Dhanaga, who signals us to join him. "Come with me," Dhanaga says. Sari and I follow him up the lakefront to a secluded area in the northernmost courtyard. We sit and, in a moment, a chela brings a tray with tea. This is unusual here by the lake; our meeting seems to be quite the event.

Lama Dhanaga speaks in his usual direct way. "In a small village to the north there is a document, a text recently unearthed by Chapadu, a *tertoen* (Tibetan; treasure-discoverer) from the line of the great treasure hunter Karma Lingpa. Chapadu believes it may have been written by the supreme adept *Padma Sambhava* himself. Whatever it may be, it is a treasure of great value. It must be brought here for reading, exegesis, and safe keeping."

This is remarkable news.

Lama Karpa joins us, taking Sari's hand. "I am so glad you have come. Both of you."

"Dhanaga has told us of the document," I say. "This is extraordinary. This kind of find, happening now, it's just incredible."

"Yes," Lama Karpa agrees. "We do not yet know with what subjects the text deals, but all of *Padma Sambhava's* texts are found just when they are of the greatest relevance."

“Are you sure that it is one of *Sambhava* ’s writings or collections?,” I ask.

“No. That is speculation. The location in which it was found—near *Zhongasi* , the village where the text has been taken—is in contested territory, and subject to periodic Chinese incursion. The gompa has no lama in residence; he has gone to safer quarters. There is no one there to authenticate the document.

Lama Karpa pauses to reach into his garment; he produces several sheets of folded paper. “This is the most recent communication from Chapadu.” He reads for a moment. “The manuscript appears to be in two parts. Chapadu can read the first part, which he believes may have been written by *Sambhava* . He is unable to penetrate the second section, which comprises the bulk of the text.” He hands me one sheet. “There, on the bottom, Chapadu has drawn some of the figures that appear at the heading of that section. Do you recognize them?”

I take the paper, dirty and of poor grade, and examine the figures. I am dumbfounded. There is no doubt of what they are. “My god, these are glyphs.” I stare at the paper in disbelief, apparently, as everyone stays silent. “These figures are Egyptian hieroglyphics, middle to late period, from what I see here.”“

“Are you certain?” asks Lama Karpa.

“If what’s in the document looks like what Chapadu drew on this paper, yes,” I reply.

Lama Karpa is gazing at the lake; one can see the wheels turning. Clearly, he is taking my observation seriously. “An Egyptian document,” he says, as if to himself. At length he turns back to face us. “With, I suspect, a commentary, perhaps written by *Sambhava* . Such a text is mentioned in certain arcane literature. It would be invaluable. Epic. Historically unprecedented. All the more reason for diligence.”

“Where was the document found?” I ask.

“High on a mountain, that’s all we know,” Lama Dhanaga replies.

“How in the world could an ancient Egyptian text end up on a mountain in northern Tibet?” I ask.

Karpa and Dhanaga look at each other, then at me. “There is much you do not know of the history of our land and that of the ancient civilizations,” Dhanaga says.

Karpa adds, “The adepts of all ages communicated freely; many of the

greatest adepts arose in Egypt. Many of their most precious documents and artifacts were brought here for safekeeping. Some are of unspeakable antiquity; they had been brought to Egypt from a great civilization that faced destruction. I might add that the tableland of Tibet and the Gobi contain many ruins of their own civilizations of prehistory, as you would call it. Large numbers of documents have been recovered from the vast underground library crypts that exist there. They have been re-hidden in various places. The most crucial documents we have ourselves recovered and safely stored. And do not forget, the Egyptian adepts anticipated the partial destruction of the great Alexandrian library. Thousands of ancient parchments were removed before that library was damaged. Many were brought to these mountains to be placed beyond the gate for safekeeping. There is very much more to this story than I can now relate."

Karpa smiles. "I do not wish to convey the impression that I will not explain; perhaps some other time. The important thing is that *Sambhava* , or someone, came into possession of this Egyptian document, researched it, apparently felt is significant enough to compose a commentary, then stored it for future discovery."

"Lama Karpa," I say, "Sari has told me that you have a task that you would like me to perform. I will be honored to do whatever you request, of course. But I'm curious; does it have something to do with this new text of *Sambhava* 's?"

Lama Karpa smiles and offers more tea. "Yes. It is quite simple really. I want you and Sari to meet Chapadu in the village of *Zhongasi* , retrieve the document, and bring it here."

Jampla approaches with a huge grin. "Well, so what do you say to the news? Just think of it, many nights alone in the wild with Sari, what great fortune!" He rubs his palms together. "Oh Michael, you have little idea of what you are in for." He winks and elbows me in the ribs, then glances about furtively. In a whisper he adds, "Sari is incredible, she makes other girls pale in comparison. Well, except for her sisters, of course."

This is not what I want to hear. We are crossing a narrow log bridge over a deep stream; how easy it would be to push him in, I think. It's all I can do to resist. I set my jaw, glare at him, and say nothing.

"What is this?" Jampla gives me a preposterously wide-eyed look. "You are angry with me. But why? Ahhh, I see now. But this is wonderful! You are

in love with the girl. What else can it be?"

"Jampla . . ." I begin.

He cuts me off. "Say no more my friend. It is obvious. And it is well, for she has chosen you too, as I happen to know. Sari has many suitors in the village, naturally, but has eyes for no one but you. This is excellent."

"Jampla, I am not in love with Sari, for god's sake."

Jampla fixes me with a skeptical smirk. "There is no sincerity in what you say, my friend. But do not worry. You are only learning what I learned long ago. Against great beauty there is no defense except love."

"Jampla . . . all I'm concerned about right now is Sari going on this trip." I explain my feelings about the dangers of such a mission.

Jampla takes my shoulder in a one-handed vice grip. "Do you think for one moment that the lamas do not know exactly what they are asking? Do you think they act alone? That they do not know what they are doing?" Jampla releases me, shakes his head. "Your anger has clouded your reason, my friend. When you feel anger, it always means there is something you are not understanding."

"Maybe. I'm headed to talk to Lama Karpa right now."

"That is well," he says. "Talk to him. Tell him of your feelings, of your concerns. Perhaps then you will see things more clearly. By all rights, you should be excited by such a trip, for many reasons. I will leave you to go, but see you tonight, yes?"

"At the celebration?" I ask.

"Yes. It is for us a double celebration. The leelas, and it is Sari's birthday, her twentieth."

Good grief, I didn't remember about the birthday. Jampla takes my hand in a firm grip. "All will be well, my friend, you will see."

We return to find Sari's birthday celebration in full swing, utterly unhindered by her absence. At least thirty people are here, Sari's parents and many others, all familiar faces now. Gifts are presented, music plays, Jampla has fetched two more barrels of chang, his "special batches," as he tells me. I feel completely at home and very happy. Sari loves the binoculars I gave her, I'm glad to see. She peers about the lighted courtyard with them, giggling.

By midnight, the only persons left in the courtyard are Fenn, Maxi, Jampla, Chiricu, Shrina, Sari and I, all gathered around a table, all deeply absorbed in conversation, all drinking chang. Well, almost all. Chiricu, while

drinking little chang herself allowed Shrina to drink quite a bit, with predictable result. Shrina, attempting to get a rise out of Sari, was very animated and increasingly flirtatious with me—for a time—now she is draped over my right shoulder, sound asleep.

The gompa doors fly open; here comes Lama Dhanaga. Are we making too much noise? Now Lama Karpa emerges. The lamas' garb is casual but their stride is not.

Dhanaga reaches us first. "Good, you are still here."

Chiricu, Maxi, and Sari greet the lama politely. Shrina is mute, and so is Fenn, but not for the same reasons probably.

"What is it Dhanaga?" Jampla inquires.

Never at a loss for words, Dhanaga opens his mouth to begin, then looks around the table. "More chang?" he asks.

"Yes, two barrels of my best, as appropriate for my best friends and my sister-in-law's birthday," Jampla responds.

"Do you think that . . . that I may join you?" Dhanaga asks.

"Of course," Jampla replies loudly. "Sit down, sit down."

Lama Karpa arrives and greets us. "Oh my. Chang? And one of your special batches, I imagine."

"It is indeed," Jampla says. "Would you care for some, old lama? Dhanaga's in for it."

"So I see. Well. Yes, I believe I would. Why not?"

This is a banner occasion, not something you see every day, much like the rest of what we saw tonight. But why are the lamas here so late, I wonder? "Why are you here so late?" I ask, noting with pleasure that my training as a mathematician and logician comes in handy for coordinating speech with thought after consuming a good deal of chang, thereby demonstrating such training as good for something.

Lama Karpa drains a glass with charming alacrity. "We have an interesting development to discuss with you."

"Who?" I ask.

"You," he replies.

This seems clear enough. "What is it?"

"The tertoen Chapadu has been forced to leave *Zhongasi* ," Karpa says.

Fenn perks up. "Why would he leave *Zhongasi* ?"

Dhanaga draws another glass. "It seems that he was casting about for someone who could read the Egyptian writing; very unwisely, I think. His

curiosity to know what secrets the text may hold overcame his caution."

"His inquiries reached ignoble and treacherous ears," Karpa adds.

"Is the manuscript safe?" Sari asks.

"As far as we know, yes," Karpa replies. "But for how long, we cannot say. And that is the point."

"The point?" I ask.

"The point of our visit," Karpa explains.

"And that would be what?" I inquire.

"Chapadu was alerted that danger was afoot," Dhanaga responds. "Like all good tertoens, he took to his heels. From what we have learned, he returned to the mountain where the manuscript was found, west of *Zhongasi* . He is now hiding in the valley southwest of the mountain."

"This is a matter of great urgency," Karpa says. "The sooner we recover the manuscript from Chapadu the safer it will be. It must not be allowed to fall into profane hands."

"I have seen that valley," Chiricu says. "Father and I once traveled through that region to reach a village on the highlands. It is large and rugged, with many rivers."

It doesn't take a logician to predict what's coming next. Everyone is silent. "How soon," I say, without any real thought, "do you want us to leave?"

"Oh!" Sari exclaims. She gives me a kiss on the cheek then whispers, "Thank you sweetie." (This is not a literal translation of her actual word, which, being a corruption, i.e., a hybrid composed of words from two or more languages, does not appear in any translational dictionary; it is a term of endearment and means, according to Maxi, the 'nectar of a special flower.' Thus, 'sweetie' seems close enough.)

"This is wonderful," Jampla bellows. "Chang for everyone." His offer is well accepted, except by Chiricu, who frowns and pokes him in the ribs.

"Is this valley farther than *Zhongasi* ?" I ask.

"I am not certain," Dhanaga replies. "One moment," he says, and strides off toward the gompa.

"It is not much farther," Chiricu offers. "Maybe a day or two. But to reach it you must travel through an area where two trade routes merge."

"True, the way takes you through more dangerous lands," Jampla agrees. "At the point where you would have turned northeast to *Zhongasi* , now you must go northwest."

“Why is that more dangerous?” I ask.

“That region and its trade routes attract bandits,” Karpa explains. “There are many ravines convenient for ambush. At times the area virtually bristles with brigands; when aroused, they behave with unbridled wildness.”

Jampla agrees. “They are quite capable of sharp practices.”

“And there are the traders themselves,” Sari adds ominously, “from the primitive lands.”

“Trading parties are dangerous?” I ask.

Sari, Chiricu and Maxi nod.

“Traders are rouges,” Fenn says, “dishonest almost to a man. Believe me.”

Jampla leans forward and grins. “But they may be well dealt with by understanding their code. Steal from the weak and cheat the stupid. They deal squarely only with those they must, eh?”

“Very true,” Karpa says. “They are ruthless before weakness but cringing before power. Nevertheless, they should be avoided.”

“And exactly how do we do that?” I ask, since this question seems most relevant.

“We will cross the area at night.” Sari says.

“At night? Isn’t that even more dangerous?” I ask.

“The brigands are primitive,” Karpa explains, “and highly superstitious. They will not go abroad in darkness; they fear any number of demons and malevolent spirits.”

Sari reads my thought. “At night they cluster together; their watchfires will mark them.”

Dhanaga returns with a large parchment in his hand. It is a map, crisp and uncreased. I ask if it is new. “Yes, I made it only yesterday,” he says, quite modestly, laying the map out in front of us. It is beautifully executed and very detailed, in fine strokes and multiple colors. “Dhanaga,” I comment, “this is a very, very nice piece of cartography.”

“Oh. Well, thank you. I very much enjoy making maps; it involves geometry, you know. I made this to help you to *Zhongasi* , of course, but it does include the valley to which Chapadu retreated; off toward the edge, adjacent to this peak, right here.” He points to an area near the top of the chart.

“What’s it called?” I ask.

“I do not believe it has a name,” Dhanaga responds.

This is typical of the Great Range and gives an idea of its magnitude; where else on this planet would an eighteen- or nineteen-thousand foot peak be considered too insignificant to warrant a name?

Dhanaga, Fenn, and Jampla huddle over the map.

“How long will it take to get there?” I wonder aloud.

Fingers trace out a route, comments are offered, opinions are shared; the discussion continues for several minutes. Finally, Jampla announces the result. “Traveling light and fast with no complications, not more than five days.”

“Lama,” I ask, “may we take this map?”

“By all means. I made it for you and Sari.”

“But there is much more you need to know,” Jampla asserts.

We gather over the map and I tear out a few sheets from a journal to take notes, though wondering if I’ll be able to later read my chang influenced scribbles.

“Almost all your march will be off established trails,” Chiricu says, indicating the preferred track, “but not difficult.” We discuss details of the travel and the terrain, then of the valley where Chapadu is presumed to be hiding.

“All right. Now, were in the valley is Chapadu holed-up?” I ask, ready to scribble the answer.

Karpa and Dhanaga look at each other. “We do not know,” Karpa says. “You will have to find him.”

“Wait a second,” I say. “That valley is pretty big—what?—five or six miles long by about three wide. How in the world are we supposed to find him, especially when he’s hiding?”

Sari smiles and pats my hand. “I will find him.”

“How?” I ask, a seemingly rational question. Searching a rugged, river-ridden valley of that size could take a week or more.

“It will not be a problem to find Chapadu,” Sari assures.

“I am sure it will not,” Karpa says softly.

Dhanaga runs his hand over the chart, slowly, as if feeling the route. “But, to pass in darkness the tract where the trade routes lie, you must leave soon; no later than daybreak.”

Great. Yet Sari is happy, something I love to see, and we will be alone together on this trip. And the manuscript. I’ve hardly thought of it, there’s been so much else going on. This valley, I’ve found, is capable of imposing

quite a few surprises; life here does not always turn at a slow pace.

We stroll softly through a village dark and silent; apart from a few patrolling felines, no one is about. Three or four homes show light in the windows, lantern glow or the flickering of an early and welcome warm fire. As we pass the building that serves *Siddhalaya* as a schoolhouse, art center, meeting house, lecture hall, and much else, we see lights in one room and smoke curling skyward from a chimney. Dhanaga is here, preparing, I suppose, to teach some early class. What a remarkable man; there are more dimensions to his character than I originally suspected.

Out of the darkness comes a cat, trotting pertly, tail straight up in the air, vibrant with recognition. “Sari, here comes Puka.” (Puka is Sari’s cat, a good-sized male, fairly fat with dense fur in a rich orange-on-butterscotch tabby scheme.) I have always loved cats, and Puka is a particularly attractive example of this fine animal.

“Puka,” Sari says, picking him up. He stares attentively for a moment, then looks skyward. “You must be a good cat. Do not follow us. We are back soon, and we have a new home for you.” Apparently displeased with some part of this news, Puka swivels his ears back and struggles a bit; Sari thrusts him at me. He is purring like mad. Cats, for whatever reason, always like me and Puka is no exception. He settles down in my arms with a blissful look. There is little chance of him following.

Some weeks ago, when Sari and I journeyed to the South River to sun and meditate, she insisted on lugging Puka along. Like most cats, he resented being carted about like so much baggage, so resisted until we cleared the village. Past the stone structures he had never before ventured; there he became rather rigid and comically watchful, glancing furtively about in every direction. This region abounds with wolves, but they will not come within the confines of the buildings, hence the astute cat does not wander beyond the village. *Siddhalaya* ’s existing cat population, as an inevitable result, consists exclusively of astute cats. When we reached the river and released him, Puka undertook a very whimsical exploration of the river bank. Eventually he slipped from a rock and fell into a gentle eddy, wherefrom he swam quite impressively to a place he could exit, with as much grace as allowed by his situation. He was not however spared the indignity of our seeing his true under-form. Puka is large and furry, yet his normal appearance is a fluffy illusion. Underneath all the fur is a bony little structure, with a tail like a

flimsy stick. Sari insisted on drying him with our only towel, but it was too late, we had seen his secret, his image was forever damaged. This he seems to know. And humility is usually so hard to find in a cat.

I attempt to hand him back to Sari. “Here’s your cat, little fox.”

“Our cat,” she corrects. “Well, actually he is his own cat, but he lives with us in our new home, so he is also our cat.”

I put him down. Immediately he begins, with long rough tongue, a restoration of all the fur that was mussed during the cradling and petting operations. We leave him to his task as he appears to know what he is doing, although with cats, one is never really sure.

My thoughts drift to where I am and what I’ve experienced; and why. It all began with a dream, one that—wisely or unwisely—I was compelled to follow. That dream has metamorphosed into a dream far more magnificent and astonishing than I could ever have imagined. Being here, in this pure air, the scene seems not quite real; the sunlight is too soft, the shade too black, and the mountains too stark, as if in an illuminated painting. It is stunningly surreal, as is everything I have experienced. I feel a strong sense that all of the mysterious things that exist in these mountain, even if located, can never quite be found.

I have the distinct sensation of being in a dream, as if I may suddenly awaken. Often I feel these concerns, that, if I am not actually dreaming, then I am walking through some magnificent dreamscape from which I would dread to awaken. And what of the manuscript we have been sent to recover? An ancient Egyptian text mysteriously found in Tibet? That does not seem even remotely possible. I realize that my concerns only complicate matters, but there’s no sense in pretending that they are not there.

Whatever has happened, or will happen, being with Sari is an absolute wonder. Never have I felt so totally at home, so utterly comfortable with someone. It is very much like we are two parts of the same whole, yet not the same parts; she is constantly surprisingly me, constantly making me feel the deepest joy in her company, consistently making me recognize the wonderment of each new moment. I feel a sense of belonging so overwhelming as to bring tears and laughter at the same time; a sense of immersion in some divine presence. I am deeply moved by a profound realization: For the first time since vaguely remembered childhood, I feel as if I am not alone.

Excerpted from: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Book One - *A Chronicle of Power* , 2020 Edition, Kindle e-reader page count 728. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , and the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , and the AU Amazon Store here .

And See: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* - Books One & Two - *The Full Series* , 2020 Edition, Kindle e-reader page count 1285. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the AU Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , the FR Amazon Store here , and for India and Nepal here .

GO TO: Table of Contents Excerpts from *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'* Excerpts from *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* Excerpts from *A Great Master Speaks* , c. 1370 BC Excerpts from *Earth's First Civilization: Antarctica* Excerpts from *A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions

- Section V: Supplemental Material -

About the Author and Contributors

M.G. Hawking is an avid traveler, adventurer, and writer. Devoted to exploring remote areas of the globe to discover regions unknown to the Western world, always in search of extraordinary people and experiences, he has found many, especially in the Great Range of the Himalayas, the setting for most of his books. His focus is documenting profound wisdom traditions and revealing the knowledge and power they convey. Hawking is the author of the book series, '*In The Valley of Supreme Masters* ,' along with its associated companion volumes. When not traveling, he spends his time working on projects related to presenting books of an esoteric nature with his wonderful team in Northern California. Heather Cantrell, M.Litt., contributor and editor for Wisdom Masters Press, is an experienced world traveler. Having been born in Nepal to British parents who were teachers in various parts of Asia, she has extensive experience in the Himalayas, and is a devoted

equestrian and animal lover. Amber Chellings, M.Phil., contributor and newsletter director, is an avid photographer, outdoor enthusiast and ardent equestrian. Jenna Wolfe, Ph.D., our exceptional research expert, contributor and book content supervisor, is a primary link to our numerous academic technical advisers.

About Wisdom Masters Press

The purpose of Wisdom Masters Press is to reveal the exceedingly rare esoteric knowledge and practices of profoundly enlightened individuals. Some years ago, while on an extended trek in the *Himalayan* Range, Hawking encountered a remote village deep in the vast wilderness of massive ice peaks, a village called *Siddhalaya* . There he had the privilege of meeting a number of extraordinary men and women—introduced to him as “masters” and “adepts”—possessed of a knowledge and a power virtually unknown in the Western world.

Our team’s intent is to bring this knowledge to light. We work very hard to produce volumes that are of exceptional value. In these books you will meet these remarkable masters and hear first-hand their expressions and explanations of the fundamental knowledge, essential principles of consciousness, and methods of visualization that manifest as astonishing creative powers.

Fragments of their knowledge have at various times through the millennia appeared in esoteric literature, in the more profound Eastern philosophies, and in the occult wisdom traditions of various ages. This is to be expected—the knowledge that conveys true power has an primordial origin, believed to have originally been transported to ancient Egypt from an antediluvian, mid-Atlantic civilization of pre-history, long disappeared from our world. In modern times, splinters of this knowledge have resurfaced in various presentations, although unfortunately absent both the most fundamental elements as well as the most advanced elements of the wisdom system of the supreme masters.

As so many people have been deeply disappointed to learn, attaining the ability to directly manifest whatever persons, circumstances and events you desire to experience in your life cannot be truly or fully achieved through

simplistic concepts of “positive thinking” or some alleged “secret,” simply because a great deal is missing in those “new age” writings. Therefore, we resolved to work diligently to reveal directly from true masters the principles, illumination, guidance and techniques necessary to create a superlative life. This knowledge can wholly transform your experience of this world in every positive way imaginable. It can, therefore, be of great value.

If you wish, you can sign-up for our community mailing list here to receive free books, book discounts, updates, and other news. For information about Wisdom Master Press, plus currently free books and discounts, please see our newsletter . If you have questions, you may contact us directly via wisdommasterspress “at” gmail. Thank you.

M.G. Hawking’s Books - List and Descriptions

From the Publisher, for the Reader’s Convenience: Wisdom Maters Press publishes a large number of books based on the journals and field notes of M.G. Hawking’s five years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, for very good reasons, so many books in fact as to be a bit puzzling to readers. The primary series is quite straightforward, yet the selection of companion books is complex. Many of these companion books are very specialized, covering specific topical, methodological, experiential, and/or scientific material and, in certain books, how that relates to a number of subjects, including ancient mysteries, lost civilizations, recent revelations from the field of quantum physics, and other significant issues. To clarify our library, we assembled this book list to let interested readers browse and formulate an idea of each book’s content to determine which one(s) they may wish to read.

Notes:

1. This list provides a brief summary of the subject matter of each book. We consider this to be an *essential service* to assist our readers in making informed decisions as to which books interest them and which books may not. If you have questions regarding any of our books, please don’t hesitate to contact us directly via wisdommasterspress “at” gmail.

2. For more complete information on each book, click the appropriate link to visit the book’s Amazon page. Once there, you can see the full book

description and use the ‘Look Inside’ feature to see the table of contents and the beginning of the book’s content.

3. To view our current book deals and other news, please see our newsletter . Join our community mailing list here and receive free books, discounts, book updates and other news. Additionally, we provide manuscript copies for qualified Research Centers, and for Museum, Library, and University Collections.

4. Kindle page counts are derived from Amazon’s ‘Kindle Edition Normalized Page Count’ system (KENPC, V1.0), which attempts to estimate a book’s page count in a way that works across most formats and devices. Actual page counts can vary significantly depending on the reading device you’re using.

‘In The Valley of Supreme Masters ’ **Book Series**

About this Series: *In The Valley of Supreme Masters* began as a test of the introduction of extremely rare material, combining an adventurous narrative with an unprecedented level of esoteric information, and has met with enthusiastic success. Originally introduced as *The Living Part of a Legend* book series (Volumes 1-4), these new editions have been restructured under the supervision of the author, contributors, and editors.

• ***In The Valley of Supreme Masters*** **- Books One & Two -** ***The Full Series***

2020 Edition, Kindle page count 1285. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the AU Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , the FR Amazon Store here , and for India and Nepal here . Please see excerpts from this book here .

Also available as individual volumes:

• ***In The Valley of Supreme Masters*** **- Book One -** ***A Chronicle of Power***

2020 Edition, Kindle page count 728. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , and the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , and the AU Amazon Store here .

• ***In The Valley of Supreme Masters*** **- Book Two -** ***A Magic Journey Into th***

Infinite

2019 Edition, Kindle page count 640. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , and the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , and the AU Amazon Store here .

Companion Volumes

Each of the following companion volumes focuses on a combination of specifically related topical, methodological, experiential, archaeological, cosmological, quantum mechanical, and/or other material.

• True Experiences with a Sorceress of the 'Four Portals'

Platinum Edition Book. Based on the archived field notes and journals of explorer M.G. Hawking's five years in the *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and Tibet, this remarkable book contains detailed narratives of Hawking's experiences and conversations with *Mani Choejor* , a true *B'on* sorceress. To say that Mani is rare and exceptional would be to gravely understate the case. Born in Tibet, she was raised and mentored in an ancient *B'on* monastery by an Abbot known to be a *B'on* master of great power, one of perhaps two or three remaining teachers of the primeval esoteric arts of *B'on* magic, or 'sorcery,' the knowledge of the '*Four Portals* .'

These highly esoteric teachings set forth techniques of powerful elemental magic, or "sorcery," and are of extreme antiquity. The first extant traces of these teachings are thought to have appeared as part of the esoteric lore of the pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung* culture that arose on the *Qinghai-Tibet Plateau* some four-thousand years ago, but they are believed to have originated far earlier. Being an exceedingly restricted body of knowledge, said to convey enormous powers, the teachings disappear from the historical record for some twenty-six centuries, not to reemerge until the 7th century A.D. in the arcane scriptures of the ancient pre-Buddhist *B'on* religion, as found in the *Himalayan* highlands of Tibet.

This book discloses extensive, first-hand accounts of Mani's demonstrations of psychokinetic powers and in-depth descriptions of her apprenticeship and the esoteric knowledge that enabled her to attain such extraordinary abilities. 2020 Edition, 23 Chapters, 32 Subsections, Kindle page count 422. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , the

U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the AU Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , and for India and Nepal here . Please see excerpts from this book here .

• ***A Great Master Speaks, Immense Powers of the Ancients Revealed***

Platinum Edition Book. *A Great Master Speaks* reveals the foundational knowledge and techniques of the great Egyptian Master *Kalika-Khenmetaten* . This book includes never before published excerpts from her manuscript *The Golden Crown* , written three-thousand-three-hundred years ago, along with the full account of its discovery. Under the patronage of the successive kings *Amenhotep* III and *Amenhotep* IV (*Akhenaten*), Kalika produced her manuscript, *The Golden Crown* , for important reasons. It is to some extent a manual, a comprehensive guide to reaching higher awareness, written by a supreme master for masters, but not only for masters. Kalika intended that it could be utilized by persons of requisite ability to reach, through their own efforts, significantly expanded levels of awareness. It sets forth essential principles of consciousness, methods of meditation, visualization, and techniques to enable and master the creative powers that inevitably accompany a growth of conscious awareness. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 445. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the AU Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , and for Egypt here . Please see excerpts from this book here .

• ***Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins***

Platinum Edition Book. The ancient creation stories of indigenous cultures worldwide relate that their progenitors came from the sky or the stars. Egyptian texts speak of their “bringers of knowledge” coming from *Sahu* and *Sopdit* (Orion and Sirius). The builders of *Teotihuacan* describe their gods as having descended from the heavens. Native Americans recount that their antecedents were the “Sky People” or “Star Beings.” The pre-Tibetan *Zhang Zhung* , the Maya, the pre-Incans, the Sumerians, and so many others, all express precisely the same story in diverse symbolic languages— their ancestors came from the stars, bringing advanced knowledge and the gift of civilization. These cultures were greatly separated both geographically and chronologically, yet their creation stories are strikingly similar. What could explain this?

This book explores answers to that question through three encounters the author and his companions had with individuals they believe to have been the true “celestial goddesses” of *Himalayan* legend, and how the extensive knowledge and teachings of the celestials relates to the profound accomplishments and knowledge of Ancient Egypt. Reveals the extensive teachings the celestials conveyed during the encounters, including astonishing revelations about the Universe, the origin of civilization on our planet, and our life and true power. Includes an extensive examination of Ancient Egypt and recent discoveries by astronomers and astrophysicists. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 335. Includes Reference Citations and a Supplemental Material Section. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the AU Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , and for Egypt here . Please see excerpts from this book here .

• Earth’s First Civilization: Antarctica, 55 Million B.C.

This book explores compelling evidence that an advanced civilization existed on the Antarctic Continent in the Paleocene epoch, the proof a number of other mysterious cultures existing prior to the last glacial period, i.e., long before the threshold of known history, along with the possible origins of those long forgotten civilizations. Contemporary research reveals a stunning antiquity of civilization on our planet as archaeology unearths buried civilizations and discovers long submerged cities. The evidence of exceedingly ancient civilizations, coupled with the remaining traces of their advanced technologies and abilities, raises profound questions.

Previous academic accounts of the origins of civilization have fallen forfeit to evidence from archaeological sites worldwide, including *Thebes* (c. 37,900 BC), *Edfu* (c. 18,000 BC), Turkey (c. 12,000 BC), Bolivia (c. 15,000 BC), Indonesia (c. 22,000 BC), the Bay of Cambay (c. 9,500 BC), and, most intriguingly, on the Antarctic Continent. The stunning discovery in Antarctica, if fully confirmed, will represent the greatest archaeological find of history.

To explore these remarkable finds, this book has four primary purposes: 1) to present archaeological and other competent evidence demonstrating that civilizations of tremendous antiquity once existed on our planet—evidence either known, inexactly known, or currently tentative; 2) to examine evidence regarding the true age of those civilizations; 3) to explore the possible origins

of those civilizations; and 4) to reveal the profound esoteric knowledge and technical abilities possessed by the cultures of those civilizations.

Organization: Part I of this book explores the true antiquity of civilization on this planet, examines the ancient traditions and theogonies that shed light on the existence and age of prehistoric civilizations, details the substantial evidence for a Paleocene civilization on the Antarctic continent 55 million years ago, and takes an inside look at recent astronomical and cosmological discoveries.

As the study of antiquity is properly accounted purely academic except as it may be made living knowledge which illuminates and enriches our contemporary life, Parts II and III of this book explore the extremely rare arcane knowledge of the ancient world, along with the powerful abilities that can be attained from the study of that knowledge, ones that convey benefits of great value in our modern world.

A truly incomparable book for anyone interested in expanding their knowledge, and especially fascinating for anyone interested in the realities behind the mysteries of Antarctica, the legends of antediluvian civilizations, and ancient extraterrestrial influences. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 311. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , the AU Amazon Store here , and for India and Nepal here .

• Mysticism in Nepal and Tibet, The Himalayan Journals of M.G. Hawking

Free for subscribers to our mailing list, *Mysticism in Nepal and Tibet* is designed for readers new to the books from Wisdom Masters Press and interested in a further exploration of our current offerings.

There has long been a deep desire felt by scholars, both past and present, to recover the silent secrets of the ancient cultures of Tibet and Nepal, to trace the background of their prehistoric spiritual development as derived from ever earlier cultures, and then to discover whatever modern manifestations might still exist in the remote margins of that mysterious world. This desire has exerted a powerful pull on the imaginations of Westerners—historians, philologists, Tibetologists, philosophers, physicists, and psi researchers alike. “*Mysticism has been in the past and probably ever will be one of the greatest powers of the world* .” —Yeats

This book presents a comprehensive anthology of excerpts from eight books containing detailed narratives of Hawking’s various experiences and

conversations with the truly extraordinary individuals he encountered in remote *Himalayan* regions of Nepal and the *Qinghai-Tibet* Plateau. Includes a comprehensive book list with descriptions. This new volume replaces '*Five Years in Nepal and Tibet* ,' which has been retired. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 265. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the AU Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , and for Nepal and India here . Provided as a free book to those who join our community mailing list. If you wish, you may sign-up for that list here .

• ***The Illumination, A Story of the Magic of Life and The Light***

The Illumination explores an enlightenment experience encountered by the author while in a remote village in the inner *Himalayas* . Examines the idea that enlightenment is the direct experience of a concept expressed by Eastern mystics and sages since the dawn of history, the philosophy of one mind, of the one-consciousness present in all things. 2019 Edition, Kindle page count 165. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the AU Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , and for India and Nepal here .

• ***Interview with an Oracle, Profound Revelations about Our World***

Interview with an Oracle explores a discussion the author had with a true Oracle of the ancient *B'on* wisdom tradition, revealing profound insights regarding a wide range of subjects, including Western civilization at this point in its history and evolution. 2019 Edition, Kindle page count 296. Available worldwide, including the U.S. Amazon Store here , the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the DE Amazon Store here , and the AU Amazon Store here .

• ***Down the Rabbit Hole, A Mystical Adventure*** (Children & Middle Grade Book)

A favorite with parents, this enchanting tale has a message for all ages, that real magic is not an illusion, but something we all possess. A fun-filled, humorous, and enlightening short story for kids and parents alike. 2020 Edition, Kindle page count 97. For Children, Middle Grade, and up. Available worldwide, including the U.S Amazon Store here , the U.K. Amazon Store here , the CA Amazon Store here , the AU Amazon Store here

, the DE Amazon Store here , the FR Amazon Store here , and for India and Nepal here .

If you wish, you can sign-up for our community mailing list here to receive free books, book discounts, updates, and other news. For information about Wisdom Master Press, plus currently free books and discounts, please see our newsletter . If you have questions, you may contact us directly via wisdommasterspress “at” gmail. Thank you.

Reference Guide to Individuals Appearing in this Series -

Lama Karpa - The High Lama of *Siddhalaya* , Adept, mentor

Lama Dhanaga - Lama of *Siddhalaya* , teacher, mentor

Master R.K. - Adept of the Egyptian Mystic Wisdom Tradition

Master Amrita, the “tall one” - Adept from the *Himalayan* Mystic Tradition

Masteress Lemia, Lemia, ‘Mia - High Adept, Ascended Master

Kenji - A man surrounded by mystery, Adept, High Shaman and more

Sari - An extraordinary young lady, significant other to the author

Shrina - Sari and Chiricu’s younger sister, a wonderful but difficult girl

Jampla - Sherpa, Chiricu’s husband

Chiricu - Sari and Shrina’s older sister, Jampla’s wife

Dehtati - Deceased older sister of Chiricu, Sari, and Shrina

Mani - born in Tibet, mentored by a *B’on* master in ancient arts of *Zhang Zhung* magic or “sorcery”

Fenn - Resident of *Siddhalaya* , originally from Norway, Maxi’s husband

Maxi - Resident of *Siddhalaya* , originally from Sweden, Fenn’s wife

Chapadu - Treasurer Discoverer (*tertoen*) in the tradition of Karma Lingpa

Kammara, Kamma’ - Chapadu’s wife

Ratna-hava, the Oracle - An unusual Adept, warrior

Shammara, Shamma’ - Sorceress, Guardian

Alsia - Sorceress, Guardian

Aani - *Ri-iha-mo* , mountain goddess, “celestial being”

Proci - *Ri-iha-mo* , mountain goddess, “celestial being”

Marit - *Ri-iha-mo* , mountain goddess, “celestial being”

Padma Sambhava - the great adept’s Adept, one of a group of eighty-four great adepts, author of some of the most significant spiritual texts in history

Kalika-Khenmetaten , Kalika - Supreme Egyptian Female Adept, author of *The Golden Crown* and *The Crown of Light* , circa 1368 B.C.

Akhenaten , *Amenhotep* IV - King of Egypt from about 1380 to 1362 B.C., Kalika’s patron

Tairanna, Tai’ - Young girl living in *Siddhalaya*

Lakai - Young girl living in *Siddhalaya*

Therika - Young girl living in *Siddhalaya*

Puka - Sari’s cat

Koshi - Mani’s pet robin

RETURN TO: Table of Contents Nature of the Masters True Nature of Reality Physical Things as Symbols Scope of Power and Knowledge Fundamental Understandings Advanced Recognitions An Experience of Illumination Gathering and Controlling Energy Powers of Healing Visualization Practice Master Visualization Insights on Our Civilization Closing Thoughts Physics & Metaphysics Excerpts from *True Experiences with a Sorceress of the ‘Four Portals’* Excerpts from *Ancient Egypt, Extraterrestrial Origins* Excerpts from *A Great Master Speaks* , c. 1370 BC *Earth’s First Civilization: Antarctica* Excerpts from *A Chronicle of Power* Book List & Descriptions Title Page